WEEK ENDING APRIL 9, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue **HOW TO PASS THE SCREEN TEST** *by* **BRENDA UELAND**

also **IT WAS ONLY A FIRE** *by* **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

Choose Your Pastel Color

Chic, Original Shades Effectively Black-tipped at the Price of a Dozen Roses

If a woman would possess true chic, she should manifest quite as much originality and taste in her accessories as in her hat or gown. This is something that style authorities continually stress.

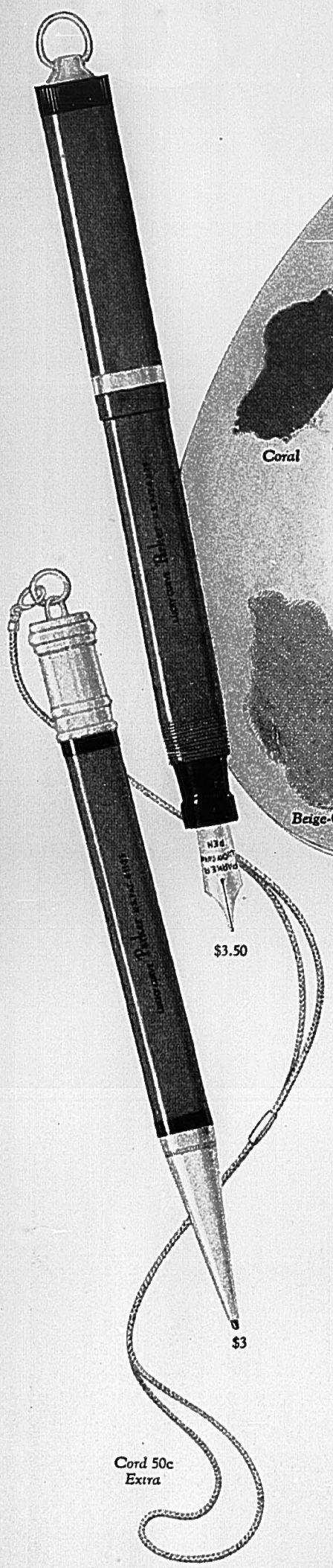
Hence Parker summoned gifted designers and artists to produce these unusual shades—Mauve, Naples Blue, Magenta, Beige-Gray and Coral. We knew crude colors would be fatal to the costume's ensemble.

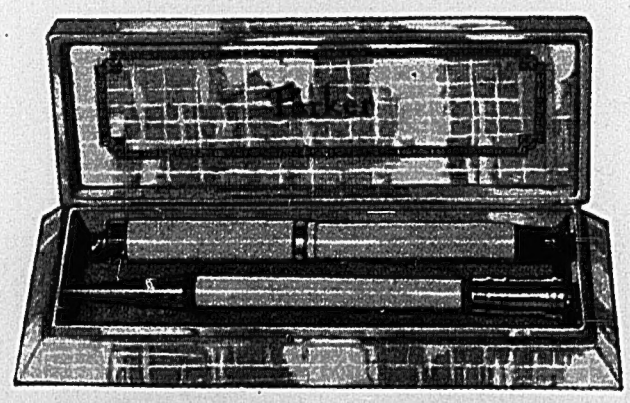
One could not conceive of any little accessory more attractive and thoroughly industrious than these ever-ready writers—the pens with 14K Gold Points tipped with polished Iridium, and safely sealed against leakage by Parker's air-tight, Duo-sleeve Cap.

The Pencils, like the Pen Barrels, are made of Non-Breakable Permanite, trimmed with Gold. And although these black-tipped beauties will serve one indefinitely, both Pen and Pencil cost no more than a handful of posies.

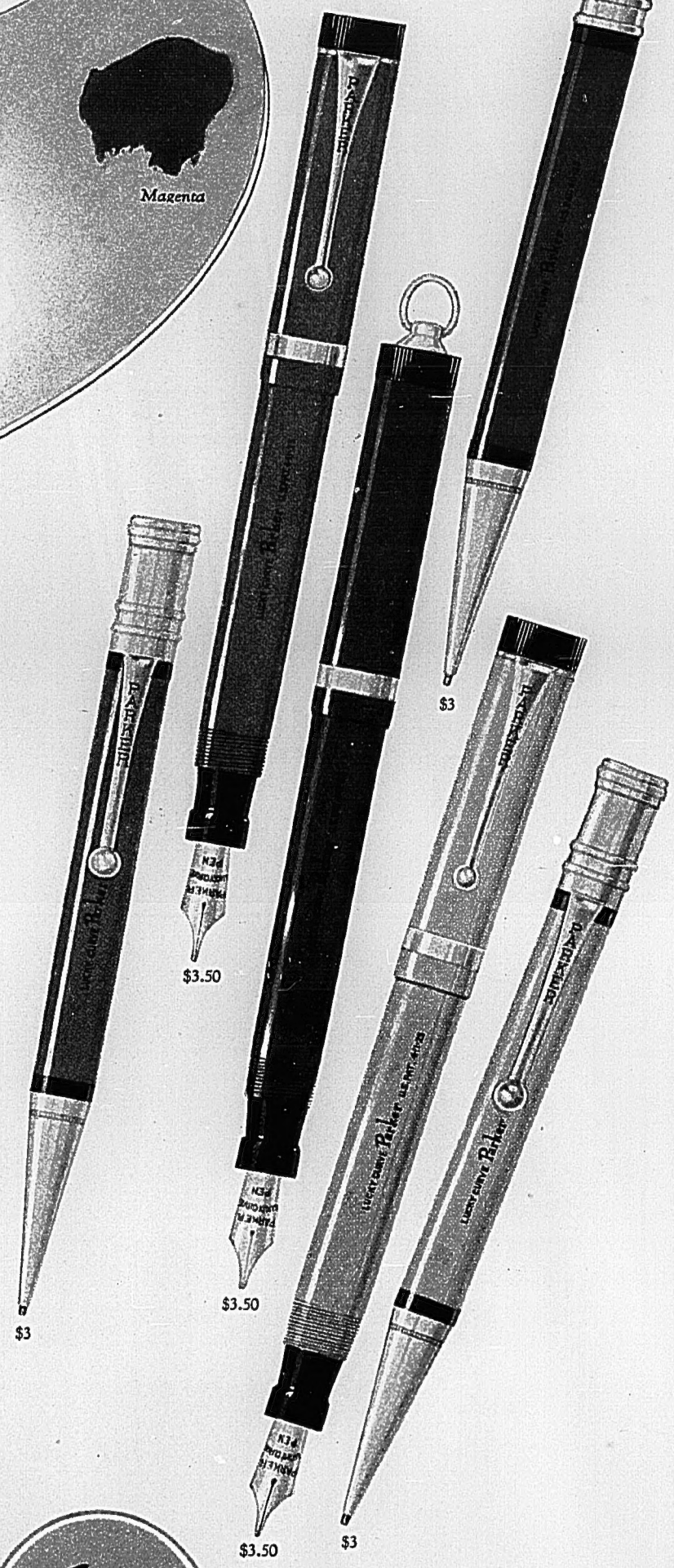
Smart shops and pen counters are supplying all Parker Pastel Shades. So appropriate for Favors and Birthday Gifts, or for Prizes at Bridge and Golf. Bear these events in mind when you go to select a set for your own use. And look with care for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker," so nobody will be disappointed.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND
MILWAUKEE • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND





Gift Box included in Sets



Parker

Pastel Pens and Pencils

$6.50 the Set

If fashion came to this

© A. S. & Co., 1926

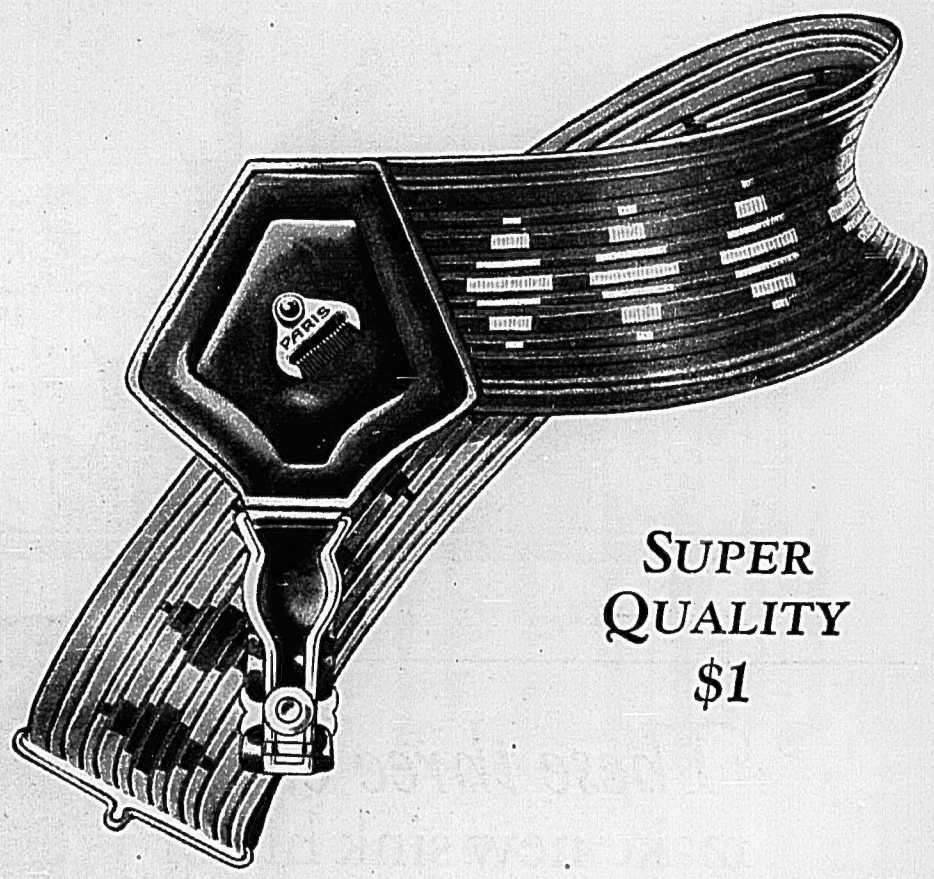
you'd change your garters oftener

If fashion came to what we picture here, there'd be a rush to buy a million pairs of fresh, snappy PARIS Garters. It's puzzling, this trick of being fastidious in everything except garters. Perhaps, at the bottom of it all, is the thought: "No one knows they're soiled anyway." But *you* know when they are. If the pair you are wearing now isn't all it should be—bright, new weaves and snappy PARIS patterns are an added reason for replacement.

Single Grips 25c to $1 · Double Grips 35c to $1

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO



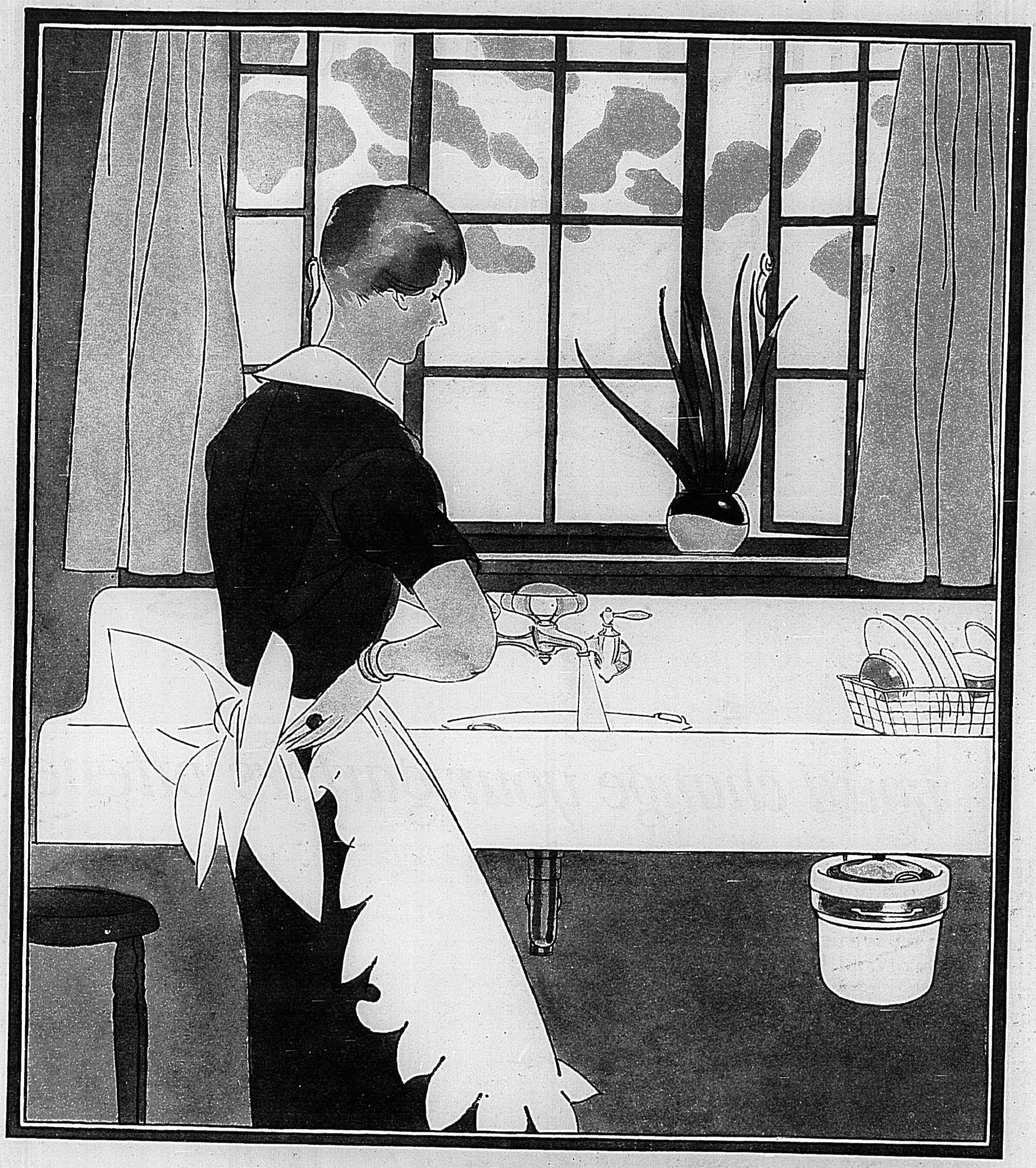
SUPER QUALITY $1

33

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

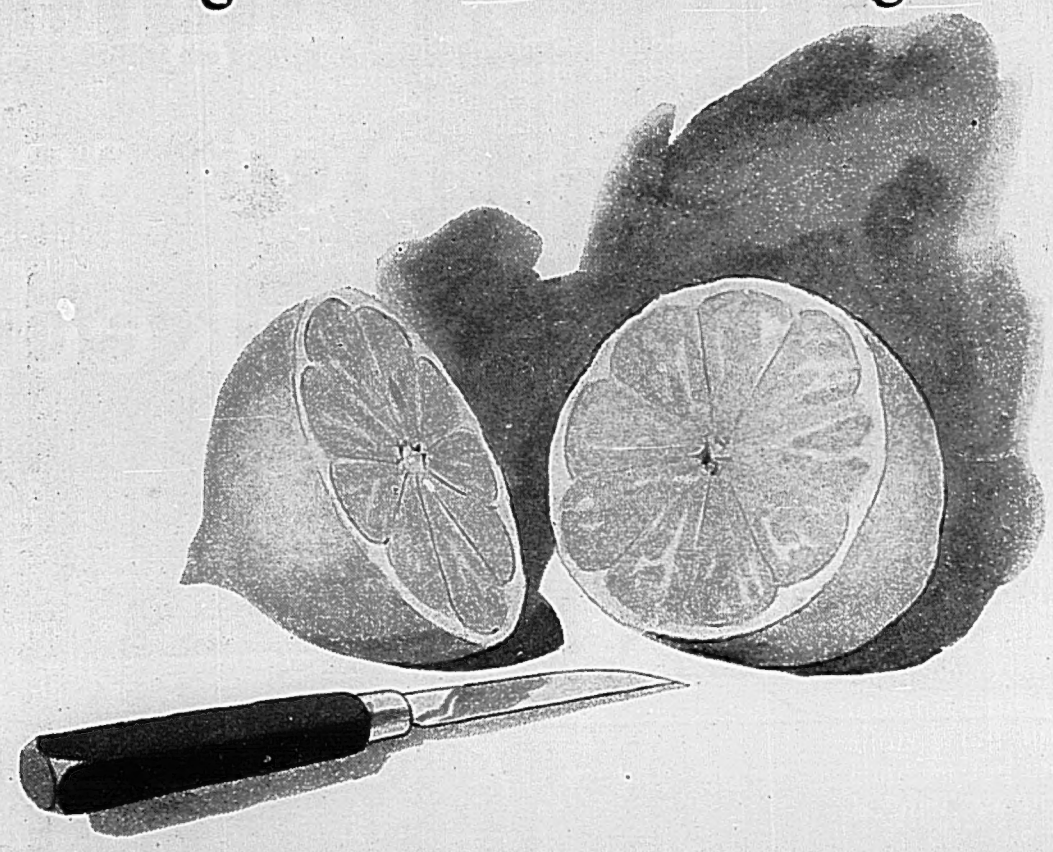
New Style "Standard" Sinks



These three "eights" make new sink history

with a New Process Enamel

which fruit and vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor



DOZENS of times every day, your Kitchen Sink is exposed to the action of such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice — and the ingredients of cleansers. This is its hardest service.

Just as "Standard" led the way with the One-piece Sink, set "yard-stick high," so "Standard" now gives you Sinks with a lovely gleaming white finish that *stays* gleaming white.

This New Process Enamel is exceptionally hard and durable. It is the first Sink enamel that is really easy to keep clean. With this wonderful new improvement, the Kitchen Sink reaches its highest development and utmost convenience.

More light since the back is low. Until now, the backs of Sinks have always been twelve inches high. This one goes under unusually low windows and gives four inches more of light, air and sunshine.

More room in the sink. These new Sinks are twenty-two inches wide, giving more room on the drainboards and in the Sink compartment. They are two inches deeper — so the edge of a dishpan comes well below the rim of the Sink, preventing over-the-rim splashes.

A smart low line in front. Beauty is emphasized in finish and in design of these newest "Standard" Sinks. The deeper front gives them a trim, massive appearance.

A new-style Faucet. This Faucet, of the popular Swinging-Spout type, is more compact and more decorative. It is set to allow a full thirteen inches between the mouth of the Faucet and the opening of the drain. You need this room when you fill a tall pitcher or large cooking vessels. Finished in Chromard, this Faucet has the beautiful soft sheen of platinum. It will not tarnish or corrode, resists common acids, and may easily be cleaned with a damp cloth.

A built-in Garbage Container. Sliding in and out under the Sink, this exclusive "Standard" feature saves dozens of steps. You can peel vegetables or scrape plates directly into it. It is of Vitreous China, holding a covered container of aluminum.

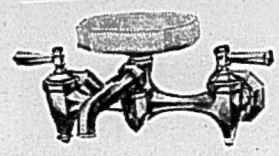
Three styles — seven sizes. You have three styles and seven sizes to choose from in these newest sinks. Single or double drainboard models. Every one has the distinctive "Standard" trade-mark clearly impressed in the enamel on the right-hand end.

On display near you. "Standard" Showrooms in more than 50 cities invite you to inspect these most attractive new Sinks and make comparisons.

Write for booklet. It is full of interesting information about these newest Sinks. Invaluable in wise kitchen planning.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

A new kind of Faucet



"—more compact, and more decorative. It is set to allow a full thirteen inches between the mouth of the Faucet and the opening of the drain."

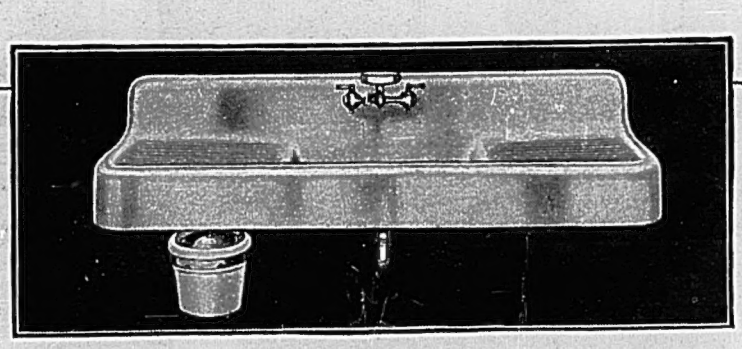
A built-in Garbage Container

"Sliding in and out under the Sink, this exclusive "Standard" feature saves dozens of steps."

* * *

ALL fittings for the newest "Standard" Sinks are made complete in "Standard" factories — the largest in the world devoted to the manufacture of Plumbing Fixtures.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

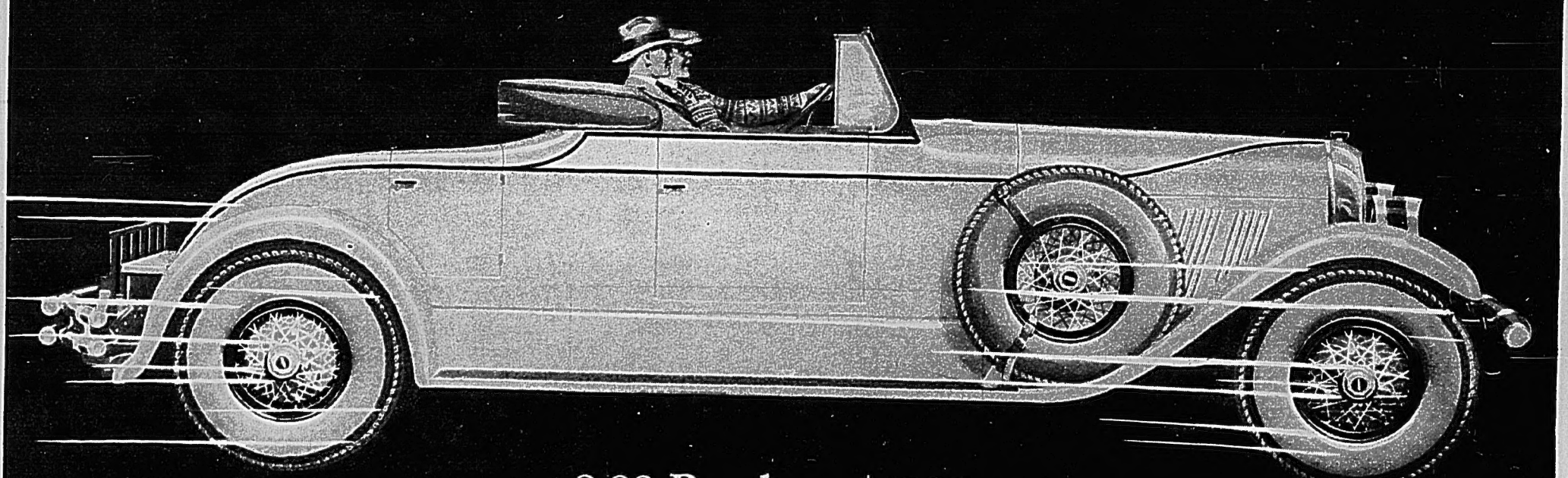


The most modern of sinks with the new design features and the NEW PROCESS ENAMEL

Backed by more than fifty years of sink building experience and the "Standard" reputation.

YOUR NEXT CAR

Drive this Straight Eight and if it does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy



8-88 Roadster $1995

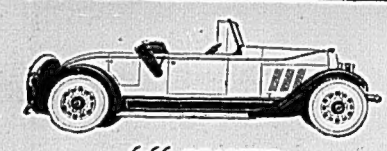
80 miles an hour. 130 inch wheelbase.
You don't have to climb over the fenders—there is a rear door!

One who sees in Auburn only a remarkable commercial success needs to look again with clearer vision.

Look deeper and you see at work the ideals and forces that insure America's leadership.

Auburn represents a supreme and honest effort to meet the advanced needs of an advanced people.

AUBURN

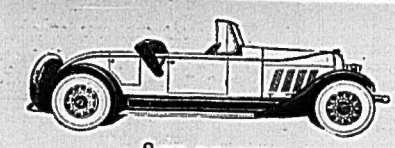


6-66 ROADSTER
120-inch wheelbase
$1095

6-66 SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1295

6-66 SPORT SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1195

8-77 SPORT SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1495



8-77 ROADSTER
125-inch wheelbase
$1395

YOUR NEXT CAR

For the first time in the spectacular history of the automobile industry, a car has been built so much better that it sells itself.

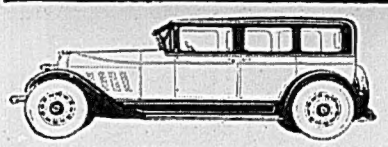
Auburn's remarkable sales increase is proof that people do not need salesmen to tell them what car they should buy. People who have owned and driven cars for years can tell by driving a car how well it meets their requirements.

Ask an Auburn dealer for an Auburn Straight Eight to drive—if it is not more comfortable, easier to steer, less effort to handle, more convenient and satisfactory in every way, and if it does not do all the things you want a car to do better than any other car, you will not be asked to buy.

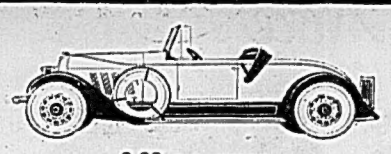
Auburn's quality is not determined by what COMPETITORS DO, but by what the CONSUMERS WANT.

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana.
Freight, Tax and Equipment, Extra.

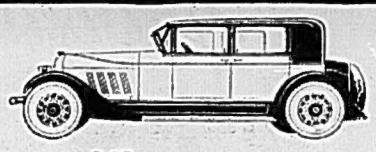
AUBURN



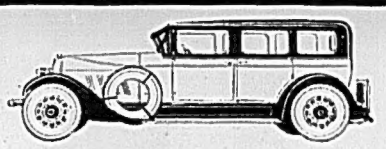
8-77 SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1695



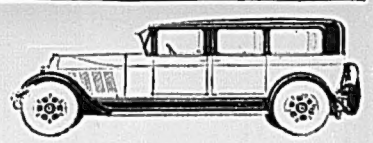
8-88 ROADSTER
130-inch wheelbase
$1995



8-88 SPORT SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2095



8-88 SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2195



8-88 7 PASSENGER SEDAN
147-inch wheelbase
$2595

Why Safety Glass "all around"

MOTOR CARS—motor cars. Millions of motor cars scurrying over the roads of the country. Millions of drivers at their wheels—careful drivers—reckless drivers—sometimes drunken drivers. Responsible owners and irresponsible owners. Sensible men and show-offs.

Amongst them, your car, your family, you. Precious lives. Exposed, despite your watchfulness, to the incompetence, the carelessness, the foolhardiness of others.

Is it right to withhold from them and from yourself any available protection, any procurable security?

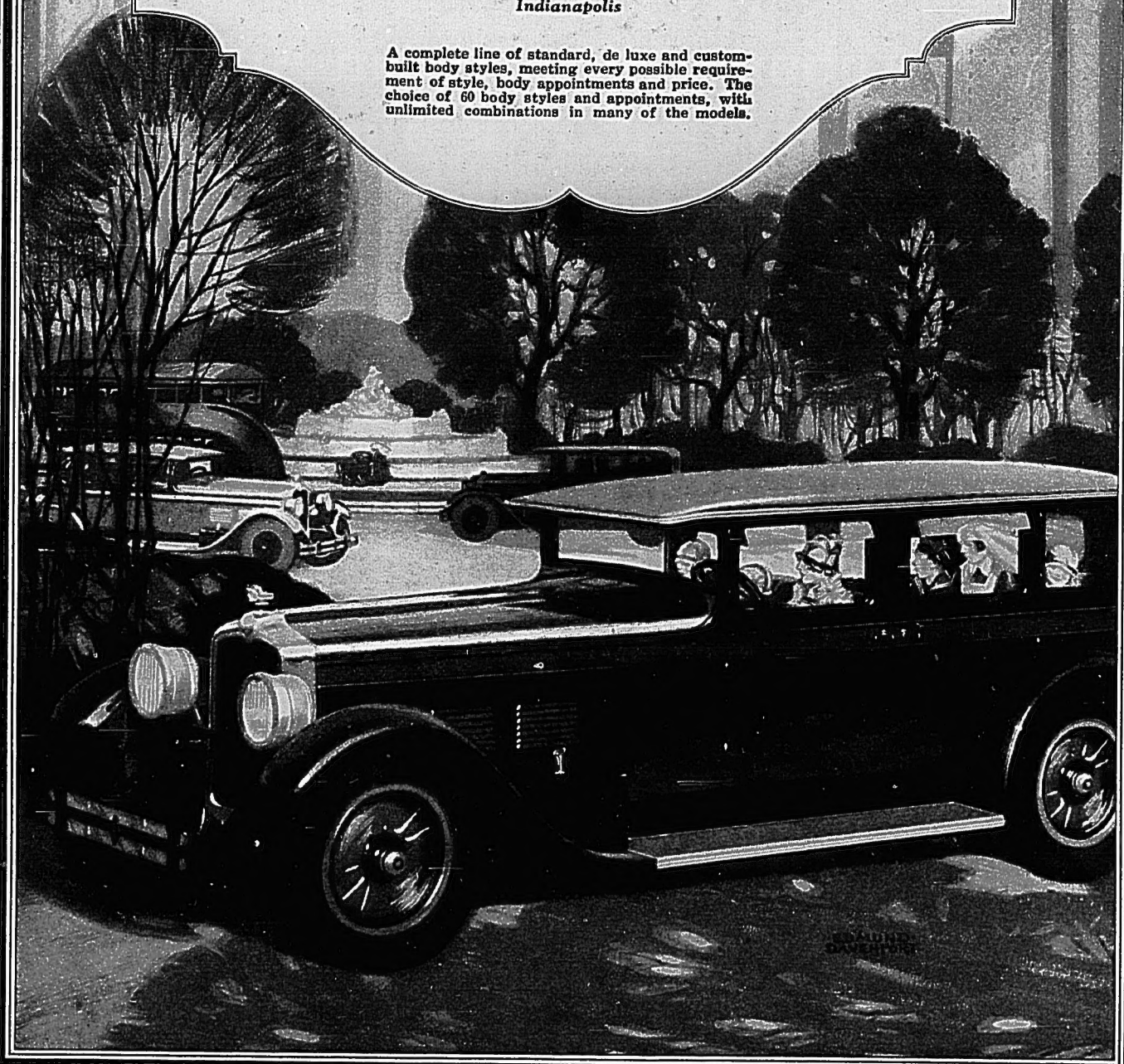
The New Safety Stutz *alone* provides maximum defense. Just one of its safety features, Protex Safety Glass, costs the makers an extra quarter million dollars a year.

Yet all this surpassing security is plus value—plus the ultra-low smartness of line, plus the road-smoothing riding-ease, plus the easy-as-wishing control, plus the dogged dependability and the marvelous performance.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY *of* AMERICA, *Inc.*
Indianapolis

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY

A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body appointments and price. The choice of 60 body styles and appointments, with unlimited combinations in many of the models.



V.B.S.

The Improved New

SAFETY STUTZ

April 9, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3 No. 49

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PRINCETON ON ROLLER SKATES
—An Editorial

Princeton University, again essaying the stern parent role, has said: "Naughty! Naughty! Papa take pitty p'aythings! Baby mustn't touch auto! Baby touch—papa 'pank!" The result is, of course, that 2,200 healthy young males who rated themselves men resent being treated as children. Some of the more audacious expressed their resentment by getting on roller skates and kiddie kars and scooting through the campus, defying the faculty to take their scooters away from them. The Senior Council resigned rather than be a figurehead in student government, able to do only as told. There are symptoms of rebellion and uprising beyond the roller-skating.

We think the students right and the faculty wrong.

Princeton has been threatening for two years to take motor cars away from the students, and Princeton's influence has been instrumental in persuading the deans of twenty-six other colleges and universities to forbid the use of automobiles. Wiser in method than in theory, and realizing that rioting and resistance probably would follow immediate enforcement of the faculty order, Princeton set July 1 as the end of the auto among students, hoping that the spirit of revolt will die down by the time school opens in the fall.

Grave and dignified college professors follow devious mental paths in dealing with youth. It is hardly conceivable that men who devote their lives to studying and teaching logic should confuse cause and effect, and act like the child who strikes its toy and blames it for the hurt.

These boys are rich and daring, or rather their daddies are rich and they are daring. They are going somewhere, and then coming back. An automobile will take them where they are going, and back faster, but without autos they will manage somehow. Even before the days of autos, it is recorded that the girls and the barrooms at White River Junction, at Bridgeport and New London, at Trenton and Allentown, never were lonesome because the boys from Dartmouth, Yale, Princeton, and Lehigh failed to arrive. It took longer to get to Savin Rock, to Mother Pratt's, or to Jim's place then—and one had to start back sooner; but we got there, and the evidence is that Princeton students, even *sans* autos, will manage to reach Broadway or Broad Street.

The faculties of colleges and universities are charged with developing boys into men. Men nowadays drive cars. Students should learn to handle cars. That is a vital part of the education of the modern man and woman. If the ownership of a car affects a student mentally, morally, or otherwise, until a bad effect shows in his work, then it is up to the college to punish him because his work is bad, not because he owns a car. The chances are that the boy who abuses instead of uses an automobile does not belong in college. Nor will he be much good outside.

As for us, we'd like to see a large number of students drive airplanes as well as automobiles. That is the sort of knowledge that may come in very handy for this country some day.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS COOLIDGE, ESQ.—*An Editorial*

President Coolidge, in deciding to spend his summer vacation in the West, has set a fit example for his fellow citizens of New England and New York. His visit will reassure many who have refrained from going west through fear of stage robberies, cowboys shooting up the town, or of being scalped by Indians. Besides this, he will learn at first hand why the farmers of the Northwest especially are out of tune with administrative policies regarding agriculturists. He may influence some of those who reside along the Atlantic seaboard to look westward and study the problems of the United States rather than eastward to delve into Europe's questions.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In Our Next Issue

A PRESIDENT has grown out of every war in which this country has been involved, except the last and greatest war. Why hasn't "Black Jack" Pershing been sent to the White House? Laurence Stallings reports in PERSHING PASSES IN REVIEW an intimate discussion among a group of veterans on this question.

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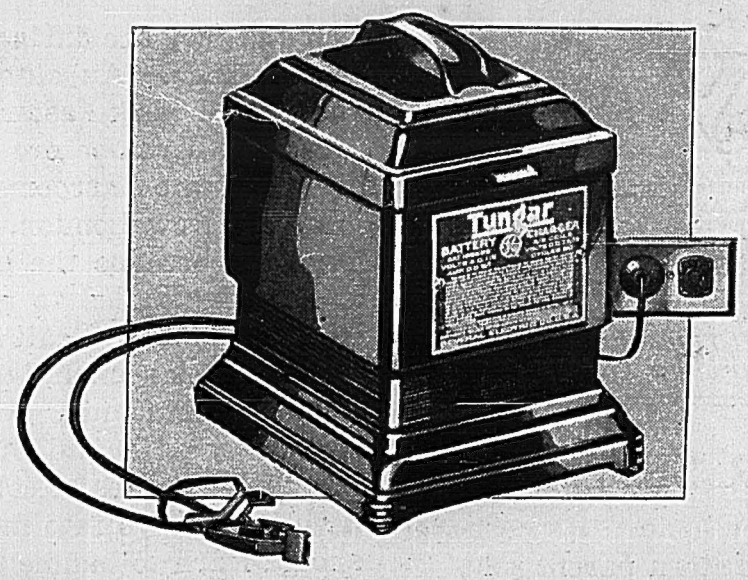
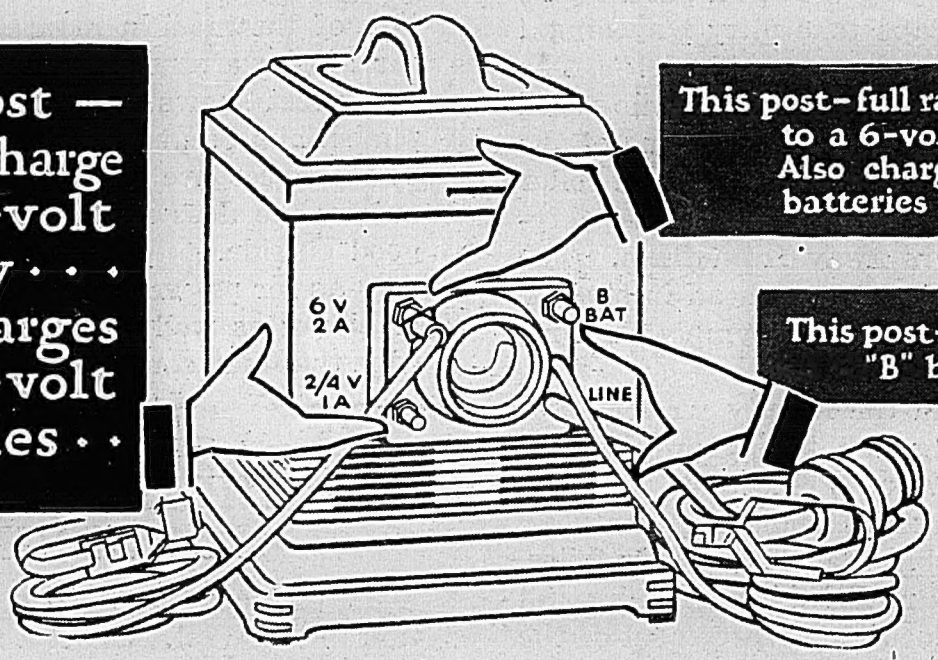


This post — trickle charge to a 6-volt battery . . . Also charges 2- or 4-volt batteries . .



This post-full rate charge to a 6-volt battery Also charges auto batteries

This post-charges all "B" batteries

Trickle charge - - or full charge
- *both from the same Tungar*

Here's a versatile little charger that can do a lot of different jobs.

It is a two-ampere Tungar that will trickle charge a 6-volt "A" battery—or give it a full rate charge.

It can also charge 2 or 4 volt "A" batteries, all "B" batteries—and automobile batteries, too.

It can easily be installed permanently—so that you need only throw a switch to charge your batteries. It is the time tested easy to use charger.

East of the Rockies

2 ampere Tungar - - $18
5 ampere Tungar - - $28
Trickle Charger - - $12

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Tungar
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

It Was *Only a* FIRE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

A Short Story of a Romantic Young Man Who Was Well Shaken Before He Was Taken

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

MISS POSTLETHWAITE, our courteous and vigilant barmaid, had whispered to us that the gentleman sitting over there in the corner was an American gentleman.

"Comes from America," added Miss Postlethwaite, making her meaning clearer.

"From America?" echoed we.

"From America," said Miss Postlethwaite. "He's an American."

Mr. Mulliner rose with an Old-World grace. We do not often get Americans in the bar parlor of the Anglers' Rest.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Mulliner. "I wonder if you would care to join my friend and myself in a little refreshment?"

"Very kind of you, sir."

"Miss Postlethwaite, the usual. I understand you are from the other side, sir. Do you find our English countryside pleasant?"

"Delightful. Though, of course, scarcely to be compared with the scenery of my home State."

"What State is that?"

"California," replied the other, baring his head. "California, the Jewel State of the Union. With its azure sea, its noble hills, its eternal sunshine, and its fragrant flowers, California stands alone. Peopled by stalwart men and womenly women—"

"California would be all right," said Mr. Mulliner, "if it wasn't for the earthquakes."

Our guest started as if some venomous snake had bitten him.

"Earthquakes are absolutely unknown in California," he said hoarsely.

"What about the one in nineteen-six?"

"That was not an earthquake. It was a fire."

"An earthquake, I always understand," said Mr. Mulliner. "My Uncle William was out there during it, and many a time has he said to me, 'My boy, it was the San Francisco earthquake that won me a bride.'"

"Couldn't have been an earthquake. May have been the fire."

"Well, I will tell you the story and you shall judge for yourself."

"I shall be glad to hear your story about the San Francisco fire," said the Californian courteously.

MY Uncle William [said Mr. Mulliner] was returning from the East at the time. He had been over in China looking into the workings of a tea-exporting business in which he held a number of shares.

It was his intention to get off the boat at San Francisco and cross the continent by rail. He particularly wanted to see the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

"SUPPOSE the only girl you had ever loved had gone and got herself engaged to another?"

And when he found that Myrtle Banks had for years cherished the same desire, it seemed to him so plain a proof that they were twin souls that he decided to offer her his hand and heart without delay.

This Miss Banks had been a fellow traveler on the boat all the way from Hongkong; and day by day William Mulliner had fallen more and more deeply in love with her. So on the last day of the voyage, as they were steaming in at the Golden Gate, he proposed.

She stood gazing over the rail into the water below in a sort of rapt way. Then she turned.

"Mr. Mulliner," she said, "I am greatly flattered and honored by what you have just told me." This happened, you will remember,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT WAS ONLY A FIRE
Continued from Page Eleven]

in the days when girls talked like that. "You have paid me the greatest compliment a man can bestow on a woman. And yet—"

William Mulliner's heart stood still.

"Is there another?" he muttered.

"Well, yes, there is. Mr. Franklyn proposed to me this morning. I told him I would think it over."

There was a silence. William was telling himself that he had been afraid of that bounder Franklyn all along.

"There is a great glamour about Mr. Franklyn," said Myrtle Banks. "We women admire men who do things. A girl cannot help but respect a man who once killed two sharks with a Boy Scout pocketknife."

"So *he* says," growled William.

"He showed me the pocketknife," said the girl simply. "And on another occasion he brought down three lions with three successive shots."

William Mulliner's heart was heavy, but he struggled on.

"Very possibly he may have done these things," he said. "But surely marriage means more than this. I respect those who can kill sharks with pocketknives, but I hold that other qualities are needed by the perfect husband. Personally, if I were a girl I would go rather for a certain steadiness and stability of character. To illustrate what I mean—did you happen to see me win the egg-and-spoon race at the ship's sports? Now there, it seems to me, was an exhibition of all the qualities a married man most requires—intense coolness, iron resolution, and a quiet, unassuming courage. The man who under test conditions has carried an egg once and a half times round a deck in a small spoon is a man who can be trusted."

She seemed to waver, but only for a moment.

"I must think," she said. "I must think."

"Certainly," said William. "You will let me see something of you at the hotel, after we have landed?"

"Of course. And if—I mean to say, whatever happens, I shall always look on you as a dear, dear friend."

"'M, yes," said William Mulliner.

FOR three days my Uncle William's stay in San Francisco was as pleasant as could reasonably be expected, considering that Desmond Fr. nklyn was also stopping at his and Miss Banks' hotel. But on the evening of the third day the blow fell.

"Mr. Mulliner," said Myrtle Banks, "I want to tell you something."

"Anything," breathed William tenderly, "except that you are going to marry that perisher Franklyn."

"But that is exactly what I was going to tell you."

"When did you decide on this rash act?" asked William dully.

"Scarcely an hour ago. We were talking in the garden, and somehow or other we got on the subject of rhinoceroses. He then told me how he had once been chased up a tree by a rhinoceros in Africa, and escaped by throwing pepper in the brute's eyes. He most fortunately chanced to be eating his lunch when the animal arrived, and he had a hard-boiled egg and the pepper pot in his hands. When I heard this story, like *Desdemona*, I loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved me that I did pity them. The wedding is to be in June."

William Mulliner ground his teeth in a sudden access of jealous rage.

"Personally," he said, "I consider that the story you have just related reveals this man Franklyn in a very dubious—I might almost say sinister—light. On his own showing, the leading trait in his character appears to be cruelty to animals. The fellow seems totally incapable of meeting a lion or a rhinoceros, or any other of our dumb friends, without instantly going out of his way to inflict bodily injury on it. The last thing I would wish is to be indelicate, but I cannot refrain from pointing out that, if your union is blessed, your children will probably be the sort of children who kick cats and tie tin cans to dogs' tails. If you take my advice, you will write the man a little note saying that you are sorry but you have changed your mind."

The girl rose in a marked manner.

"I do not require your advice, Mr. Mulliner," she said coldly; "and I have not changed my mind."

Instantly William Mulliner was all contrition. He followed her as she paced proudly away through the hotel lobby, and stammered incoherent apologies. But Myrtle Banks was adamant.

"Leave me, Mr. Mulliner," she said, pointing at the revolving door that led into the street. "You have maligned a better man than yourself, and I wish to have nothing more to do with you. Go!"

William went, as directed. And so great was the confusion of his mind that he got stuck in the revolving door, and had gone round in it no fewer than eleven times before the hall porter came to extricate him.

"I WOULD have removed you from the machinery earlier, sir," said the hall porter deferentially, having deposited him safely in the street, "but my bet with my mate in there called for ten laps. I waited till you had completed eleven, so that there should be no argument."

William looked at him.

"Tell me, hall porter," he said, "suppose the only girl you had ever loved had gone and got engaged to another: what would you do?"

The hall porter considered.

"Let me get this right," he said. "The proposition is, if I have followed you correctly, what would I do supposing the jane which I

WILLIAM sat up in bed, the sheet drawn round his shoulders. "You don't mean to say you're still in bed?" gasped the girl.

had always looked on as a steady mamma had handed me the old skimmer and told me to take all the air I needed because she had gotten another sweetie?"

"Precisely."

"Your question is easily answered," said the hall porter. "I would go around the corner and get me a nice, stiff drink at Mike's Place."

"A drink?"

"Yes, sir. A nice, stiff one."

"At—where did you say?"

"Mike's Place, sir. Just round the corner. You can't miss it."

William thanked him and walked away. A drink? And a nice, stiff one? There might be something in it.

William Mulliner had never tasted alcohol in his life. He had promised his late mother that he would not do so until he was either twenty-one or forty-one—he could never remember which. He was at present twenty-nine; but, wishing to be on the safe side in case he had got his figures wrong, he had remained a teetotaler. But now it was clear to him that his mother, in the special circumstances, could not reasonably object if he took a slight snort.

And at this moment he found himself standing outside a brightly lighted saloon.

For an instant he hesitated. Then he pushed open the swing doors and went in.

THE principal feature of the cheerful room in which he found himself was a long counter at which were standing a number of the citizenry, each with an elbow on the woodwork and a foot upon the neat brass rail that ran below. Behind the counter appeared the upper section of one of the most benevolent and kindly-looking men that William had ever seen. He had a large, smooth face, and he wore a white coat, and he eyed William, as he advanced, with a sort of reverent joy.

"Is this Mike's Place?" asked William.

"Yes, sir," replied the white-coated man.

"Are you Mike?"

"No, sir. But I am his representative and have full authority to act on his behalf. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

The man's whole attitude made him seem so like a large-hearted elder brother that William felt no diffidence about confiding in him. He placed an elbow on the counter and a foot on the rail, and spoke with a sob in his voice:

"Suppose the only girl you had ever loved had gone and got engaged to another—what, in your view, would best meet the case?"

The gentlemanly bartender pondered for some minutes.

"Well," he replied at length, "my suggestion—for what it is worth—is that you try a Dynamite Dewdrop."

One of the crowd that had gathered sympathetically round shook his head. He was a charming man with a black eye, who had shaved on the preceding Thursday.

"Much better give him a Dreamland Special."

WILLIAM could not bring himself to choose between them. He solved the problem in diplomatic fashion by ordering both the beverages recommended.

The effect was instantaneous and gratifying. As he drained the first glass, it seemed to him that a torchlight procession, of whose existence he had not hitherto been aware, had begun to march down his throat and explore the recesses of his stomach. The second glass, though slightly too heavily charged with molten lava, was extremely palatable. It helped the torchlight procession along by adding to it a brass band of singular power and sweetness of tone. And with another round somebody began to touch off fireworks inside his head.

William felt better—not only spiritually but physically. He seemed to himself to be a bigger, finer man; and the loss of Myrtle Banks had somehow, in a flash, lost nearly all its importance. After all, as he said to the man with the black eye, Myrtle Banks wasn't everybody.

"Now what do you recommend?" he asked the bartender, having turned the last glass upside down.

The bartender mused again.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When my brother, Elmer, lost his girl, he drank straight rye. Yes, sir. That's what he drank—straight rye. 'I've lost my girl,' he said, 'and I'm going to drink straight rye.' That's what he said. Yes, sir. Straight rye."

"That settles it," said William.

"Oblige me by asking these gentlemen what they will have, and start pouring."

The bartender obeyed, and William, having tried a pint or two of the strange liquid just to see if he liked it, found that he did and ordered some. He then began to move about among his new friends, patting one on the shoulder, slapping another affably on the back, and asking a third what his Christian name was.

"I want you all," he said, climbing onto the counter so that his voice should carry better, "to come and stay with me in England. Never in my life have I met men whose faces I liked so much. More like brothers than anything, is the way I regard you. So just you pack up a few things and come along and put up at my little place for as long as you can manage. You particularly, my dear old chap," he added, beaming at the man in the sweater.

"Thanks," said the man in the sweater.

"What did you say?" said William.

"I said thanks."

William slowly removed his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"I am not a quarrelsome man," he said, "but if anybody wants a row they can have it. And when it comes to being cursed and sworn

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT WAS ONLY A FIRE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

at by an ugly bounder in a sweater and a cloth cap, it is time to take steps."

And with these spirited words William Mulliner sprang from the counter, grasped the other by the throat, and bit him sharply on the right ear. There was a confused interval, during which somebody attached himself to the collar of William's shirt and the seat of William's trousers, and then a sense of swift movement and a rush of cool air.

William discovered that he was seated on the pavement outside the saloon. A hand emerged from the swing door and threw his hat and coat out. And he was alone with the night and his meditations.

These were, as you may suppose, of a singularly bitter nature. For some minutes he sat there, weeping silently.

Presently he heaved himself to his feet; and, placing one foot with infinite delicacy in front of the other and then drawing the other one up and placing it with infinite delicacy in front of that, he began to walk back to his hotel.

At the corner he paused. There were some railings on his right. He clung to them and rested awhile.

The railings to which William Mulliner had attached himself belonged, as he would have discovered had he been clear-sighted enough to read the card over the door, to Mrs. Beulah O'Brien's Theatrical Boarding-House. ("A Home from Home—No Checks Cashed—This Means *You.*")

But William was not in the best of shape for reading cards. A sort of mist had obscured the world, and he was finding it difficult to keep his eyes open. And presently, his chin wedged between the railings, he fell into a dreamless sleep.

HE was awakened by light flashing in his eyes; and, opening them, he saw that a window opposite where he was standing had become brightly illuminated. His slumbers had cleared his vision, and he was able to observe that the room into which he was looking was a dining-room. The long table was set for the evening meal.

A mood of the most extreme sentimentality now had William in its grip. The thought that he would never own a little home like that racked him from stem to stern with an almost unbearable torment. If Myrtle Banks had only consented to marry him he would have had a little home. But she had refused to marry him, so he would never have a little home. What Myrtle Banks wanted, felt William, was a good swift clout on the side of her head.

The thought pleased him. He was feeling physically perfect again now, and seemed to have shaken off completely the slight indisposition from which he had been suffering. His legs had lost their tendency to act independently of the rest of his body.

He was on the point of moving off to find Myrtle Banks and teach her what it meant to stop a man like himself from having a little home, when someone entered the room into which he was looking, and he paused to make further inspection.

The new arrival was a colored maidservant. She staggered to the head of the table beneath the weight of a large tureen containing, so William suspected, hash. A moment later a stout woman with bright golden hair came in and sat down opposite the tureen.

The instinct to watch other people eat is one of the most deeply implanted in the human bosom, and William lingered, intent. There was, he told himself, no need to hurry. He knew which was Myrtle's room in the hotel. It was just across the corridor from his own. He could pop in any time during the night and give her that clout. Meanwhile, he wanted to watch these people eat hash.

And then the door opened again, and there filed into the room a little procession, headed by an elderly man in a check suit with a carnation in his buttonhole. He was about three feet six in height, though the military jauntiness with which he carried himself made him seem fully three feet seven.

He was followed by a younger man who wore spectacles and whose height was perhaps three feet four. And behind these two came, in single file, six others, scaling down by degrees until, bringing up the rear of the procession, there entered a rather stout man in tweeds and bedroom slippers who could not have measured more than two feet eight.

THEY took their places at the table. Hash was distributed to all. And the man in tweeds, having inspected his plate with obvious relish, removed his slippers and, picking up knife and fork with his toes, fell to with a keen appetite.

William Mulliner uttered a soft moan and tottered away.

It was a black moment for my Uncle William. Only an instant before he had been congratulating himself on having shaken off the effects of his first indulgence in alcohol after an abstinence of twenty-nine years; but now he perceived that he was still intoxicated.

Intoxicated? The word did not express it by a mile. He was oiled, boiled, fried, plastered, whiffled, sozzled, and blotto. Only by the exercise of the most consummate caution and address could he hope to get back to his hotel and reach his bedroom without causing an open scandal.

Of course, if his walk that night had taken him a few yards farther down the street than the door of Mike's Place, he would have seen that there was a very simple explanation of the spectacle he had just witnessed. A walk so extended would have brought him to the San Francisco Palace of Varieties, outside which large posters proclaimed the exclusive engagement for two weeks of

MURPHY'S MIDGETS
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

But of the existence of these posters he was not aware; and it is not too much to say that the iron entered into William Mulliner's soul.

William had always prided himself on the keenness of his mental powers. Throughout the long voyage on the ship, when Desmond Franklyn had related anecdotes illustrative of his prowess as a man of action, William Mulliner had always consoled himself by feeling that in the matter of brains he could give Franklyn three bisques and a beating any time he chose to start.

Now, it seemed, he had lost even this advantage over his rival. For Franklyn, dull-witted clod though he might be, was not such an absolute minus quantity that he would imagine he had seen a man of two feet eight cutting up hash with his toes. That hideous depth of mental decay had been reserved for William Mulliner.

Moodily he made his way back to his hotel. In a corner of the Palm Room he saw Myrtle Banks deep in conversation with Franklyn. But all desire to give her a clout on the side of the head had now left him. With his chin sunk on his breast, he entered the elevator and was carried up to his room.

Here, as rapidly as his quivering fingers would permit, he undressed, and, climbing into the bed as it came round for the second time, lay for a space with wide-open eyes. He had been too shaken to switch his light off, and the rays of the lamp shone on the handsome ceil-

"I want you all," he said, climbing onto the counter, "to come and stay with

ing, which undulated above him. Once more he gave himself up to thought.

No doubt, he felt, thinking it over now, his mother had had some very urgent reason for withholding him from alcoholic drink. She must have known of some family secret, sedulously guarded from his infant ears—some old legend of how every Mulliner for centuries back had died a maniac, victim at last of the fatal fluid. And tonight, despite her gentle care, he had found out for himself.

He saw now that this derangement of his eyesight was only the first step in the gradual dissolution that was the Mulliner curse. Soon his sense of hearing would go; then his sense of touch.

HE sat up in bed. It seemed to him, as he gazed at the ceiling, that a considerable section of it had parted from the parent body and fallen with a crash to the floor.

William Mulliner stared dumbly. He knew, of course, that it was an illusion. But what a perfect illusion! If he had not had the special knowledge that he possessed, he would have stated without fear of contradiction that there was a gap six feet wide above him, and a mass of dust and plaster on the carpet below.

And, even as his eyes deceived him, so did his ears. He seemed to be conscious of a babel of screams and shouts. The corridor, he could have sworn, was full of flying feet. The world heap of plaster, and drew it back with a groan. Yes, it was as he feared—his sense of touch had gone wrong, too. That heap of plaster, though purely a figment of his disordered brain, had felt solid.

So there it was. One little moderately festive evening at Mike's Place, and the curse of the Mulliners had got him.

As he climbed back into bed, it appeared to him that two of the walls fell out. He shut his eyes; and presently sleep, which has been well called Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, brought oblivion. His last waking thought was that he imagined he had heard another wall go.

William Mulliner was a sound sleeper, and it was many hours before consciousness returned to him. When he awoke, he sat up and looked around him in astonishment. The haunting horror of the night had passed; and now, though conscious of a rather severe headache, he knew that he was seeing things as they were.

And yet, it seemed odd to think that what he beheld was not the remains of some nightmare. Not only was the world slightly yellow and a bit blurred around the edges, but it had changed in its very essentials overnight. Where, eight hours before, there had been a wall, now only an open space appeared, with bright sunlight streaming through it. The ceiling was on the floor, and almost the only

me in England. Never in my life have I met men whose faces I liked so much."

appeared to be all bangs and crashes and thuds.

A cold fear gripped at William's heart: his sense of hearing was playing tricks with him already!

His whole being recoiled from making the final experiment, but he forced himself out of bed. He reached a finger toward the nearest thing remaining of what had been an expensive bedroom in a first-class hotel was the bed.

Very strange, he thought, and very irregular.

A voice broke in upon his meditations:

"Why, Mr. Mulliner!"

William turned and, being like all the Mulliners, the soul of modesty, dived abruptly beneath the bedclothes. For the voice was the voice of Myrtle Banks. And she was in his room!

"Mr. Mulliner!"

William poked his head out cautiously. And then he perceived that the proprieties had not been outraged as he had imagined. Miss Banks was not in his room, but in the corridor. The intervening wall had disappeared. Shaken, but relieved, he sat up in bed, the sheet drawn round his shoulders.

"You don't mean to say you're still in bed?" gasped the girl.

"Why, is it awfully late?" asked William.

"Did you actually stay up here all through it?"

"Through what?"

"The earthquake."

"What earthquake?"

"The earthquake last night."

"Oh, that earthquake?" said William carelessly. "I did notice some sort of an earthquake. I remember seeing the ceiling come down, and saying to myself, 'I shouldn't wonder if that wasn't an earthquake.' And then the walls fell out, and I said, 'Yes, sir; I believe it *is* an earthquake.' And then I turned over and went to sleep."

Myrtle Banks was staring at him with eyes that reminded him partly of twin stars and partly of a snail's.

"You must be the bravest man in the world!"

William gave a curt laugh.

"Oh, well," he said, "I may not spend my whole life persecuting unfortunate sharks with pocketknives, but I find I generally manage to keep my head fairly well in a crisis. We Mulliners are like that. We do not say much, but we have the right stuff in us."

He clutched his head. A sharp spasm had reminded him how much of the right stuff he had in him at that moment.

"My hero!" breathed the girl almost inaudibly.

"AND how is your fiancé this bright sunny morning?" asked William nonchalantly.

It was torture to refer to the man, but he must show her that a Mulliner knew how to take his medicine.

She gave a little shudder.

"I have no fiancé," she said.

"But I thought you told me you and Franklyn—"

"I am no longer engaged to Mr. Franklyn. Last night, when the earthquake started, I cried to him to help me; and he, with a hasty 'Some other time!' disappeared into the open like something out of a gun. I never saw a man run so fast. This morning I broke off the engagement." She uttered a scornful laugh. "Sharks and pocketknives! I don't believe he ever killed a shark in his life."

"And even if he did," said William, "what of it? I mean to say, how infrequently in married life must the necessity for killing sharks with pocketknives arise! What a husband needs is not some purely adventitious gift like that—a parlor trick, you might almost call it—but a steady character, a warm and generous disposition, and a loving heart."

"How true!" she murmured dreamily.

"Myrtle," said William, "I would be a husband like that. The steady character, the warm and generous disposition, and the loving heart to which I have alluded are at your disposal. Will you accept them?"

"I will," said Myrtle Banks.

* * *

"AND that," concluded Mr. Mulliner, "is the story of my Uncle William's romance. And you will readily understand, having heard it, how his eldest son, my cousin J. S. F. E. Mulliner, got his name."

"J. S. F. E.?" I said.

"John San Francisco Earthquake Mulliner," explained my friend.

"There never was a San Francisco earthquake," said the Californian. "Only a fire."

THE END

How to Pass

Describing Faces and in the Films—and

An Article by BRENDA

YOU cannot get into the movies without passing a screen test. You may be a beauty. You may have pull. You may be an English duchess and so worth a million dollars of publicity. But first the screen test. Of course, the duchess probably will get the job, even if her screen test is poor, but she won't last for more than one or two pictures.

A screen test is to discover principally if you photograph well. The camera does certain things to your face, your figure, to the color of your hair. Some of these things can be predicted to a certain degree—some cannot.

After you have passed the screen test, to become a star you must have something else. Some call it "charm"; some, "personality"; some, "sex appeal." Elinor Glyn, who dotes on being inscrutable, calls it "it." But these are all annoying abstractions.

Eddie Sutherland, who is the very young and remarkably successful director of Love's Greatest Mistake, thinks he can tell in plain English what you must have to become a great, great star.

"Everybody is given a screen test," he says, "and this is what it amounts to: If a nice-looking girl has been hanging around the studios long enough, at last the casting director will notice her and think her looks might fit a certain small part. He orders the camera man to make a screen test of her. This does not mean that she will have to go through some excruciating histrionics—love, hate, despair, etc.—before the camera.

"It usually means that a few feet of film are taken of her, while she smiles, turns her head, walks. From these photographs a director discovers certain things. What he discovers you can find out for yourself if you will just observe the following directions:

"Look at yourself in the glass. If you have honey-gold hair, tawny skin, red cheeks, violet eyes that turn dark when you are angry, as the girls say, forget them. They won't do you any good. Try to see yourself in muddy photographic grays. Discount all colors.

"Next: Don't arrange your hair nicely and turn the lights low. Don't make your eyes into big goggly lamps, or half shut them in a vampish way that you have always believed to be fascinating. Don't do any of those tricks that we all do when we look at ourselves. Whether we are professional beauties or he-longshoremen, all of us unconsciously fix our faces attractively when we look in mirrors.

"To see how you will really look in a screen test, turn up all the lights to a full glare. Leave your hair as it is. Relax your features into their usual sloppy expression. Then gaze at yourself, trying hard to see just what is there—nothing more—nor less.

"Then look at your figure. How we all edit our figures! I know men, very proud of their shapes, whose backs look as if they were quilted and who don't seem to realize at all that they have begun to settle amidships with about a thirty-degree list. I know women who have gained thirty pounds or more, and yet who, when they look at themselves in the mirror, see only what they want to see—viz.: a perfect thirty-four—their weight and outline of ten years earlier.

"Such women will remark how well they carry their weight, without showing it. 'I'm fat, but I'm solid.' Or else it's, 'Now, you'd never dream I weigh fifty pounds more than Mae Murray, and yet I'm not what you'd call *fat*. I must be bigger boned.' I have no doubt that women of ninety, when they look in a mirror, see comely matrons of forty-five.

"To pass a screen test, you must be thin, thin, *thin*. When you are examining your thinness, do not draw in your stomach, or stretch your double chin until there isn't any, or put your hands on your hips like a Follies girl. (This is a becoming pose much used by stage beauties, but in you it is usually an attempt to conceal from yourself the fact that your upper arm is too fat and that it flattens against your side in a pudgy way when you let it hang down naturally.)

"Try to see yourself exactly as you are when every muscle is relaxed. Are you compact and well knit throughout? Are you lean and hard through the middle? Have you long, straight legs? Moderate hips? Arms that are not twice as thick above the elbow as below? A round neck? Handsome and well knit shoulders? If you have, then there is a chance—a very fine chance.

"In fact, the ideal figure for the movies is as slim and limber as a stripling's—almost like that of a twelve-year-old boy—principally for the reason that the camera makes a person look a good deal larger, thicker, heftier than he appears to his friends and appallingly thicker and heftier than he appears to himself.

"A WELL known writer I know," continued Sutherland, "had his picture taken for a news reel. He was a man of forty-six, medium sized, well set up. He told me that he expected to see himself in the film as a distinguished-looking, alert, athletic man who was, moreover, exceedingly well dressed (his tailor is the best in London). Instead, what did he see when the film was run before him?

"'I saw,' he told me, 'an old, old diabetic-looking man with dropsical bags under his eyes and chin, and a pendulous stomach. This fumbling old papa came into the room furtively and wrote a few words at a desk, wearing a suit that looked as if it had been washed but not ironed.'

the SCREEN TEST

Figures That Succeed Those That Don't

UELAND

"So, to guard against the unflattering camera, moving-picture stars are perpetually vigilant about staying thin, and, mind you, as thin as jockeys. 'Why, you look as thin as a picked fish already!' a suburban matron cried out indignantly when Mae Murray refused a cooky at tea.

"Blonde or brunette—which is better? The balance is slightly in favor of the brunette. Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Blanche Sweet, Claire Windsor, Esther Ralston, and Lillian Gish are blondes, and there are several others. But there are many more brunettes.

"GENERALLY speaking, dark hair and dark eyes show up better. Light ash-blonde hair photographs blonde, but yellow and red hair photograph very dark. Consequently Lillian Gish's hair, which is yellow, photographs dark, although with special lighting and by many tricks, such as arranging the hair very loosely (and this is true of Mae Murray also), Lillian Gish can be made to look blonde. Billie Burke's hair is red, so that it looks almost black in pictures.

"Therefore, a girl who is proud of the fact that she has yellow hair, or that she is one of those fascinating red-haired vamps with so much temperament—well, it won't do her any good. On the screen her hair will be just plain black. Hair should be reasonably thick and have pliability and sheen. But it shouldn't be so fine that it looks frizzled when curled, or thin and meager when straight.

"Large eyes are better than small ones, but don't think that it is sufficient for eyes just to be enormous. They must be beautifully set under well modeled brows. And it is much better for the eyes to be set wide apart. Lillian Gish's eyes, for example, are extraordinarily far apart, as you have undoubtedly noticed. At present, that is what most movie directors like—eyes far apart in a delicate, oval face.

"A very narrow face with close-set eyes is not good. It doesn't photograph well—first, because it doesn't take the light well; and, second, because such a face shows fatigue quickly. For be assured that, if you once get a good part in the movies, you must have a bland face that doesn't show fatigue, because for weeks at a time you will have to work from twelve to sixteen hours a day.

"Sometimes a marvelously beautiful girl with clear-cut, aristocratic features won't photograph nearly so well as some girl with a roundish, sleek, somewhat snub-nosed face, because this latter kind of face will just happen to take the light well, while the high-bridged, aristocratic, Barrymoresque nose and deep-set eyes will have too many angular and haggard shadows when photographed.

"The best height for a girl is five feet two or three. Five feet five is acceptable, but is very tall, because the people of the movies are small. Douglas Fairbanks, who can look like a strapping brute on the screen, actually looks almost shrimpish beside the average policeman.

"As for the color of the eyes, most directors feel that dark brown or black eyes are the best. But I think that just plain dark eyes aren't so good as those that have a mixture of hazel or green or gray or blue in them, because this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by Lazarnick

The unsympathetic camera must give the final decision on every aspiring film actress.

[HOW TO PASS THE SCREEN TEST
Continued from Page Seventeen]

gives the eyes a transparent look. You feel that you can look into them and see the person thinking. My very beautiful wife, Louise Brooks, has brown eyes; but hers are all right because they have transparence and warmth. Many much-admired vampish dark eyes are as opaque and lackluster as enamel.

"Then, unfortunately, there is a certain kind of blue eye that has no chance at all; for this reason: blue photographs white. Hazel eyes like Mary Pickford's are good. Dark blue eyes like Pauline Frederick's are good, because they have some other pigment than clear blue in them. But those handsome, seafaring blue eyes that are so attractive look very strange and fishy on the screen. But I haven't mentioned yet what is the really essential thing, because for every physical requirement enumerated there are contradictions and exceptions by the dozen.

"MANY of the great stars haven't regular features or good figures. Pola Negri has the clear-cut, sharp nose that I have been telling you isn't any good. Gloria Swanson doesn't look like a Harrison Fisher girl. Lillian Gish isn't a typical Follies girl in looks. Douglas Fairbanks hasn't the heavy jaw that is supposed to be absolutely essential to be considered a handsome young man in America. (Francis X. Bushman had it.) On the other hand, there are actors and actresses in the movies who are faultlessly handsome—and yet just to look at them makes you long for a custard pie.

"Colleen Moore has one dark brown eye and a light green one. Some fascinating, alluring stars have heavy ankles. Some are not lean, and some are not young at all, but middle-aged—even elderly. And right here we come upon another thing to remember, if you dream of making your fortune in the movies:

"The films need fascinating women *of all ages* as well as beautiful young girls. Plain and mature women may have that quality and magnetism that is the really essential thing. And when they have it, they too draw their seven or eight hundred dollars a week. Very old ladies may have that Mary Pickfordian, Lillian Gishian quality that makes them so alive, so touching, so altogether fascinating and endearing that the fifty millions who go to the movies in America can't look at them enough."

"Well, what is that quality?" I asked.

"I think it is brains," Eddie Sutherland said. "Brains means inner force, glandular activity, quick perception, quick, fascinating changes of expression and feeling (and this doesn't mean necessarily that the features have to move all over the place). Persons with brains can show changes of feeling and expression and scarcely move their faces. Brains—intelligence—means that the eyes light up. It means eager, responsive movements that are full of passion and vitality. I know I've tried to direct, more than once, a girl, say, whose map is in every way—photographically and otherwise—absolutely perfect. And yet she will be, in spite of my most painstaking and cleverest efforts of directing, stolid and lumpish. As Oscar Wilde said, she may have 'a face that, once seen, you never remember.'

"Some of the stars that have brains are Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, and Pola Negri. It is like an illumination, a fire in them. To give an example: If Lillian Gish had inside her no fine intelligence, what would she be? She would be merely a frail, much too thin, mousy little white-neck of a girl. But because she has intellectual force within a very small and frail body, her body and face are illuminated and you can't take your eyes off her.

"Gloria Swanson has a compact, well knit figure. She is very intelligent. Many people think her figure is not good in that it is not feminine enough. Yet when Gloria Swanson moves her body, no matter how slightly—just a yawn or a turn of the shoulders—there is a concealed vigor and voluptuousness in it.

"Perhaps I can give a good analogy here by speaking of a yawn. You try to make a beautiful dumb-bell yawn. She will go through all the motions, stretch her arms, open her mouth until you can see down into the lower œsophagus, and yet it won't be a yawn. And so it is with all her actions—they are all phony and don't connect, and so do not give an audience the sympathetic organic sensation that psychologists talk about.

Claire Windsor.

Mary Pickford.

Gloria Swanson, whose brunette type is in direct contrast to that of the two actresses above.

"Take an example: Wherein lies the pleasure of watching an A-number-one prize fighter landing his wallops? There is in you, the observer, a corresponding sensation in your own muscles. The violence and skill of his blows you feel pleasurably, as if they were your own slugs and uppercuts and lefts to the jaw. That's why it is so fascinating and satisfactory to watch Mae Murray's fierce, exciting agility, her leaps, gyrations, her resilient backbone. You feel as if you, too, are dancing like that and that it is perfect.

"There is a superstition that only girls who wear black cotton stockings and vici-kid shoes a foot and a half long have brains. Not at all. Always where there is real brains there is style, energy, and so good looks. Brains means that you have an æsthetic sense, so that you know how to get yourself up; and energy, so that you stay thin and full of fire. And if you are both stylish and spirited, with a lively, fascinating expression on your face—well, then people call you a beauty, even though your face has the exact conformations of a raisin bun.

"And now we come to what we call tempo," Sutherland continued—"in other words, timing one's actions. Valentino had this talent. So has Lillian Gish to a remarkable degree. It is a great satisfaction to a director when a star has it naturally and instinctively. What is meant by tempo is doing one action and then another in just the right time. The first action may be slow and languid. The second, which should be more exciting, has a flashing vigor and rapidity and snap. Some actors, to help themselves maintain a slow tempo (which is difficult), must have slow music—Chopin's Funeral March or some such thing.

"Lillian Gish explains tempo in this way: 'It's just as with a typewriter—you write a word and then touch the spacer. Write another word; the spacer. That's the way in acting. You do a thing and then stop. And then do another thing, and stop. There's a space between, but the space is barely perceptible. Yet there must be that space so that each action is separate and has a definite meaning.'

"Another thing that excellent actresses have is this: Gloria Swanson's very fine eyes, as she turns them from one to another of the characters in a scene, seem to bring all the players together.

"She gives and receives thoughts through her remarkably expressive eyes without any of the blinking, the distending and narrowing to slits, that other less accomplished players indulge in. This gives what is known as 'the feeling of the ensemble.'"

EDDIE SUTHERLAND is very young to be an important director. He is only thirty-one. He is Scotch-Irish and has a Boston accent, for that is the city in which he was reared. His talk is a combination of hard-boiled theatrical slang and very good English.

He was an actor before he was twenty, and his mother and father and grandparents were on the stage. His mother, Blanche Ring, and Mrs. Thomas Meighan are sisters. His first experience as a director was when he assisted Charlie Chaplin in making A Woman of Paris. Then he directed Behind the Front, that remarkably successful comedy with Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery in its cast. His other great success is We're in the Navy Now, also with Beery and Hatton. And the picture he has just made is Love's Greatest Mistake, Frederic Arnold Kummer's serial, published in LIBERTY.

"In the picture, Love's Greatest Mistake," said Sutherland, "there are two girls that have almost equally important parts—Josephine Dunn and Evelyn Brent. Evelyn Brent is a very fine young actress who has already had much experience and success in the movies. Jo Dunn never had a part before. She had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Nature's tonic in hot liquid food
VEGETABLE SOUP!

"EAT vegetables." Why do the physicians and the food experts give this advice? One of the principal reasons is that in vegetables are stored the iron and the other mineral salts which the body requires.

These minerals have important work to do in keeping bones, muscles and other tissues strong and healthy. Unfortunately, however, a large portion of these valuable minerals is often thrown away in the water in which vegetables are cooked. But in soup we retain far more of the beneficial mineral salts. So vegetable soup is one of the most healthful foods to eat and to give to your children.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains fifteen of these invigorating, health-promoting vegetables. Each one is carefully selected—the finest grown—and so is richest in nature's wholesome food.

In addition to all these vegetables, Campbell's Vegetable Soup brings you delicious and stimulating broth of choice beef, alphabet macaroni and other substantial cereals, fresh herbs and tempting seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients in one soup!

This is the most popular hearty soup in the world. Wherever housewives purchase for the family table, this soup is depended upon to supply its generous abundance of nourishment for luncheon or dinner or supper.

DO YOU rely on the famous and spotless Campbell's kitchens to help you every day? Even in such a difficult, troublesome dish to make as vegetable soup, Campbell's French chefs offer you the finest quality and highest skill. You have scarcely to lift your finger, it's so easy and convenient!

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cut yourself a piece of CAKE!

Devil's Food Cake, like every bit of baking, is smoother and richer when made with Carnation Milk, with its *double* cream content. It's finer and more fragile in texture because in Carnation Milk the cream is "homogenized" — evenly distributed in minute particles throughout the milk.

Carnation Devil's Food Cake—5 tbsp. Carnation Milk diluted with 5 tbsp. water, ⅜ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1¾ cup pastry flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. soda dissolved in 1 tbsp. warm water, 2 squares chocolate, ½ tsp. vanilla or ⅓ tsp. almond, ½ tsp. salt.

Sift three-fourths of flour with baking powder and salt. Cream butter, add sugar gradually; add beaten eggs; beat until fluffy; add ¼ cup flour and melted chocolate. Then add remaining flour, diluted Carnation Milk, dissolved soda and flavoring all together. Stir vigorously for 1½ minutes; bake for 1 hour.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
438 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
538 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

been in the Follies; but then, lots of girls have, and that doesn't mean that she married a divorced Yale football player and got two millions. Jo Dunn, as a matter of fact, was very hard up, living in a tenement on Eighth Avenue, New York City, with her mother.

"One night her mother, who was worried about her because she was moping and very low in her mind, urged her to go to a night club, to try to have a little fun and cheer up. Well, I happened to go to that night club that same night. Also, as it happened, Jo Dunn had fixed her hair differently.

"I knew her, but she had always worn her hair all frizzled and fluffed, the way girls do. This night, however, it was slick and smooth and yellow, pulled tightly off her forehead, the high lights sliding around on it, showing her handsome blonde head and her small, tight ears. I went right up to her and offered her a leading part in Love's Greatest Mistake. So now, if you want to see what I saw in Jo Dunn, you will have to see the picture.

"I have made two very successful comedies, but you know the highbrows, the critics, never pay any attention to you as a director until you have made a picture that they can call 'stark,' 'sheer,' 'poignant,' or 'bitterly ironical'—something about which they can unlimber the adjectives.

"At the Famous Players' studio there is on the bulletin board a list of the ten biggest money-making productions of the year. My name is in the first two places. But as for prestige as a director, I'm afraid I haven't any, because, with the exception of Love's Greatest Mistake, I have done nothing but comedy. No high art at all. As for Love's Greatest Mistake—well, it is a good show and you ought to go."

Lillian Gish, the intellectual type of motion-picture actress.

NOW, if you ever get so far as to be given a screen test, here are some tips about make-up that may help you:

1. The less make-up the better. Use it only to touch out blemishes, such as moles and deep wrinkles. This amounts to no more than retouching a photograph, because, since it is impossible to retouch the thousand little photographs in a finished film, the retouching is done on the face of the actress.

2. For ordinary make-up use a light grease paint over cold cream with just enough flesh powder to dull the shine of the grease.

3. Don't bead the eyelashes. It should practically never be done, although sometimes it is necessary for persons with light eyelashes to line the eyes with a very narrow dark line placed as near the lashes as possible. Plump persons and those with prominent eyes should shade the orbits of the eyes very slightly with black or brown to make the eyes appear more deeply set. Thin persons and those with sunken eyes don't need this. Touch up the eyebrows only if they are very vague.

Mae Murray, who carries her picture audiences through her parts with her.

4. Lips. Be sparing of lip rouge. Red photographs black. Don't try to change the shape of the lips by rouge. It always shows. Apply the faintest trace of rouge, if any, to the cheeks.

5. Lines. Never use lines in the face except when the part calls for it. They should be made with dark red or brown and very carefully blended. Whenever possible, directors should take pains to select their characters according to type, so as to avoid the need for make-up.

6. Wigs, beards, and mustaches. On the stage these things may be as ill-made as those of a Salvation Army Santa Claus. In the movies the actor who must wear a mustache grows it himself. Wigs must be put on with the greatest skill and artifice.

7. Don't change your make-up during a picture. A certain lovely actress would appear one day with her eyes encircled with an emerald-green tint, and the next day she would try sky-blue. She made a great fuss before she could be convinced that she was all wrong.

8. Discard the yellow-grease-paint myth that actors clung to for so many years. Nobody can explain it. There is absolutely no photographic theory to account for its use. Yellow is nonactinic, and if the actor is shaded for a moment from the direct force of the light, his face photographs black instantly. Remember to use just the least possible flesh-colored grease paint and a little flesh-colored powder.

9. Yellow may be used under heavy chins or on double chins to cause them to be less pronounced. For an actor who has very prominent eyes, a shade of red around the eyes will help.

10. Don't come before the camera powdered a snow-white. Some actresses think the lighter they make themselves up, the more youthful they appear, whereas they only succeed in making themselves look like white billiard balls.

Acting before the camera must be more subtle and restrained than acting before the footlights. That is why a face that has aristocratic composure, a face in which just a turn of the eyes or the most barely perceptible smile expresses a mood, is full of significance and fascination. Only faces of very intelligent, if not extraordinary, people can be fascinating in this way.

Not long ago somebody said to Eddie Sutherland, at the studio: "There are twelve beautiful, well dressed young girls in the outer office. Why aren't they all given jobs right away?"

He answered:

"Because probably not a single one of them has a grain of distinction. If one of them has, she will get a job. If she has marked distinction, she'll become a star."

"But how can a person tell whether or not he (or she) has distinction?" I asked him.

"Here is the best test I can think of," Sutherland said. "Are people attracted to you? When you and three other people are in the same room, does the person speaking address his or her remarks to you? When twenty people are in the room, do most of them address their remarks to you? That is a very good sign.

One dark brown and one light green eye make a successful screen pair for Colleen Moore.

"Here is another: You are with several people. Someone asks a question. The person who answers this question, instead of addressing his interrogator, turns to you and answers the question as if you had asked it.

"On the other hand, if you are one of those people whom nobody notices or listens to, except with an expression of polite absent-mindedness, then you have no distinction at all. Don't try to go into the movies.

"WHEN Napoleon walked toward a squad of men whose rifles were pointed at him, they couldn't fire. When Cæsar was captured by pirates and held for a ransom, he berated them for asking so small a ransom, saying he was worth twenty times as much. He scolded them when they did not wait on him properly and told them that when he escaped he would return and crucify them all—which, as it turned out, he did.

"Still these ferocious pirates did not harm him, but tried in every way to please him.

"Now, Napoleon and Cæsar, if they had gone into the movies, would have become great stars. So would Mussolini, Bernard Shaw, Nell Gwyn, Henri IV, Abélard and Héloïse, Lord Nelson, Diane de Poitiers, and many others.

"And that is about the best way I can explain it."

THE END

"For three years I dragged along —*half sick*"

"DAILY HEADACHES—*tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.*

"*I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast, but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with* myself.

"*Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness.*"

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — a food, not a medicine — keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

(Above) MR. A. L. DIXON *taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.*

(At left) SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Food Consultant; Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.*

"I WAS of course familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had never occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down. It proved so efficacious in correcting the extreme fatigue and nervousness brought on by loss of appetite that I have ever since taken it regularly when work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. By aiding digestion Yeast creates a healthy appetite."

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with great difficulty that I could shave. All this unpleasantness contributed to making me feel very grouchy and unhappy. In good faith I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. Accordingly, I purchased a cake the following day. The next day I bought two cakes. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast each day. Now my face is no longer disagreeably oily. My skin is clear and smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.

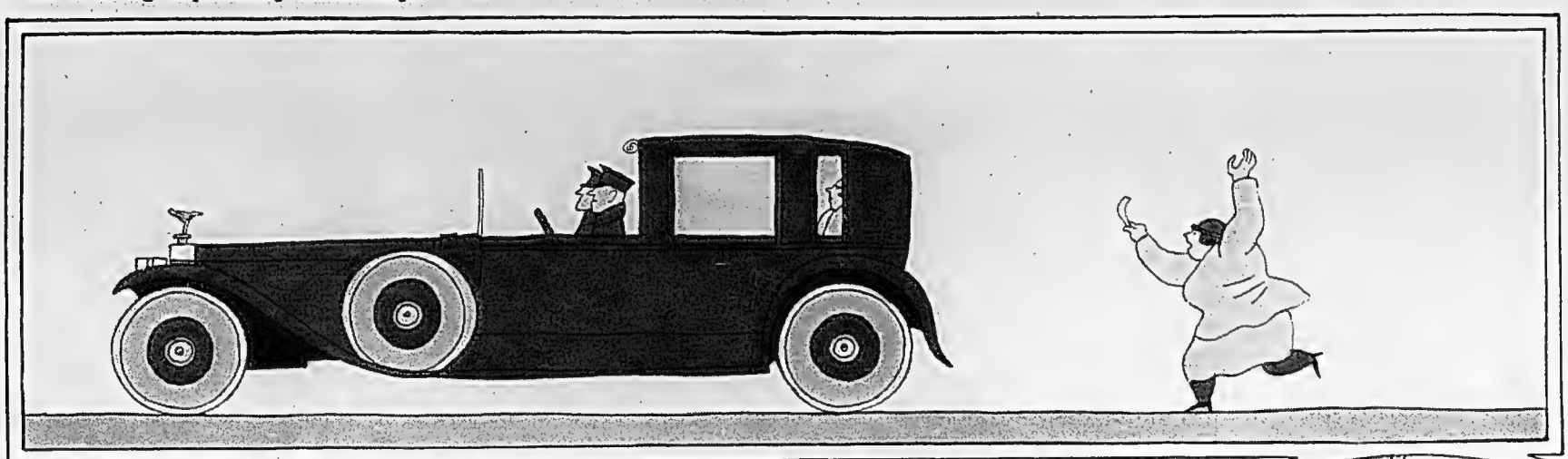
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

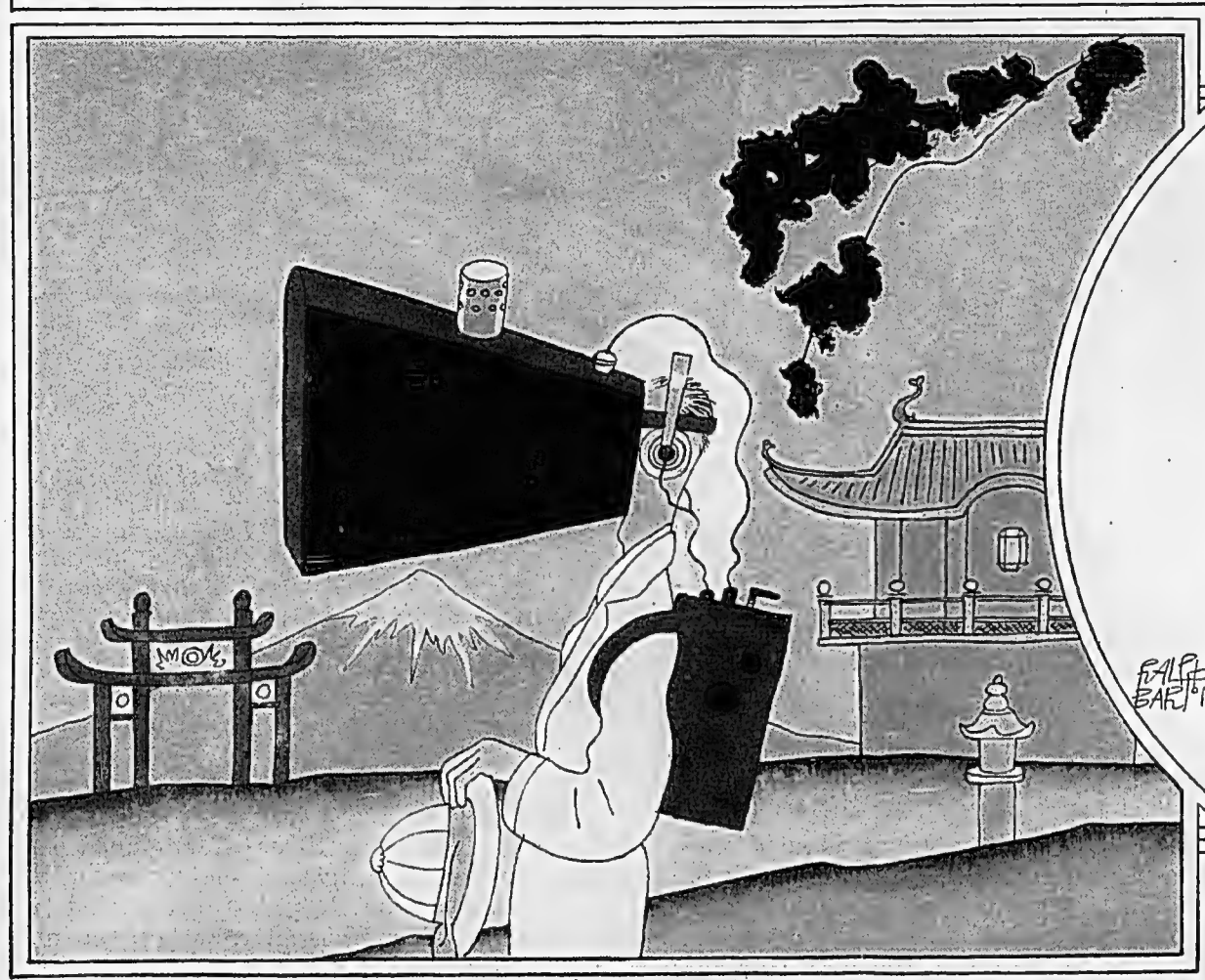
By RALPH BARTON

STRICT BLUE-LAW ENFORCEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA: Golfer and sheriff on the links at Aiken arrest each other for playing and for working respectively on Sunday.

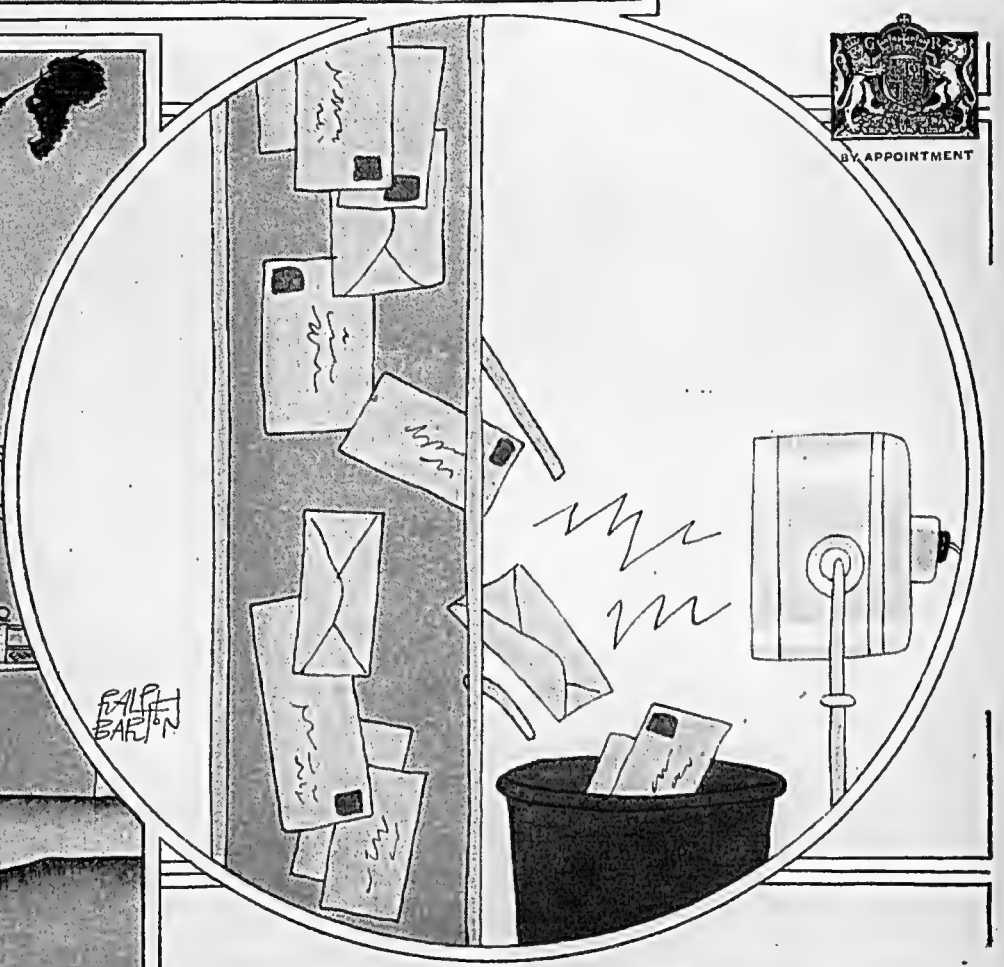
DEMOCRACY AND MONARCHY. In England the new riches of the poor and the new poverty of the rich oblige the peers to work for the working classes; whereas in America everybody is too rich to work for anybody.



LATEST REPORT ON THE CALIFORNIA CAMPAIGN of Mrs. Klopp, of the Knights and Ladies of the Right, to collect $4,000 a month for destitute Mrs. Chaplin. Our photo shows Mrs. Klopp delivering the first month's check.



MINIMIZING THE BOREDOM OF WORLD TRAVEL: Compact portable cinema and radio machine enables tourists in foreign parts to see and hear all that is going on in their home towns.



ANOTHER MARVEL OF SCIENCE: Ultra-violet ray direct-by-mail-advertising detector extracts circulars from morning mail and throws them into waste-basket, saving two secretaries' salaries.

Bloody WILLIAMSON

Inside the Battle Lines of the Gangster Armies in America's Most Lawless District

AN airplane bomber and twenty machine guns were used in a fight at this Illinois roadhouse.

P. & A. photos

SHERIFF JAMES PRITCHARD of Franklin County (above at left).

THE three brothers who led one gang, and their opponent. Ranged from the top downward, they are Earl, Carl, and Bernard Shelton and Charlie Birger.

An Article by

Sidney Sutherland

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The feuds that have rocked the section of southern Illinois known as Little Egypt for sixty years, under the guise of family quarrels, labor wars, and Ku Klux Klan activities, have been told in detail by Sidney Sutherland in a preceding installment.

Here he pictures the situation in the district, particularly Williamson County, ruled by two gangs which maintain their own forces, armed with rifles, machine guns, and even one airplane, and gives a detailed interview with the leader of one of the gangs.]

PART TWO

ORA THOMAS, anti-Klansman, who was himself slain by the man he slew, S. Glenn Young, arch-dictator of morals and behavior in Williamson County, had four lieutenants whom he had recruited from the East St. Louis underworld. They were Charlie Birger and the Shelton brothers, Carl, Earl, and Bernie—all fearless lads, lawless, insolent, and deadly.

They had taken part in many of the clashes that kept the undertaker prosperous. With Thomas dead, Birger and Carl Shelton assumed joint charge of the forces ranged against the angry Ku Klux Klan members.

The Klan leaders determined to avenge the death of Young, and the hoodlums decided on one more monumental slaughter, which would completely and permanently eliminate the Klansmen from Williamson County's affairs. With both sides in this murderous mood, an opportunity to test the issue came on April 13, 1925, primary election day.

There was a polling booth in Smith's garage, scene of the murder of seven men in one fight. Hot words, curses, and a fist fight launched the last combat between the hooded clique and its adversaries. Four or five men mauled one another about, and then everybody ran to get his gun. Soon two groups were hunting each other through the streets.

They met in front of the Masonic Temple, across the street from the Herrin Hospital, and pistols and rifles blazed.

Five men lay dead, and six others staggered around, bleeding and groaning, when it was over. The Klan lost three of its most desperate gunmen, and five of their companions were wounded. The Birger crowd buried two men and nursed one casualty back to normal.

That finished the Klan in Williamson County, as far as its meddling activities went

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

A PAGE FOR EXPERIENCED CAR-OWNERS

THIS *picture shows how the Veedol "film of protection" is tested on a dynamometer for heat-resisting qualities.*

Why Present-day Motors Demand the Heat-tested "*Film of Protection*"

TWENTY-FIVE a second! Fifteen hundred a minute! Faster, almost, than your imagination can race! That is the terrific rate of the explosions in a single combustion chamber in the modern, high-speed motor. One lightning explosion pursues another so rapidly that they almost fuse into a steady flame of withering heat.

And that searing blast is only prevented from reducing your living motor to a dead mass of over-heated metal—by a thin film of motor oil.

What a test that is of the character, the stamina, the fighting qualities of an oil!

That is why lubrication authorities recommend Veedol, the heat-tested oil that gives the "film of protection."

BECAUSE the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in a film of oil, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but *oil-films.* Finally, they perfected in Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—the film that masters deadly heat and friction.

To maintain the fighting quality of the "film of protection" Veedol is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor.

The FILM *of* PROTECTION

It is that extra margin of safety, that added protection that is winning for Veedol new thousands of users each month.

AND now it is possible to have that extra margin of Veedol-protection at every friction-spot in your entire car—those hidden friction spots where trouble breeds.

For, near you, there is a dealer, an expert in car-care, who specializes in the new Complete Veedol Lubrication Service. You will know him by the orange and black Veedol sign that he displays. Ask him for Complete Veedol Lubrication today.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. Ford owners should ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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Vincent Lopez and his Casa Lopez Orchestra record exclusively for Brunswick

Ben Bernie & His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra, inimitable creators of unusual dance rhythms

Bennie Krueger's saxophone figures largely in the huge success of his popular orchestra

Nick Lucas, "the crooning troubadour," who added England this past winter to his American conquests

This Great Discovery Transforms Recorded Music

A GREAT discovery has transformed music for the home. Brunswick, in collaboration with General Electric Company, has applied electricity to the making of records. By this new method, beauty and *naturalness* of tone are brought to phonograph music in a degree that will amaze you.

Brunswick electrical recording gets the high notes and low . . . gives your phonograph a beautiful tone it never had before. Hear records by great dance orchestras . . . by leading singers and entertainers . . . made this new way

Your own phonograph now becomes twice as good as it was. The new reproducing musical instrument, the Panatrope, perfected by Brunswick and the great electrical companies, gives even more phenomenal results. But your phonograph, just as it is, will now delight you as it never did in the past.

Abe Lyman's Orchestra is known everywhere

We have given to this exclusive new electrical process the name "Brunswick's 'Light-Ray' Recording (musical photography)." For we change sound waves into rays of light . . . then into electrical impulses . . . and register them exactly, naturally on the record. The results are truly exact musical photographs.

Esther Walker, singing comedienne

For the first time in the history of recorded music, we were able by this new process to register every sound which the ear can perceive. The old recording registered only a part of the musical range or piano keyboard. Extremely high and very low notes were missed entirely by old methods.

In musical quality, these new records represent as great an advance. Instruments stand out. Tone is pure and natural. Scratch and irritating surface noises have vanished. The first time you hear a Brunswick "Light-Ray" Electrical Record, you'll realize the difference. Try them on your phonograph and see.

Music more enticing than ever before is yours on Brunswick's new "musical photographs." The most popular dance orchestras, singers and entertainers . . . the stars of stage, radio and night-club . . . offer you their best.

In the standard and better music, Brunswick gives you the New Hall of Fame . . . those exceptional artists of concert-stage and opera whom the present-day public selects as supreme.

Whether or not you own a phonograph, hear these new records at your Brunswick dealer's. Ask him to play the new recordings on the new Brunswick reproducing instruments also. Latest Brunswick Records out every Thursday.

Winners in the $5,000 Prize Contest

The contest for a name and slogan for Brunswick's New Musical Instrument resulted in more than a million names-with-slogans being received. This huge total, we are told, makes this contest one of the largest ever held. We wish to thank every contributor for his or her efforts. After months of work, in which every contribution in this vast number was given consideration, we are happy to announce that the judges make the following awards:

Lee Sims, radio pianist . . . "Master of Modulations"

First Prize: $3,000, awarded to Miss Mildred A. Bux, 1212 Melrose Ave., Melrose Park, Pa. Name, *The Brunswick Prismatone;* slogan, *"The instrument of colorful music."*

Second Prize: $1,500, awarded to Mrs. Herman Arky, 2003 Murphy Ave., Nashville, Tenn. Name, *The Brunswick Philharmonic;* slogan, *"Many instruments in one, one instrument in many."*

Third Prize: $500, awarded to Mr. P. L. Dickerson, U. S. Coast Guard, Section Base 13, Port Angeles, Wash. Name, *The Brunswick Synchromatic;* slogan, *"A new age, a new instrument."*

Checks have been mailed the winners.

Brunswick

Panatropes · Phonographs · Radiolas · Records

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

toward influencing politics and compelling reforms.

And it should be repeated here, with emphasis, that at no time in two years of K. K. K. hostilities did religion or race enter into it—the Klan incorporated in its ranks hoodlums of all breeds and creeds, and the Ora Thomas crew was captained by Protestants and native Americans, with the exception of Birger.

Now comes the last period in Bloody Williamson's chronicle. It is the vicious, inhuman, no-quarter conflict between the Birger and Shelton gangs for supremacy in bootlegging in Little Egypt. And before the belligerence of these gorillas every peace authority and officeholder in five counties stands impotent. Here's the story, weird and amazing in its proclaiming—incredible in its perusing:

For a year following the scuttling of the Klan, the Birger-Shelton hordes, some forty booze runners and cutthroats, held their law-challenging sway. The area was as wet as the inside of a still, and gambling and prostitution flourished in the roadhouses that dotted the county. But there was no fighting, because no rival dared to brave the compactly organized gangsters.

THEN the leaders quarreled. Slot-machine profits caused the break, Shelton claiming that Birger, who collected the contents of the devices each week, had held out $3,000 from him. Added bitterness followed the interference by Birger in a Harrisburg holdup by some of Shelton's friends; and before long the mob split in twain.

Gangsters are at once cowards and bullies: they love the game when five or six find one lone opponent at their mercy. Most mobsters die with bullet holes in their backs, since waylaying and shooting is much safer than to meet, pistol in hand, an individual foe. Consequently, the bodies of dead men began to dot the lawns along the fine cement highways of Little Egypt.

These highways and high-powered automobiles soon accouched another weapon—the hand grenade. And, since high-powered rifles and magazine shotguns were plentiful, both sides began to arm themselves with machine guns—the same rapid-firers made by the Thompson company of New York, and so popular in Chicago and New Jersey gangdom. Bullet-proof vests, each one weighing thirty or forty pounds, were sent for; and not only do the hoodlums thus seek to protect their hides against a foe's attentions, but most of the police and deputy sheriffs of the five counties are similarly accoutered.

Still further ingenuity was displayed. The Birgers removed the body from an expensive Lincoln car and constructed upon the chassis a square armored box. This is lined, inside and without, with thick sheets of steel. Benches on which gangsters may sit while traveling and kneel while firing their machine guns run the length of the body; and a slit four inches wide extends completely around the box about eighteen inches from the top.

Through this loophole a baby arsenal of various muzzles may be thrust.

The Sheltons were not tardy in meeting this: they used the framework of a Graham Brothers truck for the same purpose, lining it with ample thicknesses of sheet metal and providing a similar aperture for their arms.

Then the quartermasters of the respective gangs devised another weapon. Tiny bottles of nitroglycerin were issued to each hoodlum, so that a racing car from which a dynamite bomb had just been hurled might, if the survivors were sufficiently alert and unerring, be destroyed by tossing a vial of "soup" at it.

The last word in offensive outlawry, however, was spoken by the Sheltons. They hired an airplane—ownership, pilot, and hangar unidentified—and dropped bombs from it upon the Birger fortress.

There are about twenty men behind each leader, recruited from the stupid, unlettered, vicious elements of shabby native stock and from the equally degenerate foreign segments of the underworld in East St. Louis.

Charlie Birger is a Russian Jew, reared in Hell's Half Acre on the West Side of New York City. He is slender, wiry, dark-eyed, bronze-faced, about forty-four years old. He went to St. Louis as a boy, joined the regular army, and now has the bow legs and swaggering gait of an ex-cavalryman. Part of his peculiar rolling shuffle is explained in the local rumor that he is a hopeless "light artillery" fiend—that is, a morphine-needle addict.

BIRGER'S headquarters, called The Hut, is a log-cabin roadhouse on the highway nine miles east of Marion, although he lives with his family in Harrisburg, eleven miles farther east and in Saline County. Among his followers are the following magnificent specimens of criminality: Art Newman, Connie Ritter, Ray Shaw, Clarence (Webfoot) Davis, Izzy the Red, Rado Millich (called Rado the Montenegrin), Honest Jack Mulligan, Alabama Simmons, Dressed-Up Johnny Flournoy, Sam the Nigger, Freddie Wooten, Bill the Driver, Lame Al, and seven or eight others whose original monikers and appropriate nicknames are not known to this deponent.

Birger first made his appearance in Williamson County as a miner. Adventurous, daring, and contemptuous of law and order, he founded his present fortune by cheating at dice and cards, by holdups, and by peddling booze from his hip pocket. By the time he ranged his ready trigger finger alongside Ora Thomas' maniacal hatred of S. Glenn Young, Birger had bought two or three large farms with the proceeds of the truck trains of whisky he was bringing up from Daytona, Florida.

The Sheltons are an old American family. There are seven brothers and sisters, of whom four are hard-working, decent citizens. Carl, thirty-four years of age; Earl, thirty-two, and Bernie, twenty-six, are hooligans. Roy, forty-three; Dalton, thirty; Hazel, twenty-two; and Lulu, seventeen, live honestly by mining and farming.

The fifteen or twenty bootleggers and killers on the Shelton roll call are not so well known, most of them coming from the ranks of two famous gangs in East St. Louis—the Cuckoos and Egan's Rats. They have not been so successful as Birger in fixing permanent headquarters.

Crowd in the streets of Benton, Illinois, waiting to see Charlie Birger after he was arraigned on a charge of complicity in the killing of Mayor Joe Adams of West City, Illinois.

JUST now, because of Birger's "squawking copper," as the underworld scornfully characterizes the act of police informing, the three Sheltons are held by the government on a charge of robbing the mails. The bonds were fixed at $180,000, and at this writing the trio are in cells at Springfield, Illinois.

What the Shelton gang has in the way of a lair is in West City, a suburb of Benton, Franklin County. The mayor of West City is quite a sketch. His name is Joe Adams. He weighs more than 300 pounds without his bandoleers, and he is accused by Birger of being the leader of the enemy mob while the Sheltons are in prison. Whether he is or not, the Birgers have riddled his home several times with machine guns and high-explosive bombs.

Fatalities in this latest (but certainly it will not be the last) phase of Bloody Williamson's career began late last summer. Several gunmen were killed and found where they had been tossed out of speeding cars; but the first deaths definitely blamed on the Sheltons were those, on October 25, of Bill (High Pockets) McQuay and Ward Jones, who were perforated by machine-gun bullets.

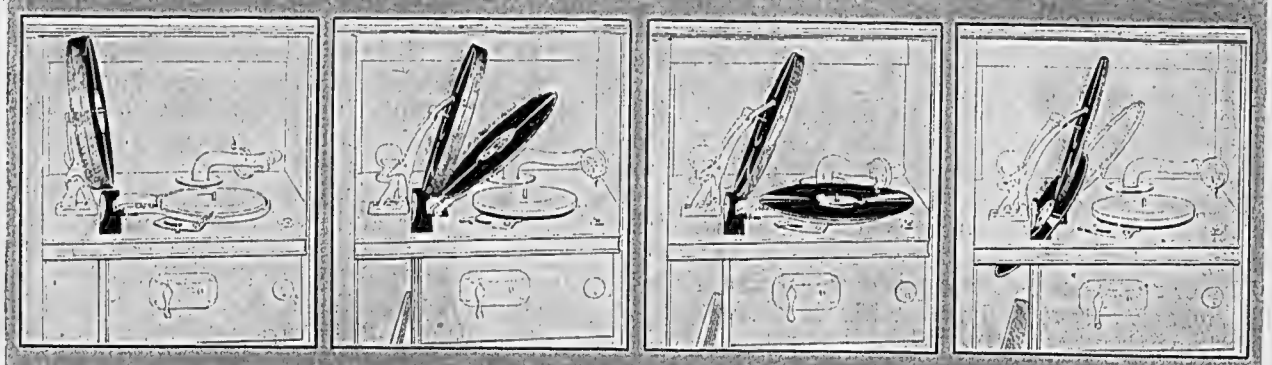
A couple of Shelton's men then gave up the ghost in a battle staged in a roadhouse by an invading force of Birgerites. A few nights later the Shelton armored truck drew up in front of four small frame buildings used by Charlie Birger as a roadhouse. They used a Browning machine gun to tear the place to pieces, and then tossed a torch into each cottage. Only charred foundations were left.

Reprisals came quickly. Art Newman and his wife were wounded when they ran into an ambuscade on the way to St. Louis. Harry Walker, a follower of Shelton, and an unnamed stranger from St. Louis were found dead before the bar in a Shelton tavern. Each was drilled accurately between the shoulder blades. Birger laughed when he was accused of thus dispatching his foes—and the coro-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

An Orthophonic

Continuous music
. . . through the dinner-hour . . . at bridge parties . . . plays a complete symphony without operating effort.



You select a program of 12 records

A mechanical "hand" puts the record on

The record is played through . . .

. . . and set aside ready for the next

Victrola that changes its own records

Nothing to do
. . . you turn the switch and dance . . . or listen. Plays, for an hour or more, a program of your own choosing.

At last—the self-operating talking machine! Nothing to do but relax and enjoy. Another Victor achievement that adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of music in the home.

Watch it operate, and marvel at the skill of American inventive genius. You simply select 12 records . . . place them in the Victrola "magazine" . . . turn the electric switch . . . sit down and enjoy an hour of wonderful music—music of your own choosing!

The mechanism is almost human. It puts the record on the turn-table—plays it—takes it off—places it in a drawer—puts on the next record and so on, through twelve selections. Plays a complete symphony straight through. Furnishes dance music without anyone's having to stop and change records.

Think what this means! The convenience of it! Continuous music by the world's foremost artists while you dine . . . at bridge parties . . . for dancing . . . for programs of *any* nature, planned in advance. You merely relax—and enjoy! Music that you really want to hear, furnished by that marvelous instrument—the Orthophonic Victrola.

The *Automatic* Orthophonic Victrola plays either automatically, as described, or, by turning another switch, single records may be played, as on any Victrola. In addition to its convenience, this instrument is the Orthophonic Victrola, with all the exclusive Victor features.

It brings you all the music of all the world, played or sung by the most eminent artists in every field—operatic, symphonic, ballad, dance. It reproduces the original rendition in tones of startling realism—tones that are full, round, mellow, *natural!* This Orthophonic principle is controlled by Victor.

See and hear the *Automatic* Orthophonic Victrola at your nearest dealer's today.

The automatic
Orthophonic
Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

The Buoyancy of Spring is in—

"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The only heel made of SPRAYED RUBBER

A CALL to the open in the April air. A velvety springiness in your stride as you reel off the miles on a snappy hike. For real joy-walking, step out on "U.S." Spring-Step Heels. They'll give you new energy, new pep—a new stamina. "U.S." Spring-Step Heels are a boon to folks who *have* to walk—and an added pleasure to those who really *like* to walk. For greater mileage—better cushioning, ask your repairman for "U.S." Spring-Step Heels ~ ~ ~ then notice the difference.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

Creators of the famous USKIDE soles—"The wonder sole for wear"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
ner's jury reflected the terror of Williamson citizenry. It returned a verdict that the men had shot each other to death!

The Sheltons sent for two celebrated killers: Wild Bill Holland and Whitey Deering, Egan gunmen de luxe, according to Little Egypt gossip. They went a-hunting Birger. Apparently they found him, for they were buried a day or two later.

On November 12, probably as a result of Art Newman's interview with post-office inspectors in the East St. Louis hospital to which he was taken after the ambush, the Shelton boys were arrested on a charge of robbing a mail truck on January 27, 1925. They claimed they were attending Ora Thomas' funeral, and they were; but Birger says they could easily have stuck up the mail truck just outside of East St. Louis early in the morning and sped the seventy-five miles to Herrin in time for the funeral.

NO sooner had the turnkey waved *au revoir* to the Sheltons than an airplane swept down from the north, circled over the Birger roadhouse, The Hut, and dropped three bombs. None of them exploded, although each was made of twenty sticks of dynamite and a small bottle of nitroglycerin.

The moment the first one struck the ground, a few rods from The Hut, a dozen Birger bandits ran out and opened fire on the aviator with machine guns and high-powered rifles. The pilot dropped two more mementos, waved his hand, and disappeared in the northern skies.

That night two of the Shelton strongholds were torn to pieces by bombs; and a few nights later one of the aviator's bombs was tossed on the front steps of Mayor Joe Adams' home in West City. This time it was no dud, and the little town was rocked by a terrific explosion.

Following this attack, Mayor Marshall McCormack of Herrin openly appealed to Governor Small for troops, confessing that the civil authorities were helpless. Small declined, scolding Bloody Williamson for its failure to behave, and saying he was tired of sending the militia to that disorderly county.

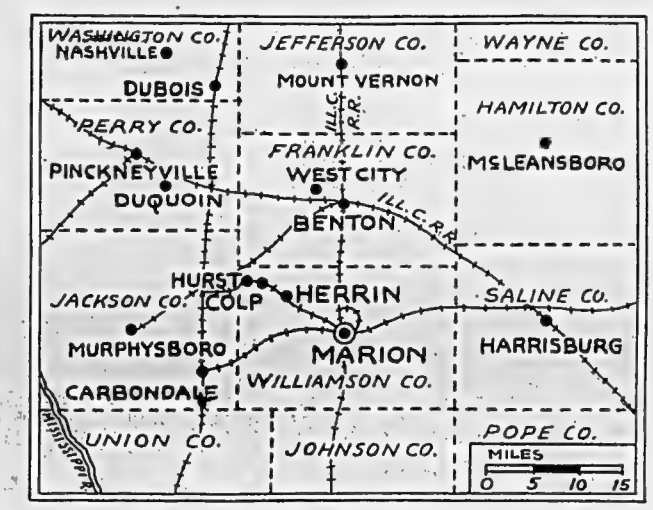
On Friday, November 19, I had an extraordinary experience. I left Herrin in a fast car driven by a Benton friend named Frank Crawford, and started out to visit the bivouacs of the gangsters. Neither Joe Adams nor any of the other reputed Shelton chieftains in West City would talk, and I was unable to see their quarters.

But just after sundown, with an enormous silver moon lighting the countryside, we began the drive to The Hut, thirty miles southeast of Benton. The night was cold, and in the glorious lunar radiance the derricks and steam shovels and power houses of the numerous mines stood stark as ghosts while we raced at seventy miles an hour over the splendid roads. I seemed to see, too, the ghosts of the hundreds of men who had been murdered since the bloody vendetta began away back in 1868.

"The Sheltons may be riding tonight," came the cheering words of my companion as he kept his eyes fixed on the road. "I heard three carloads of them were going to The Hut tonight to blow it up."

"Is that so?" I countered brightly, my teeth chattering. The night was suddenly even colder and the golden stars seemed to twinkle with amusement. "Maybe we'd better chase down there in daytime."

"No," said my friend, as we slowed down on the outskirts of Marion. "I phoned Charlie we were coming out. He's expecting you." And soon he speeded up again.



The Illinois feud district. Birger's "Hut" is nine miles east of Marion.

On and on we sped through the silvery sheen of the moon, so bright that we could not even see our headlights on the concrete ribbon ahead. We came to a little culvert and roared across it and around a curve.

"We're half a mile from the place," said Frank. "Now watch the left side of the road."

A moment later I saw a flashlight. It shone and disappeared several times. Far down the road another flashlight answered, and transmitted the message farther along to another.

"Birger's outposts," Frank explained. "They're letting them know how many cars are coming, how many men are in them, and how many minutes it'll take us to get there."

WE whirled around a sharp curve and up a long slope. At the top was a large, brilliantly lighted building. When we were 200 yards away, the lights were extinguished and I was blinded by two powerful searchlights!

"A fine chance the Sheltons would have to surprise that mob!" said my driver, as he turned off the road and came to a halt directly beneath the great reflectors.

Then the lights outside were turned off and the ones inside flared on. Standing at each door of our automobile was a man with a machine gun lying in the hollow of his arm, the muzzles three feet from our faces. The men peered in at us, recognized my companion, lowered their weapons, laughed, and invited us in.

I climbed down nervously and entered the house. It was a barbecue stand and saloon, and stood about fifty feet from the highway. It was thirty feet square, with plank walls waist-high and glazed in from there to the roof.

Every pane of glass in the place had from three to thirty bullet holes through it. All around the lower framework, sheets of heavy steel leaned against the wall, behind which men might drop and fire out at their enemies.

There were eight gangsters standing around—one, apparently the lieutenant in charge, behind the bar, and seven around the red-hot, pot-bellied stove in the middle of the floor. They were a terrifying mob, all staring silently at me, their cold eyes and unshaven jowls and cruel mouths motionless while they waited for me to be introduced. Each man wore a bullet-proof vest and a pair of automatic pistols in armpit holsters.

ON the bar lay three machine guns, their circular drums and twin hand stocks and short, ugly barrels waiting to leap into action. On tables were two other machine guns. Leaning against the tables and against the wall were fifteen high-powered rifles and twenty twelve - gauge, automatic shotguns loaded with buckshot.

Stacked on the tables and along the bar were hundreds of boxes of ammunition and magazines for the rapid-firers. On a beer case near the front door were fifteen or twenty homemade hand grenades—tomato cans filled with explosives, a short fuse protruding and pieces of rope tied to them, to be used with sling-shot effect in throwing.

On her side in front of the stove lay a battle-scarred, brindle bull terrier, five puppies whining and tumbling over themselves as they had their supper.

My friend introduced me to the man behind the bar as a representative of this magazine in quest of a story on gang warfare, and asked for Birger. The gunman shook hands, all the other men relaxed and seated themselves, and he replied that the boss was at his home in Harrisburg.

We talked a little while, the spokesman removing his vest for me to examine. It was of blue serge sewed to overlapping stays of thin, semi-flexible steel. It hung loosely around the body from straps that crossed the shoulders. Then I turned my back to the bar and studied the hoodlums. One of them came up to me.

"That armor plate against the wall," I asked—"will it really stop a bullet?"

"Well, it'll stop a machine-gun bullet or a shotgun charge, or the ordinary rifle," he said. "But it won't stop a high-powered rifle."

There was a terrific detonation

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New comfort *in shaving*

GOOD shaving is more than softening the beard bristles.

For greatest comfort—for the Williams kind of shaving comfort —*your face should feel even better after shaving than before.*

Williams lather is so pure and gentle that it actually tones up your skin, makes it look better and feel better than before shaving.

Williams is a *saturated* lather that is bound to make your beard bristles cut more easily. That means no razor pull.

Enjoy these new comforts FREE for a week. A week's trial tube sent upon receipt of coupon below —or a post-card.

Our new after-shaving liquid, Aqua Velva, *keeps* the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. Write Dept. 64B for generous test bottle.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 64B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name .....

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Lib. 4-9-27

Even a child will tell you --*it's different!*

Mennen Shaving Cream *does not stop at softening your beard. It soothes, tones up and protects your skin.*

When you first feel the smooth, easy glide of a razor through a Mennen *dermutized* beard — the quickest, closest, most luxurious shave in your experience—you, too, will say: "Mennen *is* different!"

But keep on using Mennen and you'll soon see another striking difference — *in your face.* Complexion clearer and healthier. Skin toned up and more vigorously alive. Your face feels better and looks better.

The Mennen process—*dermutation*—so completely softens the beard and flattens the "mounds" around each hair that your razor blade seems only to be removing the lather. There's no scraping and nicking of the skin as in ordinary shaving.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more than give you the quickest, closest and most luxurious shave. It soothes and heals any irritated tissue. It feeds, stimulates and protects the skin. Five wonderful emollients in the cream give you this added benefit.

More than two million men use Mennen regularly. If you're not one of them it's because you haven't tried a Mennen shave. Therefore, we make you this offer.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. Try it for a week. If you're not enthusiastic over results, send us the tube and we'll refund the purchase price. Mennen *is* different!

Now—for after shaving—try Mennen Skin Balm. Cool and refreshing to the face as pine-washed winds. Is antiseptic—mildly astringent—with a clean, masculine odor. Finish with Mennen Talcum for Men. It's a man's talcum—tinted so it doesn't show. 50c a tube for Skin Balm—25c for talcum.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, 381 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

[BLOODY WILLIAMSON
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

right beside my left ear, and I jumped a foot into the air. The man behind the bar had hospitably illustrated what the other man had said by picking up a shotgun and firing it across the room at the steel plate!

Sure enough, each of the buckshot had mushroomed and fallen to the floor, flattened leaden pellets an inch across their jagged rims. Then he lifted a high-powered rifle to his shoulder and fired. There was a t-e-e-eeng as the copper-jacketed missile perforated the metal.

Just then there was a long whistle in the darkness outside, followed by three short ones. Every man leaped to his feet and looked at the man behind the bar.

"What does that mean?" I exclaimed.

"Somebody just telephoned that three cars of Sheltons were racing out here from Marion," replied the leader.

I turned to my friend. "Well, let's trot along to Harrisburg and see Birger!"

Everybody laughed as we hurried out. As we drove away I glanced back. Behind the barbecue stand were three small buildings, fifty yards between each, and at one side a long, low building about 150 yards from the road. I asked what they were.

"The bar was a popular place before the scrap started," said Frank. "Charlie sold booze and beer openly. The first building behind is the power house. He has a Delco plant and makes his own electricity and ice. All through the trees he has lights strung above tables where we used to come out and drink and eat.

"The third building is the barn, now used as a garage. Behind that is the cockpit where Birger fought his bull terriers against all comers and held chicken fights.

"The big building is a fine log cabin he built. It has bedrooms and a dance floor. Once it was filled with girls from the underworld; but Charlie sent them all away to save their lives.

"THE place has been attacked three times by the Sheltons—you saw the bullet holes. But it's pretty hard for them to come out here now from West City, because there are about twenty gunmen on the premises. He has three or four sentries along the road for half a mile each way, and men with machine guns are hidden in the woods, behind the barbecue stand, and across the road. It must have been a great sight when they were shooting at that airplane last week—they've got about twenty machine guns and they tell me they were all going at once!

"This Birger's a funny chap. The other day he had a statement on the first page of the Harrisburg paper, saying the authorities needn't worry, that he would protect Harrisburg and Saline County against the Sheltons! Can you imagine conditions down here, when a notorious gunman and gang leader can take over the functions of the police and sheriff?

Joe Adams, slain mayor of West City, Illinois

"WELL, at that, if they knock Birger off, Harrisburg's liable to have a lotta grief, because each of the towns down here is identified with one side or the other. Herrin, for instance, is supposed to belong to Birger. Benton also is a Birger camp, although the Sheltons, right next door, don't know that or they'd blow Benton up. Marion is a Shelton outfit, according to gossip, Sheriff Galligan and his playmates preferring to string with the side they consider most likely to win.

"Colp was supposed to be a Birger camp. On Saturday, November 6, there was a dance there, and the Sheltons raided it. They killed Mayor W. J. Stone and John (Apie) Melroy, and shot Chief of Police James (Slim) Keith.

"Galligan, thank heaven, is going out of office on December 6. We're praying the new sheriff, Oren Coleman, can do something; because if he doesn't, and if Small refuses to send the guardsmen in, I don't see anything but anarchy and wholesale murder and the Federal troops taking charge."

We reached Harrisburg, circled the village square, and drove down West Poplar Street almost to the end.

"He lives in the next block," said my companion.

Suddenly a man stepped out of the shadow of a tree at the corner. The moonlight glistened from the barrel of a machine gun he held.

"Where'n hell do you think you're going?" he asked, one foot on the running board.

"To see Charlie Birger," Frank said.

"How d'ye know yuh are?"

"Well, we have an appointment—we phoned him we were coming."

"You did? Funny they never told me about it. Well, go ahead. But if you're lying, brother, and he ain't expectin' you, you're sure in for a lotta hell!"

We reached the house, a little frame cottage. As we stopped the car, a window curtain was pulled aside and a man watched us cross the road, walk up the path, and step upon the porch. Suddenly the whole veranda was brilliantly lighted, and we stood exposed until the man satisfied himself we were not a couple of the Shelton boys. Then he opened the door.

Three men were standing alertly around the room, and Birger was lounging in a huge morris chair, two pistols strapped to his chest outside his vest of mail. He shook back his wiry black hair and arose. And then I had another shock.

Frank wore glasses, and coming in out of the cold, they had clouded so that Birger couldn't identify him.

"Well, who the hell are you, and whatta you want?" he growled.

That got my guide excited and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

dishes dishes pots and pans

Good-Bye Red Hands! Good-Bye *Dish Water*

THREE times a day. Your hands in hot greasy water. Your finger nails never looking right. And what it does to the best disposition . . . well! Honestly, can you think of any job you *hate* more . . . that is more unappreciated?

And there's no need for it. Never again do you have to touch a dish cloth. At last you can keep your hands soft and white. Just let a Dishwashette do this job for you. It means freedom from slavery—at a price that many women spend casually for a luncheon and matinee. A fortune is being spent to place *this boon* before you—just to give you *freedom* from the homemaker's most disagreeable task!

The Dishwashette is *absolutely sanitary*—for it washes your dishes with running water. Just a rust-proof, trouble-proof tray that will not break nor chip your dishes. With a separate tray that will hold your silverware upright without handling. What time and labor it saves! The dishes are *washed and dried* in a fraction of the time it used to take. Think of it—the drudgery of years saved just by hot water and this *inexpensive device!*

INTRODUCTORY PRICE

$6.85

COMPLETE

INCLUDES DISH AND SILVER TRAYS AND ALL ATTACHMENTS

West of the Mississippi $7.50

There is only One

Dishwashette

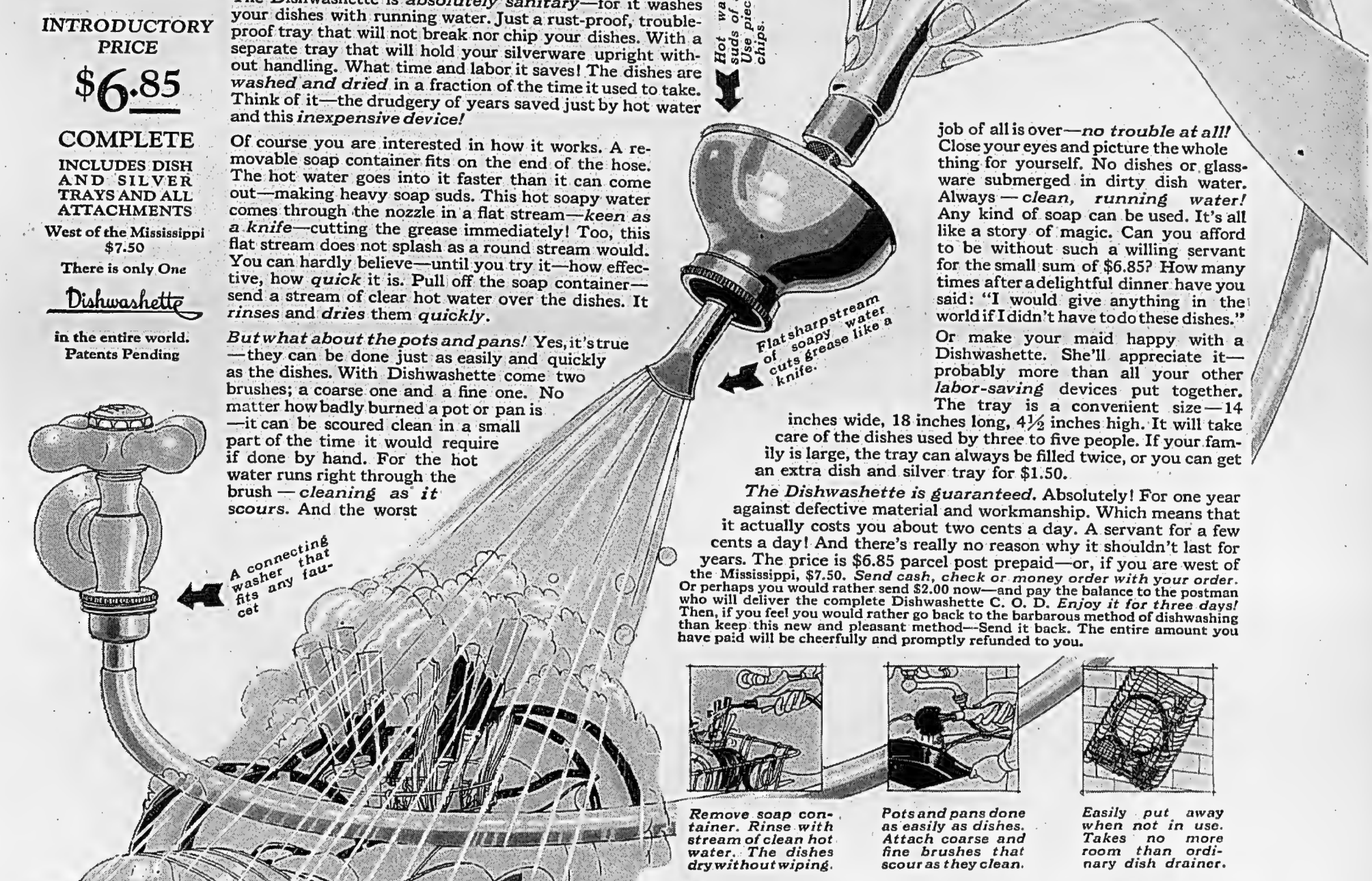
in the entire world.
Patents Pending

Of course you are interested in how it works. A removable soap container fits on the end of the hose. The hot water goes into it faster than it can come out—making heavy soap suds. This hot soapy water comes through the nozzle in a flat stream—*keen as a knife*—cutting the grease immediately! Too, this flat stream does not splash as a round stream would. You can hardly believe—until you try it—how effective, how *quick* it is. Pull off the soap container—send a stream of clear hot water over the dishes. It *rinses* and *dries* them *quickly*.

But what about the pots and pans! Yes, it's true—they can be done just as easily and quickly as the dishes. With Dishwashette come two brushes; a coarse one and a fine one. No matter how badly burned a pot or pan is—it can be scoured clean in a small part of the time it would require if done by hand. For the hot water runs right through the brush—*cleaning as it scours*. And the worst job of all is over—*no trouble at all!* Close your eyes and picture the whole thing for yourself. No dishes or glassware submerged in dirty dish water. Always—*clean, running water!* Any kind of soap can be used. It's all like a story of magic. Can you afford to be without such a willing servant for the small sum of $6.85? How many times after a delightful dinner have you said: "I would give anything in the world if I didn't have to do these dishes."

Or make your maid happy with a Dishwashette. She'll appreciate it—probably more than all your other *labor-saving* devices put together. The tray is a convenient size—14 inches wide, 18 inches long, 4½ inches high. It will take care of the dishes used by three to five people. If your family is large, the tray can always be filled twice, or you can get an extra dish and silver tray for $1.50.

The Dishwashette is guaranteed. Absolutely! For one year against defective material and workmanship. Which means that it actually costs you about two cents a day. A servant for a few cents a day! And there's really no reason why it shouldn't last for years. The price is $6.85 parcel post prepaid—or, if you are west of the Mississippi, $7.50. *Send cash, check or money order with your order.* Or perhaps you would rather send $2.00 now—and pay the balance to the postman who will deliver the complete Dishwashette C. O. D. *Enjoy it for three days!* Then, if you feel you would rather go back to the barbarous method of dishwashing than keep this new and pleasant method—Send it back. The entire amount you have paid will be cheerfully and promptly refunded to you.



Remove soap container. Rinse with stream of clean hot water. The dishes dry without wiping.

Pots and pans done as easily as dishes. Attach coarse and fine brushes that scour as they clean.

Easily put away when not in use. Takes no more room than ordinary dish drainer.

Dishwashette

TRADE MARK COPYRIGHTED PAT. PENDING

Mail this Coupon Now

THE DISHWASHETTE CO.
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Sir:

Please send me a Dishwashette for which I have enclosed $6.85.....the full amount.
I have enclosed $2.00.....and I will pay the balance to the postman when the Dishwashette is delivered.

It is understood that I can return the Dishwashette within three days if I should decide not to keep it—and the full amount paid by me will be refunded.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

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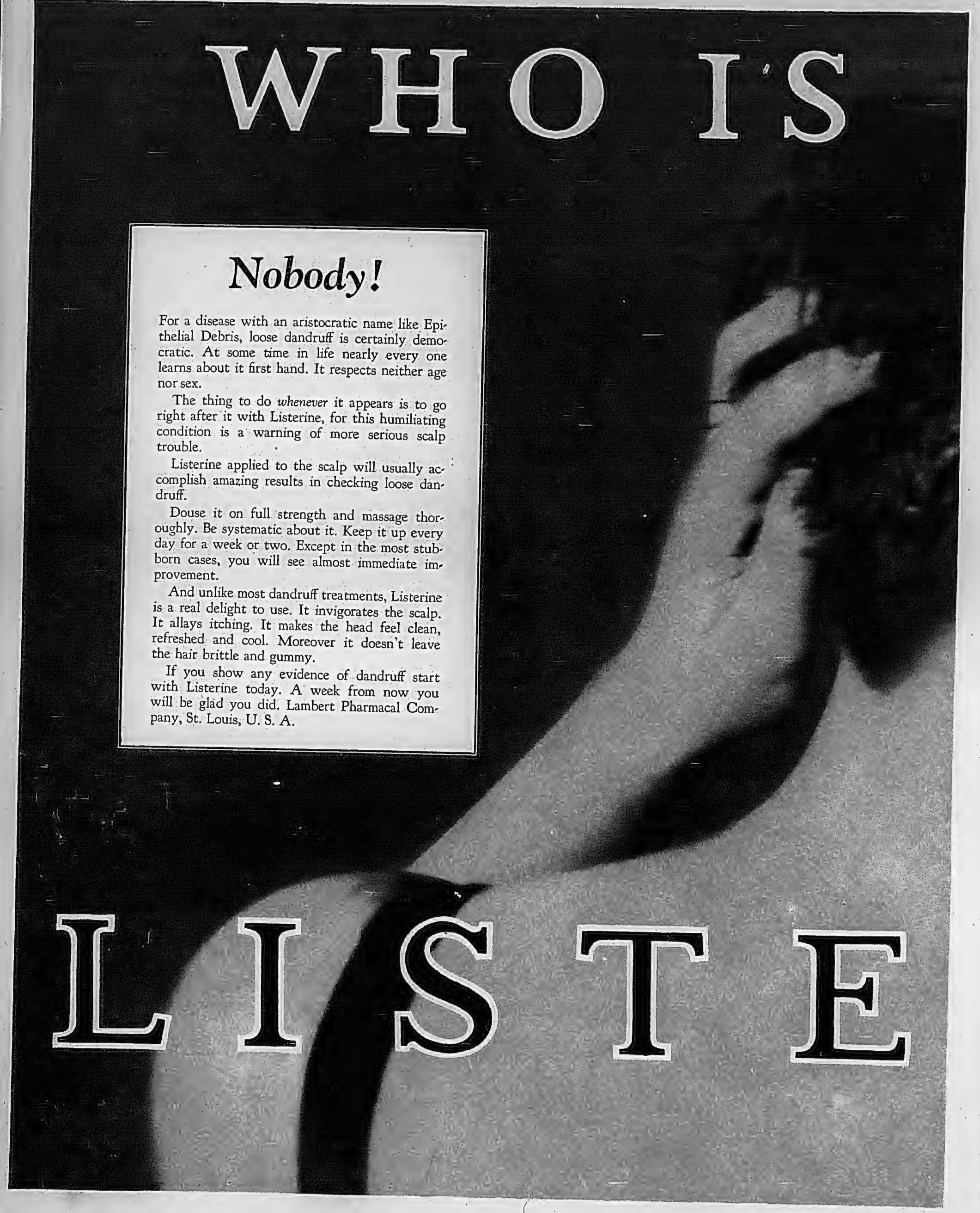
WHO IS



Nobody!

For a disease with an aristocratic name like Epithelial Debris, loose dandruff is certainly democratic. At some time in life nearly every one learns about it first hand. It respects neither age nor sex.

The thing to do *whenever* it appears is to go right after it with Listerine, for this humiliating condition is a warning of more serious scalp trouble.

Listerine applied to the scalp will usually accomplish amazing results in checking loose dandruff.

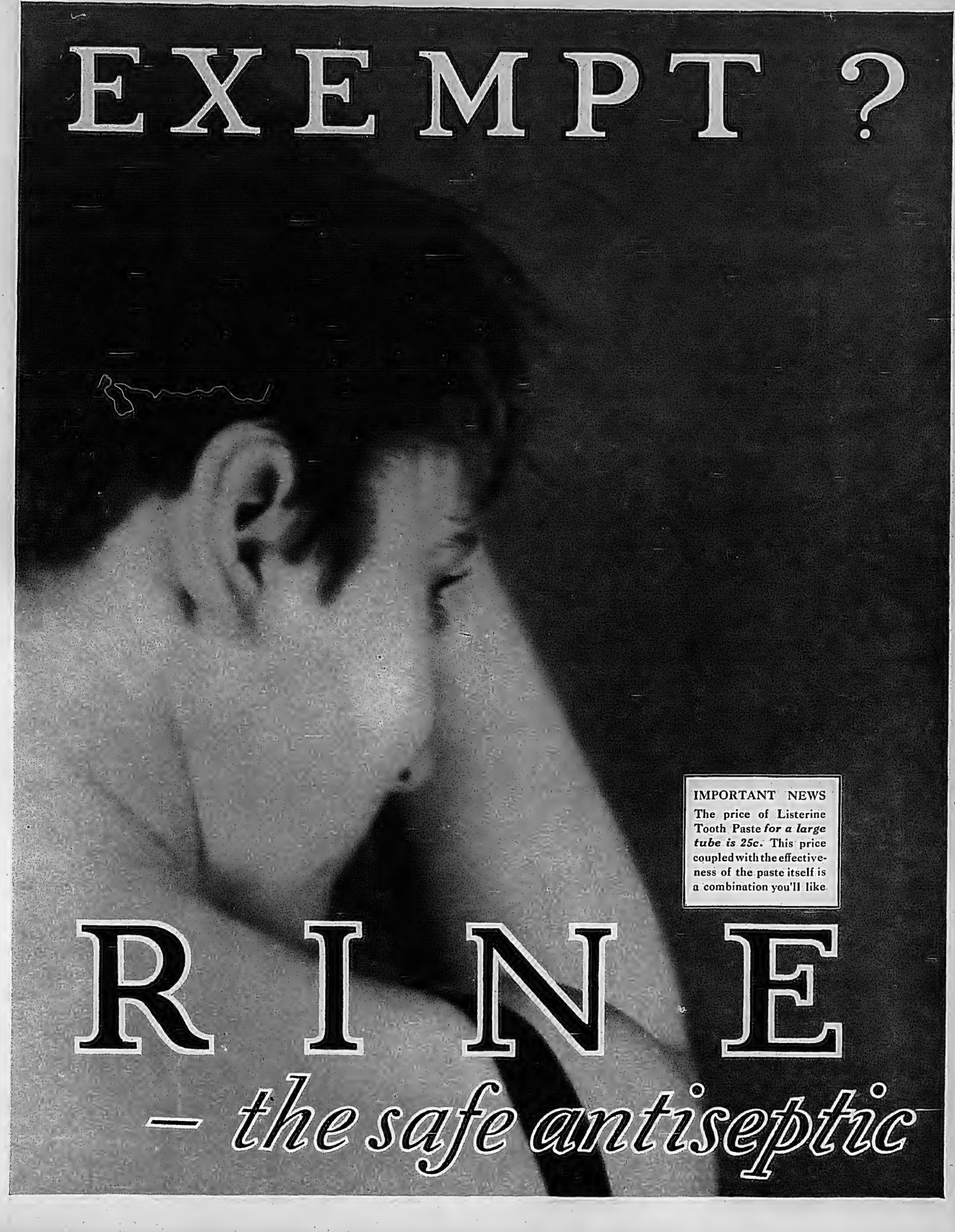
Douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the most stubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.

And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerine is a real delight to use. It invigorates the scalp. It allays itching. It makes the head feel clean, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.

If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Listerine today. A week from now you will be glad you did. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTE

EXEMPT ?



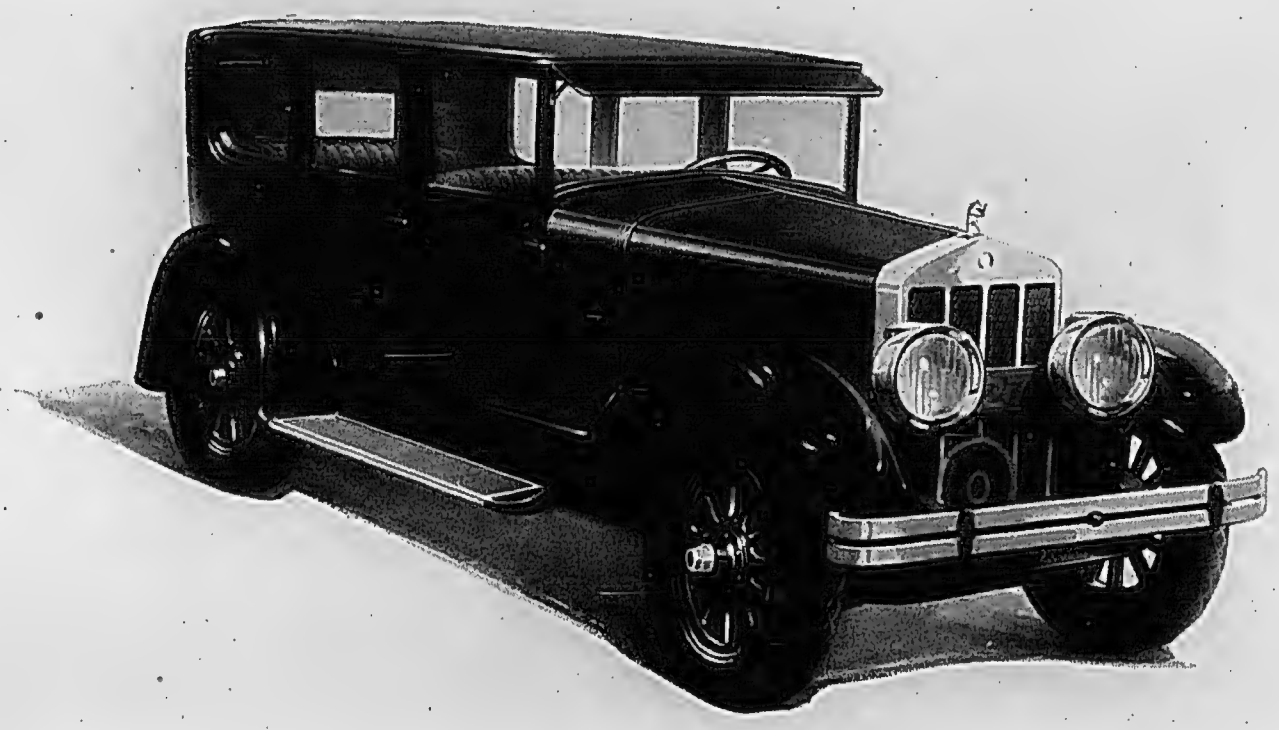
IMPORTANT NEWS
The price of Listerine Tooth Paste *for a large tube is 25c.* This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like

RINE

— the safe antiseptic

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY FRANKLIN

The roomiest and finest five-passenger body built



NEW POWER

DISTINGUISHED BY ITS INCOMPARABLE SMOOTHNESS

That is what has made the 25th Anniversary Franklin outstandingly great and increasingly popular. Merely matching present standards of power and speed has never been difficult, but accomplishing this along with perfect smoothness has attracted instant and widespread attention; has set a new engineering mark for the year.

Franklin smoothness is the more remarkable because it is as lasting as the car itself. Furthermore, it remains unchanged at all speeds—as free from vibration or sound at 50 and up as at 20. This triple advance—new power, speed and smoothness—throws new light on a car long recognized as the best-built car in America. And puts new pleasure in its ownership.

The new power for traffic or open road gives zest to driving . . . the new speed cuts down traveling time . . . the new smoothness insures greater comfort and restfulness. The sum of fine motor car qualities reaches its highest perfection in this great Franklin. Seven body types, all fully equipped, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Coupé $2490. Sedan $2790.

FRANKLIN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

he began to fumble with his hands and his words.

"Why, you know me, Charlie," he explained placatingly. "You know, I phoned you I—"

Mayor Marshall McCormack of Herrin, Illinois.

"You're a liar! I never saw you before in my life. Whatta you want, comin' bustin' in here like this?"

Fortunately for my heart, which was kicking its way up my throat and threatening to leap out of my mouth, Frank removed his glasses and was recognized. He hastened to present me, and scared me again by forgetting my name for a moment!

Charlie laughed and introduced us to the three bandits. Each was equipped the same as his chief; and there were three machine guns in the little parlor—one on the upright piano, one on the table, and one leaning against the door jamb. Several rifles stood against the wall, and five or six pistols, with their cartridge belts wrapped around them, were on the sofa and on the table under a big lamp.

WE talked for an hour or so. Birger's monologue—for he is a proud and boastful gangster—consisted mainly of railing against the Sheltons, to whom he imputed every crime and sinful trait in the catalogue of lawlessness; of protesting his innocence against a thousand and one charges, involving murder, bombing, and bootlegging; of denying he ever hurt a man in his life, in one breath, and in the next predicting hard luck for Mayor Joe Adams; and of denouncing profanely all the tribe of newspaper men and magazine writers.

All the time he talked he was standing, hands clasped behind him, in front of the big coal-burner. He interrupted himself constantly to listen to reports received by Art Newman over the telephone; to give orders to heavily armed assassins running in and out of the house; and to seek support for every statement he made from Newman, a stocky little East St. Louis Hebrew.

"We don't know, do we, Art, who bombed that fat mayor's home last night? They say it was one of them same pineapples the airplane dropped on us. Maybe it hit a telephone wire and ran right back where it came from, eh, Art?"

"Where do you get all these machine guns?" I inquired. "How many have you?"

"We got about twenty of 'em. Oh, we borrow 'em from mining companies and from stores which has gotta right to buy 'em, don't we, Art? Anyway, there ain't no law against gettin' them and keepin' them. I'm just a poor farmer who's bein' picked on by a lotta East St. Louis gorillas. I gotta right to proteck myself, I guess. Whatta you say, Art?"

Brother Newman nodded.

"WHERE did the Sheltons get that airplane?" I asked.

"I wisht we knew—don't we, Art? We'd pin wings on that bozo. But it's no trouble to get one. I bet I got a dozen letters offerin' me a plane and a dude to toss down a few dago footballs on the Shelton dives. But we don't want no airplanes; we don't need 'em, do we, Art? Them Sheltons is a lotta dogs, and we're gonna kiss 'em off with machine guns."

Presently I noticed that his face began to twitch and that he nervously plucked at his forearms. I recognized the expiring throes of a morphine jag. He mouthed his words and stared dully at me while he cursed about a correspondent from a St. Louis paper who had been down to see him.

Presently he retired to the kitchen and was gone about five minutes.

When he came back he had brightened up.

"Whatta you say"—he turned cheerily to me—"you come all the way out here from old Broadway for a story, didn't you? Well, you ain't seen nothin'. I hear them babies is prowlin' around in three autos lookin' for a battle.

Sheriff Oren Coleman of Williamson County.

"Whatta you say we all pile in my car, pick up another machine fulla them bums I got out at The Hut, and go hunt for them dogs? We'll take along a lotta machine guns and pineapples, and I'll fix you up a real story. If we don't find 'em, we can drop in and toss a few kisses at Mayor Joe Adams' shack. You want a close-up of the Birger-Shelton gang war, doc, and here's your chance—ain't it, Art?"

"Well, now, that's mighty fine of you, Charlie," I thanked him hastily. "But I just happen to remember that I'm catching a train at midnight over in Carbondale. We got to step on it; and I simply must get away to Chicago tonight. Otherwise I'd sure love to go along with you."

"What a liar you are!" Birger laughed. "Well, on your way, young fella. And don't write any lies about me, or the next time you come down here I'll feed you to the pigs out on my farm. Won't I, Art?"

We left the house, shouted adieu to the sentry at the corner, and swung into a seventy-mile gait.

BLOODY WILLIAMSON is right, I reflected, thinking of the barbecue stand and its extraordinary shock troops and its arsenal, and the armament in the Birger parlor, and the similar mobilization and equipment in the secret Shelton camp far to the northwest. The flashlights announced our approach to The Hut, and the hoodlums standing in the doorway of the saloon waved their hands and yelled as we sped past them on the way to Carbondale.

THE END

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mayor Joe Adams of West City was killed by two unidentified men at the front door of his house on the night of December 12, 1926. The shooting was followed by the arrest of Birger and several members of his gang, who now are out on bail pending further investigation.*]

"Black Jack" and the White House

Five of the six big wars fought by Americans gave Presidents to the nation. Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, and Roosevelt walked into office clothed with military glory.

The World War, biggest of all, has produced no President. Pershing, leader of our greatest army, has retired into comparative obscurity.

WHY?

A general, an officer of marines, a citizen, and a doughboy veteran who turned bartender supply some interesting answers to this question. You'll find them in—

Pershing Passes in Review

By Laurence Stallings

Ex-captain of the Fifth Marines, author of What Price Glory and The Big Parade

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Dancing Ruins a Face Powder Complexion

Face powder appearances streak and spot and must be constantly "touched up." The "24 hour complexion" ends this messy annoyance at once. It renders an enchanting touch of pearly beauty that remains fresh and unaltered throughout the day. Just try

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does far more than any face powder. Its astringent and antiseptic properties are very helpful in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness and rough, muddy skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts. For a better appearance, start its use today.

Send 10c for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
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Trial Size Coupon L-7

I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me white ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check shade desired).

Name_____

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PAIGE

with 20 charming body types and color combinations—in

Sixes & Eights

gives you the widest range of individual choice in

Style Transportation!

YOU must see—you must *drive*—these new Paige cars before you can fully appreciate what beautiful cars they are—what wonderfully performing cars—what truly amazing values!

Climaxing eighteen years of successful manufacture, these twenty new models are not only the most beautiful Paige cars ever built, but the greatest values Paige has ever offered as well.

The veteran personnel of the Paige organization, skilled and experienced in the manufacture of fine cars only, assures the complete dependableness and surprising ability of these new Paige cars—just as the great Paige resources and new Paige plant (adjudged by foremost engineers one of the most efficient in the industry) make possible the new low prices of these cars.

You've never had such an opportunity for personal expression as that afforded by the twenty charming models of the new Paige line. Among these many Sixes and Eights is one ideally suited to your requirements, and exactly expressing your taste.

Naturally these new Paige cars embody all of the latest mechanical improvements, such as air cleaners, silent chain timing, bronze-backed bearings, cushioned clutches—and the matchless safety of Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

In justice to yourself, you should by all means see the new Paige line for 1927 before you buy any motor car. Your nearest Paige dealer will permit you to drive the model of your choice, entirely without obligation. See him soon.

8-85 Limousine, $2,795

6-75 Five Passenger Sedan, $1,695

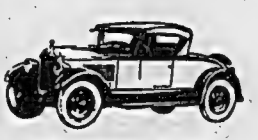
8-85 Coupe, $2,655

6-75 Phaeton, $1,655

8-85 Seven Passenger Sedan, $2,655

6-65 Sedan, $1,495

8-85 Cabriolet, $2,655


6-65 Roadster, $1,495

8-85 Five Passenger Sedan, $2,355

6-65 Brougham, $1,395

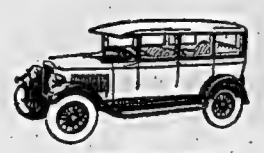
8-85 Phaeton, $2,295

6-45 Coupe, $1,095

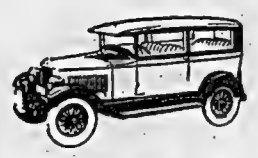
6-75 Limousine, $2,145

6-45 Cabriolet, $1,295

6-75 Coupe, $1,995

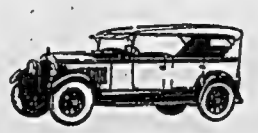

6-45 Sedan, $1,195

6-75 Seven Passenger Sedan, $1,995


6-45 Brougham, $1,095

6-75 Cabriolet, $1,995

F. O. B. Factory


6-40 Phaeton, $1,095

F. O. B. Factory

PAIGE

The MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

(880)

A Successful "MISTAKE"

The Danger Zones of Romance Are the Setting for a Good Melodrama

An Article by
Frederick James Smith

William Powell and Josephine Dunn in one of the great thrill scenes of the LIBERTY serial picture.

Evelyn Brent as Jane *in Love's Greatest Mistake.*

LOVE'S Greatest Mistake, the LIBERTY serial by Frederic Arnold Kummer, has been filmed by Famous Players. Therefore, if you want to follow the tense adventures of *Honey McNeill, Herbert Gibbs,* and the millionaire, *William Ogden,* you may see all these folk on the screen of your favorite theater.

The film has an interesting cast. William Powell plays *Don Kendall,* revealed as an oily Manhattan lad who stops at nothing except work. Here is another hit for Mr. Powell.

The roles of *Honey* and *Gibbs* go to newcomers. The heroine is played by Josephine Dunn, one of the three or four survivors of the Paramount School. Miss Dunn was born in Manhattan nineteen years ago. Four years ago she danced in a chorus.

James Hall, who plays the architect in the film, did very well recently in Pola Negri's Hotel Imperial. Except for an interval in the army, chiefly at Camp Bowie, Hall has been appearing in Broadway musical comedies ever since he first left Dallas, Texas.

Marion Davies and Owen Moore in a film version of The Red Mill.

The real hits of Love's Greatest Mistake, nevertheless, go to Powell and Evelyn Brent, the object of Don's pursuit who momentarily forgets marriage ties.

Far be it from me to tell the picture story. The film is a lively and absorbing melodrama of New York—or, at least, that stratum of Manhattan bounded by night clubs, extortion, blackmail, and scandal.

The scenes on the "L" are authentic, even to the strap-hangers. They were made on a special train carrying a mass of electrical equipment and cameras, plus an army of extras capable of giving the right touch of congestion.

Marion Davies' newest comedy, The Red Mill, is adapted from the Victor Herbert-Henry Blossom entertainment once presided over by Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery. It is more or less amusing, but the real story of The Red Mill lies behind a credit line on the title flash. That line reads: "Directed by William Goodrich."

Goodrich is no other than Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, who was summarily released from pictures back in 1921, following the San Francisco tragedy in which an extra girl met her death during a party.

Arbuckle had just reached the crest of comedy success at the ill-fated moment. Although he was acquitted by a jury, Fatty lost everything: house, savings, and position.

With his career as a comic at an end, Arbuckle finally got a job directing Buster Keaton, largely through the kindness of Joseph M. Schenck, who believed Arbuckle hadn't had a square deal. Fatty first took the cognomen of Will B. Good. There was bitter irony in this name. He has been directing, off and on, ever since.

Now and then Arbuckle is seen at Hollywood parties, a rather lonely and much less rotund figure than of old. At this particular moment he is directing Special Delivery with Eddie Cantor starred.

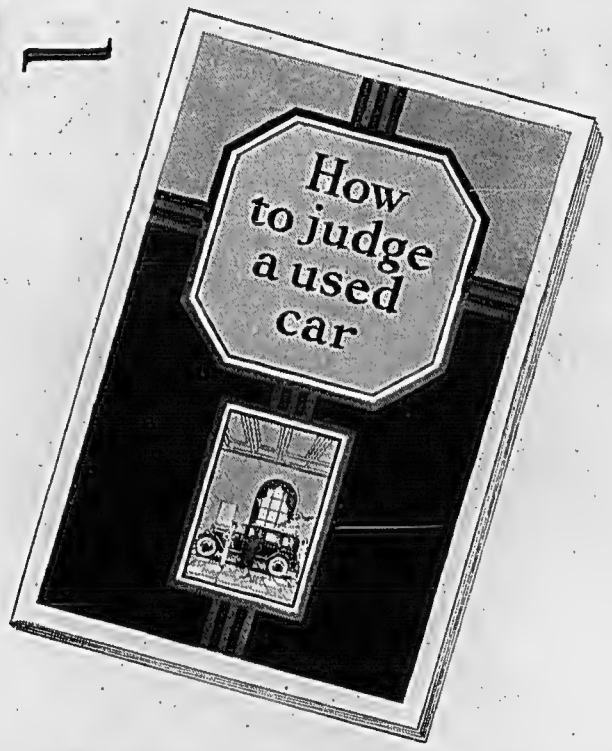
In The Red Mill he does pretty well. The result is a fairly amusing extravaganza of Dutch windmills and wooden shoes.

Do you know that—

Clarence Brown is filming a lot of the Klondike scenes of The Trail of '98 in the Continental Divide, Colorado? . . . The cast includes Harry Carey, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, and Tully Marshall? . . . Joan Crawford will be the heroine? . . . Alma Rubens has terminated her starring contract with William Fox? . . . Virginia Valli is recovering from an operation for appendicitis? . . . Alberta Vaughn has gone from Film Booking Offices to Columbia Pictures? . . . Rod La Rocque is trying to have his Cecil de Mille contract canceled? . . . As a result of a deadlock over roles, Dorothy Mackaill is still under salary suspension at First National?

Before you buy a used car from a friend—

Send for THIS FREE BOOK!



IF you were about to buy a used car from a friend, would you know how to determine its fair market price? Do you know why some dealers mark their prices in code instead of plain figures? Do you know how to tell what year any used car was built?

You will find the answer to these questions and many others that any buyer of a used car should know in this free book, "How to Judge a Used Car." It tells you what to look for and what to avoid in purchasing a used car. It is based on the long experience of experts in buying used cars for Studebaker dealers—their sound, practical advice may be the means of saving you time and money. Send for it at once!

If your dealer lives up to this PLEDGE *you can safely buy a used car from him without reading the book. But before you start shopping around you had better send in the coupon.*

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1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

To the Public: We pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

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Mail this coupon for your copy of "How to Judge a Used Car"

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Department D78, South Bend, Indiana

Please send my copy of valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."

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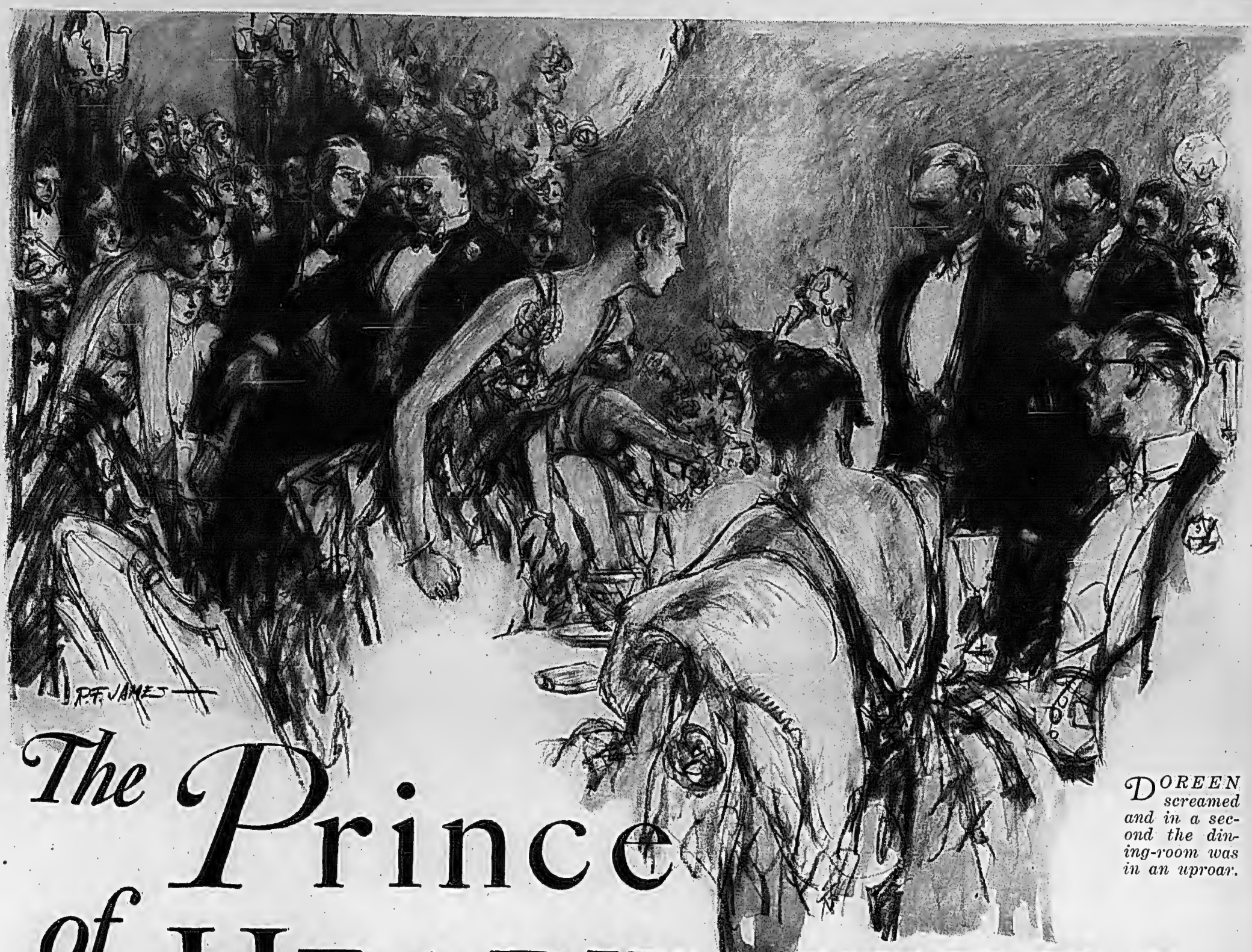
STUDEBAKER

Seventy-five Years Young



DOREEN screamed and in a second the dining-room was in an uproar.

The Prince of HEADWAITERS

The Love Story of a Boy Who Didn't Know His Own Father

By Viola Brothers Shore *and* Garrett Fort

Pictures by R. F. JAMES

IF you have never been in the Louis Quinze Room of the Park Towers you cannot say you have seen New York. There are countless after-theater places where out-of-town visitors go to escape the pressure of New York. The Park Towers is where New York goes to escape the pressure of out-of-town visitors.

It is a question whether the Park Towers will continue to hold its prestige without Lorenzo. Albert has copied many of the manners of his predecessor, but it was not so much the things Lorenzo did as the fact that he did them. It takes a certain amount of ability to make a good headwaiter. No amount of ability can make a Lorenzo.

There is much speculation as to why Lorenzo ceased abruptly to reign over the room he created, and of which he seemed as integral a part as the famous mural above the door—*Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!*—which furnished the keynote of the rose, brown, and green Louis XV furnishings and hangings. Rumor has it that he had grown so overbearing that Alphonse Hart was forced to dismiss him to placate an influential patron. But Hart insists Lorenzo has merely retired to live the life of a gentleman along the Riviera.

The truth lies somewhere between these versions, and had its roots in a night, late in December, when Albert approached his chief and said something in French about four young people who were not very successfully hiding a quart bottle beneath their table.

Lorenzo's eyes were fixed on a third couple—the boy tall, handsome, with smooth tan hair; the girl of the type gentlemen are said to prefer, with blue eyes too wide not to have seen a great deal—who were dancing so close that a dull powder stain remained upon the boy's lapel, and, drunk with her nearness, he continued to hold the girl, swaying slightly, after the music had stopped, oblivious to the eyes upon him.

LORENZO made his way among the thinning tables, stopping here and there to make his destination less obvious. He might, with his slim, supple figure, have been any age. Only the gray in his hair suggested a possible nodding acquaintance with forty.

"Here comes Lorenzo," said a boy called Chick, wearing bone-rimmed glasses, and he pushed a bottle more securely beneath the squirrel wrap of Daisy, who shared the wall bench with him.

"Who's Lorenzo?" demanded the blonde dancer, Doreen.

"Lorenzo!" exclaimed the boy with the powder stain. "Lorenzo is Lorenzo!"

"Oh!" The girl raised her short upper lip. "I thought he was God."

"He is," said the third boy, who was freckled, "in here."

Doreen remarked, with the appropriate toss of her yellow head, that she would like to see

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now a new "Pick-up" drink from Switzerland

Picks you up when you feel low . . . Ends afternoon "let-downs" . . . keeps you on your toes . . . Make this 3-day test

Modern science now offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six." A way that picks you up in a most surprising manner. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of loginess—How Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are mainly due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus soon after drinking, it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears; your body responds.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "Pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

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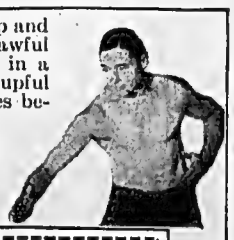
Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

I took Ovaltine for pep and got it. In wrestling an awful lot of energy is used in a short time. I take a cupful of Ovaltine 45 minutes before each match. I am now always full of pep and can get more speed and quick action.

[*Signed*] F. M. Harlan



I took Ovaltine because I needed something to tone up my system. I found Ovaltine to be more than you claim and use it for its "pick-up" results.

[*Signed*] C. R. Juninum, Hoboken, N. J.

The Wander Company, Dept. 264
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

One package to a person

[THE PRINCE OF HEADWAITERS Continued from Page Forty-one]

any headwaiter start anything with *her!*

"I'd like to see *any*body start anything with you," said her escort, his eyes drinking in her vivid beauty.

Two of the couples, less assured, rose and glided out on the floor as Lorenzo approached. The boy with the straight tan hair looked up and smiled unconcernedly, while Doreen belligerently narrowed her baby-blue eyes.

If Lorenzo observed the bottle beneath the gray coat tossed with such elaborate carelessness across the bench, he gave no sign.

"Hello, Lorenzo," said Ellis. "I want you to know Miss Lind—and be sure you take good care of her if she comes in here without me."

The headwaiter bowed.

"IN town for the holidays, Mr. Cabot?" he inquired.

"No," said Ellis. "Just blowing off a little steam before going home. But I'll be back. Save me a table for New Year's Eve, won't you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Cabot"—and it was apparent that to do so would be a pleasure. "For how many?"

Ellis bent over the girl. "Two be enough for you, sweet?"

"Any more'd be a crowl," she said, with a short, throaty laugh.

The boy covered her hand greedily, and Lorenzo turned abruptly to address someone at an adjoining table.

The four dancers returned.

"Well," twittered the girl named Daisy, "'d he give you hell?"

"Who—me?" scoffed Ellis.

"Who—him?" repeated Chick indignantly. "Why, Lorenzo loves him like a son."

"I can't see that stuff," said Doreen disgustedly—"making an equal out of a guy like that."

"Equal?" cried Freckles. "You flatter yourself. Lorenzo doesn't say good evening to you if you didn't come over on the Mayflower."

"All that Mayflower stuff is the eyewash," commented Daisy's sister.

Doreen nursed her grievance. "I don't consider it any honor to be introduced to no waiter."

"Lorenzo's not a waiter," Ellis corrected her.

"Well, what is he?"

"Why—he's Lorenzo."

Doreen had matters of greater import to consider. "What's all this stuff about you leaving tomorrow?" she demanded of Ellis.

He nodded ruefully. "The Judge expects me home for Christmas."

"And you don't know the Judge!" shuddered Freckles.

"The Judge doesn't scare me." Ellis curled a disdainful and patrician lip. "It's just that I promised—folks I'd be there."

"Thought you didn't have no folks!" said Doreen accusingly, and the flush that mounted under Ellis' fair skin accentuated the boyishness of his features.

"He's blushing," volunteered Daisy. "I bet he's crazy about a girl up in Boston."

"Are you?" demanded Doreen, and turned to his friends. "Is he?"

"Naw," soothed Freckles; "he's crazy about you."

"I sure am," agreed Ellis warmly. "Ever since I laid eyes on you I've been—" He was at a loss for a phrase.

"Well, prove it by staying down for Christmas."

"I can't, Doreen. Honest. I gave my word—"

It was time to close the almost empty dining-room. But there are always some guests who will ignore the check laid discreetly upon the table, the hovering waiter, the lowered lights, even the visit of Albert, inquiring politely whether everything has been satisfactory. When all these suggestions failed, Lorenzo would come and stand beside a table, and in some inexplicable way his presence would dissolve the most stubborn resistance.

The young people in the corner nook were the last to leave.

"Good night, Lorenzo," said Ellis easily, while the other two slid out to seek their coats.

"Good night, Mr. Cabot." Lorenzo's whole manner was an unmistakable invitation to come again.

"Good night," said Doreen, in the manner of one who has seen duchesses in plays.

Lorenzo bowed. But nobody could have construed his bow into anything approximating an invitation to come again.

A moment later Albert looked around for his chief; but Lorenzo had disappeared.

As a small inclosed roadster in which, by the mysterious necromancy of youth, six persons had found seats, disengaged itself from the curb of Park Avenue, a large limousine turned the corner and proceeded in the same direction. The roadster headed north and west, and stopped before an unpretentious apartment in the neighborhood of Columbia University.

A moment later a man in a fur-lined overcoat stepped into the hallway and scanned the bells. One of them bore four names—Daisy Martin, Mae Martin, Bea Blair, Doreen Lind. Making a note of the house number, he stepped back into his car and was driven to a house in the exclusive East Fifties.

SOME girls have all the luck. Bea Blair was not one of them. She was good-looking, tall, with regular features and good, white teeth. Yet here it was the day before Christmas, and she had no job, no sweetie, and not a date in sight. Whereas Doreen had not only fallen into a heavy party the night before, but was even now out Christmas shopping with the new john who had been brought to the house to meet Bea, while Bea sat at home waiting for "L"—and not looking forward, either, to the pleasure of telling the senior partner of Lus-Nuss Aprons that the lady of his choice had made other plans.

The bell rang, and Bea, from habit, gave a dab at her nose. A lucky thing, too, because, when she opened the door, there stood—

not the slightly bald, portly outline of Mr. Lustig, but a handsome stranger in a dark, fitted overcoat.

"Miss Lind?" inquired the stranger, removing his hat and revealing iron-gray hair brushed smoothly from his forehead.

Bea had him safely in the tiny living-room before she told him Miss Lind was out.

"But," she concluded hastily and untruthfully, "I'm expecting her home any minute.

"I'm Doreen's girl friend, Bea Blair," she explained, offering him the dependable armchair and settling Turk fashion on the couch.

His name, it seemed, was Duroc.

"An old friend of Doreen's?" she asked conversationally, offering him a cigarette. "Too bad you came when she was out."

"I'm not sorry," said Duroc. "In fact, I think it was rather a stroke of good fortune."

Something fluttered inside Bea's chest. Perhaps a wise and just Providence had sent her, as a sort of compensation, this good-looking and, if Bea was any judge, substantial john of Doreen's.

"On such a beautiful day," he continued, "I'm fortunate to find anybody at home."

BEA thought her popularity was being impugned. "I was just expecting another gennelman," she explained with dignity.

"Oh—too bad," said her visitor. "We might have taken a little drive. My car is downstairs."

"Oh," Bea qualified hastily, "he's not my friend. He's Doreen's regular." (Not that Bea meant to be catty, but—well, you understand.) "What kind of a car have you got?"

He pointed it out from the window. Bea decided a note would take care of L, and she scribbled one to the effect that Doreen had gone to a funeral.

"Who died?" inquired Duroc, as the car started.

Bea fitted her shoulder luxuriously into the upholstery. "It's not that kind of a funeral. Doreen's just got a john out shopping. He's only a kid," she added confidentially, "that one of the boys brought along last night to meet me. But he fell for Doreen like a ton of anthracite, so I stepped out of the picture."

Duroc seemed interested. "You mean, the young man Miss Lind is out shopping with she met for the first time last night?"

"Oh," Bea explained hastily, "not that Doreen's a mining engineer. But, you know"—she smiled disarmingly—"all's fair in love and Christmas. Besides, he can afford it. He comes from all kinds of family and he stops at the Park Towers—no fooling."

"The Park Towers," he repeated, since comment seemed due.

"He took the gang there last night. I've never been." After a second of wistful expectancy she continued with resignation: "Well, anyway, Doreen says it's the eye-wash, and not near as much life as the Casa Castille. They kick you out at one o'clock. Can you tie that for nerve?"

"Perhaps," he suggested, "they like to comply with the law."

"Can you imagine? Doreen was awful sore at the dump. She said the headwaiter ritzed her. They all continued the party at the house, and her and Cabbie near had a fight over this Lorenzo—that's his name.

"You don't know this Lorenzo?" she continued.

A girl has an awful time making talk with some guys. This one didn't seem to be in the same world with her at all, and she had to repeat her question.

"The boys say he's class—real class."

"Service," he replied scornfully, "is not a gentleman's employment."

Bea felt that the subject was not leading anywhere.

"Well, anyway," she said, "some night when you got nothing to do, maybe you and me could drop by the Towers and I could see for myself."

"I'm sorry," he said gently; "my work occupies me every evening."

"What you working at?" she inquired shrewdly. "Matteramony?"

He shook his head.

"Well, why ain't you? Everybody ought to be married once."

"I was married—once," he told her.

Poor Bea was having a hard time keeping the conversational ball bouncing. It seemed to roll into more unsuspected pits!

The portrait of a blonde young girl hung at the head of the staircase.

"Well," she essayed desperately, "I hope Doreen is having a good time with her new sweetie. She certainly thinks he's the cat's up."

"You don't mean she is in love with him?" he inquired.

"Well, she likes him better than L. But who wouldn't?—a kid with class and money! But I don't think Doreen could really be in love with anybody. If you love you got to suffer; am I right?"

He looked at her aghast. "You mean she wants him to *marry* her?"

Bea bridled at his tone. "Well, why not, I ask you?"

"But—they just met." She shrugged. "And you said yourself she does not love him."

He leaned toward her, frowning.

"Well," she said, "it's none of my funeral if Doreen wants to marry Boston Bloo Blood. Although he wouldn't be my choice. I like a man of the world, myself. They know better what's coming to a girl."

THEY were edging their way up Fifth Avenue, and, picking up the speaking-tube, he instructed the driver to stop at a well known firm of jewelers. "I want to select a gift for a young lady," he explained.

"What kind of a young lady?" asked Bea self-consciously.

"A very charming one—about your build and taste; in fact, something you might fancy yourself—a bracelet, perhaps—"

Bea flushed. "I hope you didn't think I was—"

"You mustn't refuse a lonely man," he interrupted, "who has nobody to buy anything for this Christmas—"

"Well, of course, if you put it that way—"

All the way through the park, Bea kept an incredulous hand cupped over her gold-and-onyx bracelet. She certainly couldn't make out this egg, who didn't seem to get at all personal, and still bought such an elegant present. And he would not let her thank him for it, either.

"I thank *you* for giving me so much pleasure," he said.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "if I can ever do anything for you—"

"You may be doing more for me," he said, bowing low over her hand, "than you realize."

Some nut, was Bea's conclusion, as she flew upstairs to show the girls her bracelet.

On Christmas Day Bea received flowers from the Nut, and on the day after a telephone call. She was more puzzled than ever. If he liked her, why was he so interested to know whom Doreen was out with, and how much longer was her john staying in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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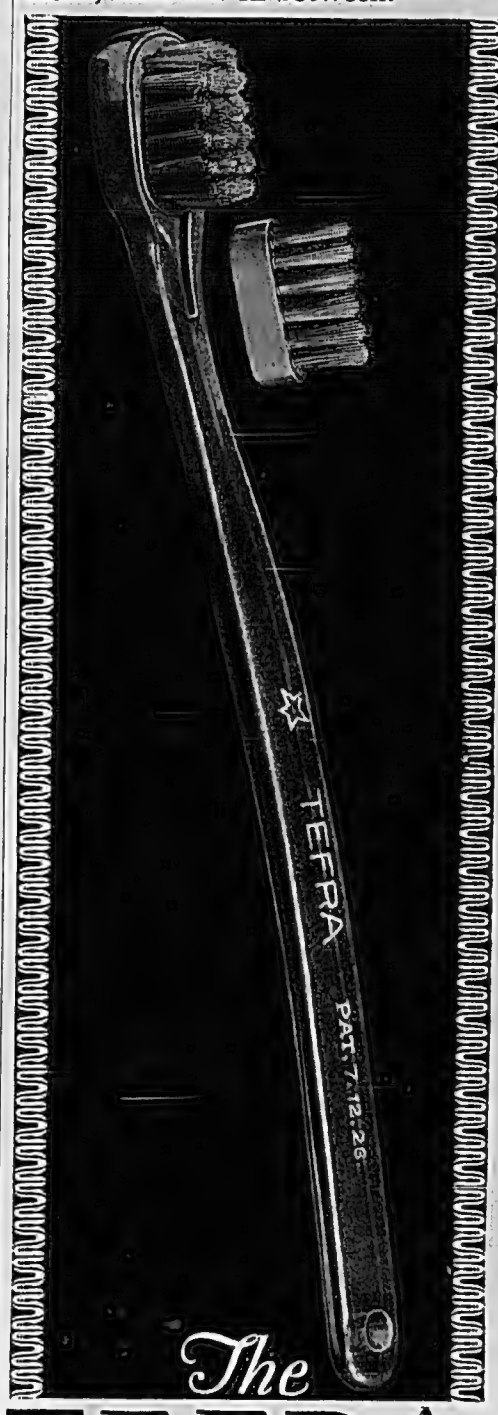

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Delicately fragrant lather, instantly, even in hard water

LUX TOILET SOAP

[THE PRINCE OF HEADWAITERS Continued from Page Forty-three]

town, and how were things getting on between them?

Doreen couldn't place him at all.

"Pale—with iron-gray hair and sad dark eyes, and an elegant dresser? Don't sound like nothin' that never crossed my horizontal."

Anyway, Doreen was too absorbed to worry and get a rash. Cabbie had written the old man he was visiting one of his professors in East Orange and the Professor wanted him to stay over. If the old man didn't hit the ceiling too hard, Doreen told Bea, and Bea told Mr. Duroc, Cabbie mightn't go home at all. And by the end of the week—well, at the rate they were progressing, anything was liable to happen by the end of the week.

MR. ALPHONSE HART, in his office on the second floor of the Park Towers, was glad, as always, to see Lorenzo, who, he thought, wished to talk over the additional facilities necessary for New Year's Eve. Lorenzo, however, had come to announce that he must catch a midnight train, but expected to be back the following evening in time to take his accustomed place behind the rose-velvet cord.

"Be sure you are," admonished Hart, smiling. "We can't get along without you, Lorenzo."

Lorenzo's face was grave. "I would not think of going away if it were not a very urgent family matter."

Mr. Hart was too tactful to say what was on the point of his tongue—that in his seven years of close association with Lorenzo he had never suspected that the latter was not alone in the world.

He would doubtless have listened incredulously to the directions Lorenzo gave the taxi man from the station in Boston. But the sight of Lorenzo would have surprised him even more. For, as the cab neared its destination, a subtle change came over the man who had won a name for himself by the poise with which, often under trying circumstances, he handled his fellow men.

It was as if his assurance were slowly being sapped by some subtle inner process. And when the cab stopped before a fine old stone mansion, the Lorenzo that alighted seemed to have shrunk in stature. The white flower in his buttonhole looked limp and dispirited. As if some invisible weight of unwillingness retarded his progress, he walked up the stone steps and rang the bell. Across his card he had written:

Concerning Ellis—Urgent.

He looked around curiously at the room into which the manservant led him. The high, narrow windows, thickly curtained and draped in the style of a former generation, the portraits over the carved mantel and in the heavy oak paneling, the ponderous crystal chandelier, all combined to add a funereal quality to the musty, narrow room. At each solemn tick of the grandfather's clock, Lorenzo seemed to shrink farther into the high-backed chair.

Finally the Judge came. Lorenzo was shocked. Twenty years before, the Judge had been a terrible old man. Now he was merely a terribly old one.

Lorenzo plunged abruptly into his reason for coming.

Judge Cabot listened coldly, his blue eyes fixed unwaveringly upon his visitor. Only once he interrupted, his eyes flashing cold blue lightning.

"My grandson is engaged to my ward, Miss Beth Aldrich."

"Of course," Lorenzo concluded, "an affair like this may be nothing at all. But it may be dangerous. I thought something could be done."

"Should—and shall," said the Judge crisply. "I shall recall my grandson at once."

And now the matter was plainly closed. Still Lorenzo did not take his departure.

"If I might add," he forced himself to point out, "young people are high-spirited. In affairs of this sort—perhaps a little tact—"

"Tact!" The old man clipped off the word scornfully. "If there is a cancer it must be cut out. That has always been my way."

The man before him seemed, if anything, to grow paler—as if the memory of one such amputation could still draw blood.

The Judge nodded curtly. "Thank you for coming."

"Not at all. I thought it best to speak to you in person. Besides, I have always wondered about the house where—" Every drop of color seemed drained from his face, and it was as if he were going through, at tremendous cost, a speech previously rehearsed—"Ellis lived. I should like—" He paused and made another start: "I should like to see where my son—his room—"

For one second the old man took in every detail of his well groomed, apparently successful exterior, then rang for the butler.

As he followed the man out of the room, imperceptibly Lorenzo's carriage altered and his face slipped back into its accustomed immutability.

The butler led the way to the staircase, at the head of which hung the portrait of a blonde young girl, her hair drawn low over her ears, her eyes a troubled violet, like Ellis'. Looking back, he noticed that the gentleman did not appear to be a very good climber of stairs, for he was so pale he must have had some sort of heart attack, and had caught at the balustrade to steady himself.

ON his way down the butler found a limp little carnation on the heavy gilt frame of the portrait of Miss Eleanor. And he wondered how a thing like that came in such a place.

An empty room is a curious thing—it is so silent and yet so full of sounds. Ellis' room was like that of a thousand other young men—conventional furnishings, a few college emblems, photographs, prints on the walls, an open desk with a leather-framed portrait of a young girl with straight short hair and fine, wide eyes—yet it was charged with poignant emotion for the man who stood there.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SIX]

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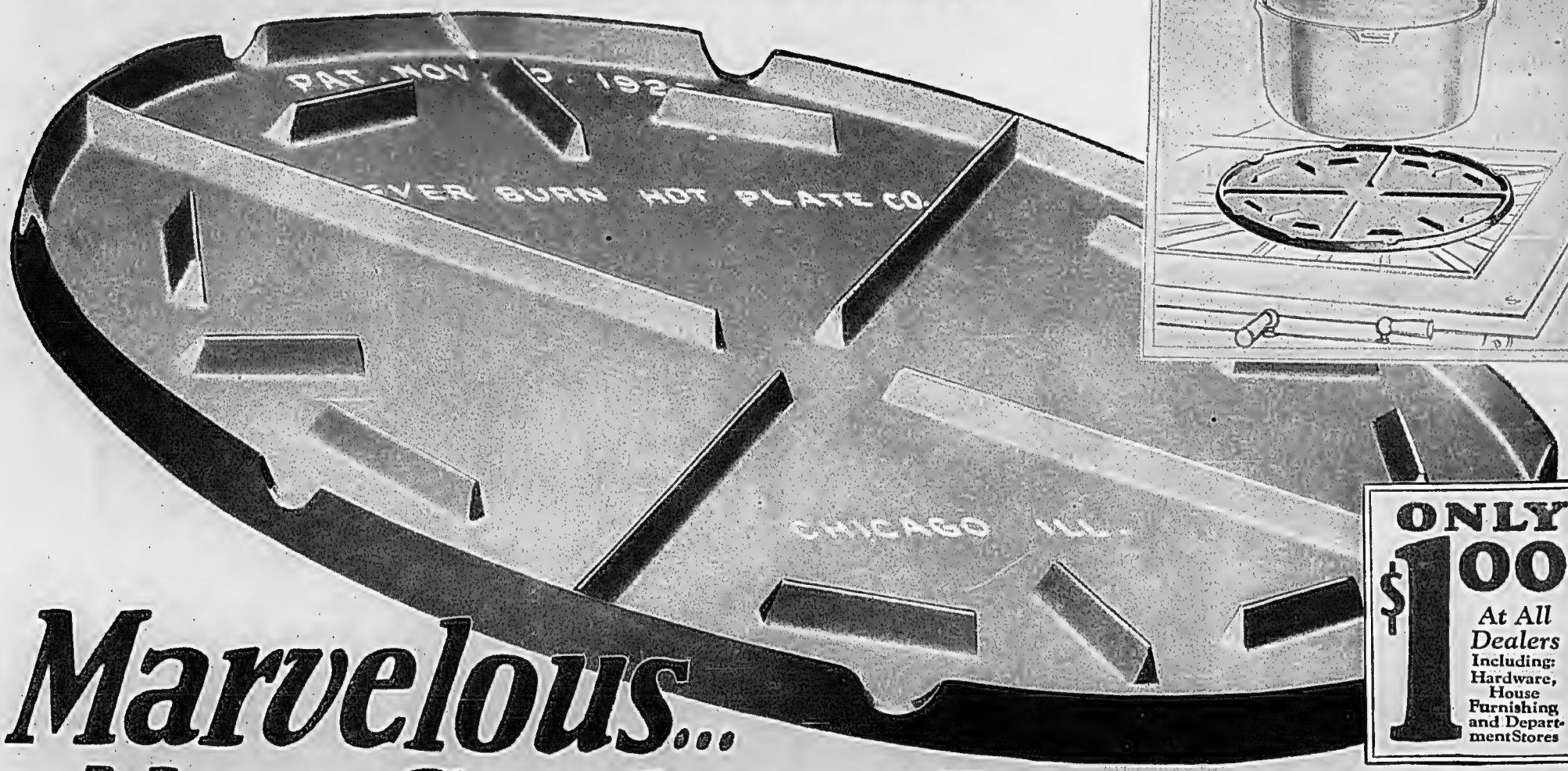

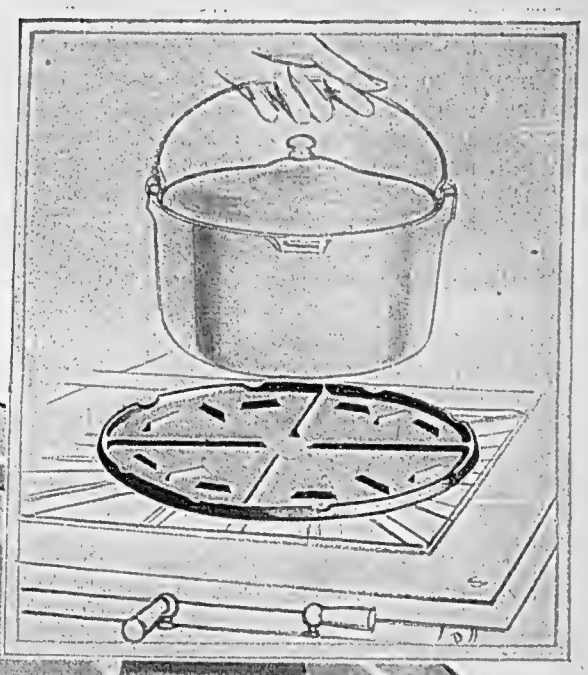

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[THE PRINCE OF HEADWAITERS]
Continued from Page Forty-four

He was so absorbed that he barely had time to brush his hand across his eyes when the door opened, and a girl, her arms full of holly, paused, startled, on the threshold.

"Don't be alarmed," said Lorenzo. "I am just looking around. I am an old friend of Ellis' mother. Duroc is my name."

"How do you do? I'm Beth Aldrich," she said, smiling at him out of the clear, level eyes of the portrait. But the portrait had not suggested the little twist of her mouth, nor the clear old-ivory coloring of her skin. "Ellis is visiting one of his professors in Jersey, but we're expecting him home any day."

There were a thousand things Lorenzo would like to have asked her, but it was she who questioned him, as she filled a large bowl with the holly.

"So you knew Ellis' mother?"

"Yes," he replied in a low tone.

She caught the suggestion of his accent. "When she was studying in France?" she ventured. And, when he nodded, "They say she had a beautiful voice."

"The most beautiful voice I have ever heard," he replied fervently.

"What a pity!" she sighed. "They say she never sang another note after—after—"

He turned away.

"Did you know him too—Ellis' father?"

HE answered in the affirmative, his face still averted.

"You mustn't think I'm curious, but I wish you would tell me something I've always wondered about. He—he wasn't a bad sort, was he?"

"No," he replied through dry lips; "I don't think—he was a bad sort—"

She seemed satisfied. "I didn't think he could be, from the letters he writes Ellis. Sometimes he reads me parts of the letters. But he can't answer them, because he doesn't know who his father is. Do you know what's become of him, Mr. Duroc?"

He shook his head.

"Would you tell me his name?"

"I—I can't recall it—some ordinary French name, I believe."

She was plainly disappointed.

"Ellis would give anything to know. He has made a sort of hero of him. We both think he must be somebody great—a statesman, perhaps—who might be hurt by having his past known. But it's hard on Ellis, not having either a father or a mother. I can't help thinking that if he knew how Ellis felt—and that Ellis doesn't hold it against him because he made an early mistake—"

For Lorenzo, the room faded into another room with sloping eaves and no curtains—a disordered room, a poor room, a room at which a young man in working clothes, with black hair and dark, suffering eyes, is looking for the last time—and from which he is taking only two things: a picture of a fair-haired girl sobbing across a wooden cradle, and a promise, wrung from the terrible old man standing over her prostrate form, that he might, from time to time, write to his boy—the boy he was giving up in order that he might "grow up a gentleman—"

He became aware of the curious way Miss Aldrich was looking at him, and then he realized that there had been a long silence and that he had bent, almost in half, the book he held between his white fingers.

"I happen to know, Miss Aldrich," he said, in a voice so low she could scarcely hear him, "that there wasn't any—mistake. Ellis' father and mother loved each other and were married."

She looked at him incredulously. "Then why did he leave her?"

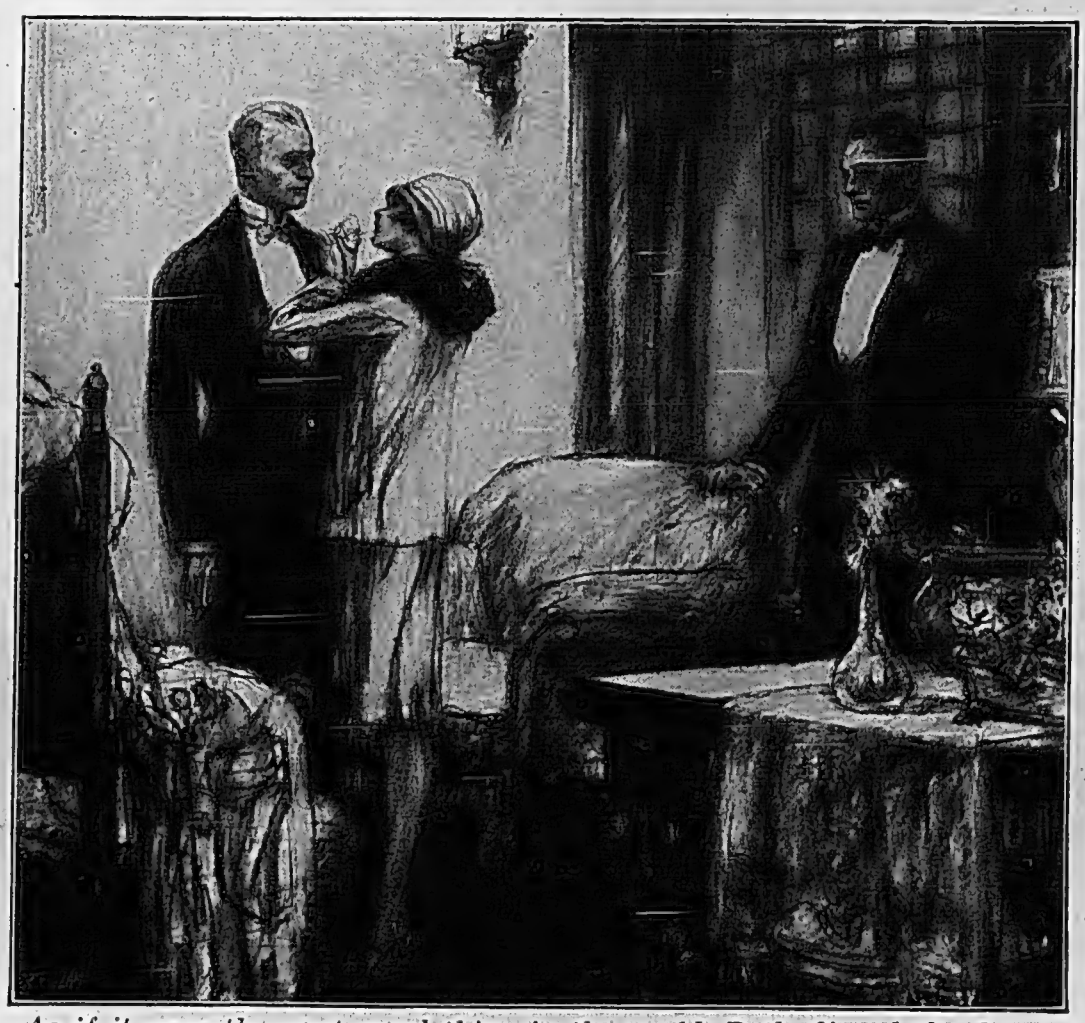
"I think he felt she would be better off—with her own people."

"But—but why is Ellis' name Cabot?"

"Perhaps—they all thought—that would be a fine name for a boy—"

She shook her head. "But how could a man—if he really cared—"

He did not wait for her to complete her question. "There are things in a man's heart which nobody understands—not even himself." He raised her hand to his lips. "I must catch my train, Miss Aldrich. I am happy to have met you. Perhaps it would be better if we said nothing to Ellis about my visit. It is better not to open old graves. The past is entitled to its dead."



As if it were the most usual thing in the world, Beth slipped the flower from her shoulder into Lorenzo's lapel.

PROHIBITION has failed to alter the aspect of New Year's Eve in New York. The restaurants present as mad a scene as ever. The Park Towers provided its guests with horns, snappers, confetti, souvenirs, masks—all the paraphernalia. Every available inch of space was used for tables.

Lorenzo was showing a large, hilarious party to their flower-laden table when Albert, the alphabetical chart in his hand, a worried furrow between his brows, whispered in his ear:

"Did you reserve a table for Mr. Ellis Cabot?"

"Mr. Cabot is in Boston," replied Lorenzo.

"No, he's here. He says he asked you for a table—"

Lorenzo seemed unwarrantably upset by his slight confusion.

"Good old Lorenzo!" Ellis murmured a trifle thickly, as Lorenzo led him to a table reserved for somebody else. "Didn't I tell you this was the best place to come?"

"Well, I guess it's as good as any to get warmed up," admitted his companion reluctantly. "It's a long ride to Greenwich."

It was about this time that Albert noticed that Lorenzo, the imperturbable, seemed to have lost his poise. Tables were mixed, patrons offended—until Alphonse Hart, entertaining a party of friends, asked Albert if Lorenzo had been drinking.

Nobody needed to ask that question about Ellis Cabot, publicly fondling the girl beside him, while she snuggled against him unabashed.

She caught Lorenzo several times hovering close to the table. Once when she was saying, "Let's duck out before it gets too late," she looked up to find his eyes fixed upon her, glittering strangely.

"Cabbie!" she cried furiously. "Tell that dope not to hang around!"

"Say, what—" began Ellis grossly.

But Lorenzo had moved away. Leaving the dining room to Albert, he slipped into a booth in the lobby. Fortunately, he found Bea at home.

"Holding L's head," she confided to him. "Doreen gave him the frigidaire for good. She was reading the road maps to Connecticut, and you know what that means, sure as Monday's hash—"

Lorenzo scrawled a note with hands that trembled, and gave it to a boy.

"Say a young lady gave it to you. Be sure you give it to the gentleman. Bring him back with you—hurry!"

THEN, as he was making an effort to pull himself together, somebody caught him by the sleeve.

"Oh, Mr. Duroc!" Under the brim of a small felt hat he recognized the white, strained face of Beth Aldrich. "I'm so glad I ran into you. I left in such a hurry I forgot it was New Year's Eve and everybody's out—of course. I don't know where to put up for the night, and I can't find Ellis—"

He led her to a chair and inquired gravely: "Has anything happened?"

"Everything's happened." He could see the tears well up behind her eyes.

He could feel the effort she made to tell him calmly all she knew. The Judge had sent several wires for Ellis, who had finally come home—and then, almost immediately, had slammed the door and started off again in his car.

Hours later the housekeeper had told her that he had gone back to New York. It appeared there was a girl in New York that Ellis cared for—a dancer. And the Judge had been furious and said some terrible things to him—among them that he "was behaving disgracefully to—to me. I couldn't stand having Ellis think I wanted to hold him to any—engagement we made when we were—children," she continued. "He should have known me better. I simply had to tell him he could count on me. So I took the next train. But he's not in his rooms—"

"Wait here a moment," said Lorenzo. "I may be able to find Ellis."

He left her sitting there, rehearsing, behind white lips that she tried to make steady, the speech she was going to make to Ellis: "I just wanted you to know—I didn't consider what was between us an engagement. You can count on me as a friend—I don't feel hurt or slighted in any way."

So Ellis found her some moments later.

Lorenzo ignored the black look with which Doreen greeted his approach, and said, "A young lady asks to see you outside, Mr. Cabot."

He managed to murmur a name for Ellis' ear only.

Ellis jumped to his feet.

"Say," began Doreen—"what—"

Ellis excused himself. "I'll be right back."

"Waiter!" commanded Doreen imperiously,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

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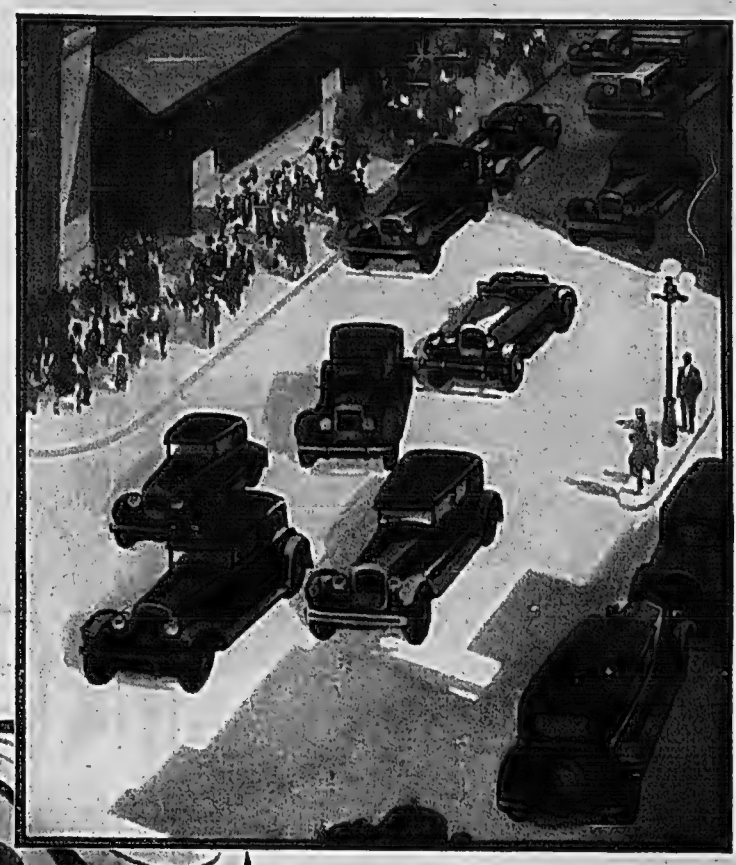

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Over the hills and far away, through congested cities and buzzing towns —she drives with the confidence that only Balcranks can give.

She knows that only Balcranks provide a double form of protection—that a sudden collision will be absorbed by both the tempered springs supporting the bar, and by the car springs too. This additional protection is an exclusive Balcrank feature that directs any excess shock DOWNWARD into the car springs.

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Moreover, Balcranks carry the Underwriters' highest rating, and are the only passenger car protection approved as strong enough to protect a one ton truck.

Balcranks, are priced from $42.50 to $55.00 per complete set, front and rear.

Up-to-date car dealers will equip your new car with Balcrank Collision Absorbers, for bumper equipment is seldom furnished by the manufacturer. Insist on Balcrank "Collision Absorbers." The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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BALCRANK

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COLLISION ABSORBERS

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THE STYLE THAT MAKES 'EM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

DEPENDABILITY

The great baseball idols, including WALTER JOHNSON *and* WILBERT ROBINSON, *prefer the Benrus strap watch as their personal timekeeper.*

OLYMPIAN — $37.50

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Golfers in open shirts, loose sweaters, baggy knickers, have no use for a pocket watch—too awkward, too much chance of breaking. Golfers like the time where they can see it—on their wrists—a sturdy, dependable Benrus! Great match players, like GENE SARAZEN, *wear it—wear it every day!*

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B

— in a fine Strap Watch . . .

These great Sportsmen have found it . . . *Have you?*

"RED" GRANGE
While still playing on his university team, the greatest halfback in football history said of his Benrus: "It's like good interference—husky, handy and on time to the split second."

BENNY FRIEDMAN
All-American Michigan quarterback, had worn a Benrus several months when he wrote: "I never thought a watch could stand such hard usage and give such accurate service as my Benrus strap watch."

EARL SANDE
Great American Jockey, chose the thoroughbred of strap watches—a Benrus. "An excellent timekeeper," he says.

JOHNNY WEISMULLER
Swimming wonder, holder of many world's dash records, wears a Benrus strap watch.

LOREN MURCHISON
Like Paddock in the west, Murchison is an outstanding sprinter. He says of his Benrus: "I'd never be without it."

Tennis, with its terrific pace and its light clothing, admits of no watch but one on the wrist. Your Benrus strap watch there is dependable assurance of accurate time.

SWING up your arm—a quick glance—there's the time! That's the way when you wear a strap watch—no fumbling in pockets, no delay. That's why a strap watch is preferred by busy executives, professional men, sportsmen.

But to serve these active men properly, a strap watch must be more than convenient, it must be *dependable!* That means keeping perfect time, free from trouble, day in and day out.

Sportsmen, especially, demand the *utmost* of a watch. They can never stop to be gentle with it. The men who select a mashie that's balanced to a hair, insist on a watch that never gets out of order, never goes fast or slow. They have found that kind of service in one remarkable strap watch—the Benrus!

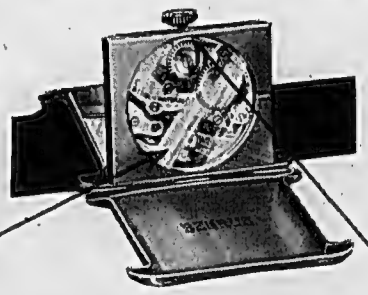
IT HAS TAKEN HIGH SKILL TO MAKE A FINE TIMEPIECE so extraordinarily sturdy and dependable. Benrus craftsmen have developed special factors of safety—tested movements, dustproof cases, stronger, better construction.

When you buy a Benrus, the strap watch of sportsmen, you too will have *dependability*—wherever you are, whatever service you demand of it. Take this page to your jeweler — show him the Benrus *you* want—today!

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY
New York City

Makers of "The Wrist Watch of Fashion" for beautiful women.

Special crystal covers back *of movement making it dustproof.*



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New stem guard keeps out dust and protects stem from breaking.

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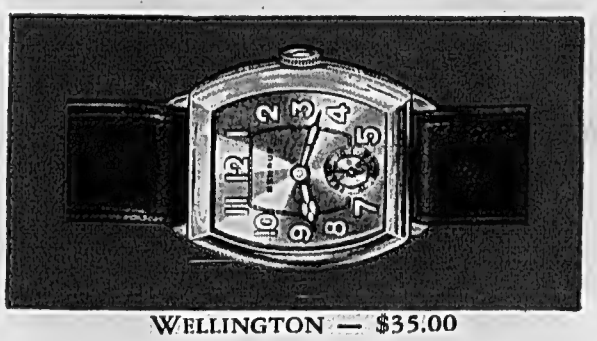

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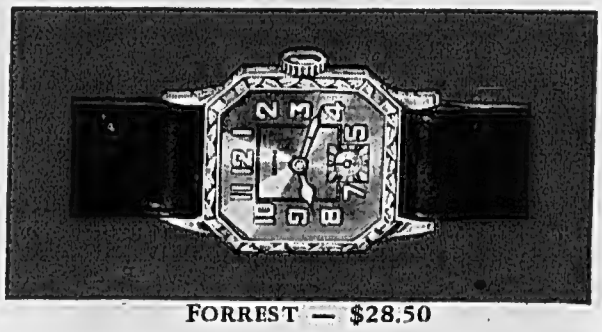

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BENRUS *the strap watch of sportsmen*

Get them safely through the Danger Period 10 *to* 18

This free running
IODIZED SALT
prevents simple goiter

In many communities, perhaps in yours, as high as 70% of the school children are suffering from goiter and its attendant ills.

Yet protection through the danger period..10 to 18..is so simple, so easy.

Just restore to the diet that trace of Nature's iodine so often missing from foods and drinking water.

This can best be done, say health authorities, by the use of iodized salt. Morton's Iodized Salt was prepared at their request.

It's not a drug, not a medicine, but our famous free running salt with a trace of iodine added. It looks the same, tastes the same and pours the self-same way.

Ask for Morton's Iodized Salt and use it for every salt purpose.

Morton Salt Company,
Chicago, U.S.A.

Morton's Salt, iodized or plain, comes to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout. Purity, flavor and convenience are thus assured.

MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED OR PLAIN

WHEN IT RAINS
—IT POURS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]
as Ellis disappeared. "What'd you say to him?"

Lorenzo met her insolent eyes evenly. "Mr. Cabot's fiancée is outside."

"You're a liar!" cried Doreen, throwing her napkin on the table. "I'm his fiancée."

Lorenzo placed himself in her path.

"I'll just take a look at this other dame—"

"No—no; you'd better stay here. Mr. Cabot wouldn't like—"

"What the hell do I care what he or anybody else'd like?" By this time people were looking over with interest. "I'm gonna—"

White with restrained temper, Lorenzo caught her arm.

"Sit down!" he commanded through clenched teeth. "You're drunk!"

From the depths of her resentment and fury Doreen summoned up her most potent weapon. She screamed.

IN a second the dining-room was in an uproar. Chairs were overturned, women screamed, people crowded round the table. Some red-blooded he-man made a pass at the headwaiter; another seized his arm.

Ellis had not had time for much of a talk with Beth. Seeing her had sobered and upset him badly. He had sent her to his rooms, intending to take Doreen home and then return and straighten things out.

He came back at the peak of the uproar, to find Doreen in the middle of it. Only the soothing presence of Alphonse Hart, standing between her and a white-faced Lorenzo, was checking a free-for-all fight. Doreen was screaming, "What kind of a bunch are you, anyway, to let a waiter manhandle a lady?"

Ellis had a difficult time elbowing his way through the crowd. At sight of Ellis, "I want that man fired!" cried Doreen. "I was sitting here quiet—any of these people can tell you—and this bozo comes up and insults me. And when I start to get up he—Looka my arm!"

She flung it out dramatically, and there on the white flesh were the telltale red imprints of angry fingers.

"What do you mean—" began Ellis furiously. But somebody caught him before he had a chance to spring.

Unable to wrench himself from restraining hands, "I'll fix you!" he cried, his fists clenched impotently.

Mr. Hart continued to talk apologetically and soothingly, and gradually Doreen began to be mollified by the attention she was receiving.

"The hotel offers you an apology," he repeated for the twentieth time, and, turning to Lorenzo, who faced him white-lipped and taut, "and Lorenzo apologizes. So much excitement—everybody overwrought. He did not mean any harm. He apologizes—do you not, Lorenzo?"

Lorenzo looked about at all these faces—some angry, some amused, some contemptuous. He had been a monarch in this dining-room. But the guest is always right.

Lorenzo apologized to Doreen Lind. Then he turned and, without a backward look, walked out of the room.

Ellis tried to take Doreen home. He was thoroughly sober and utterly miserable. But she did not want to go. Home on a New Year's Eve? What for?

Ellis tried to explain that he had to look after his grandfather's ward—an unexpected complication.

Doreen's temper had been too recently tried.

"You're yellow. You got another girl out there, and I know it. What the hell do you think I am,

anyway—a sap? I gave up a regular guy for you."

Just at this moment her eye caught sight of the regular guy, threading his puzzled way among the tables.

She rose and, sweeping the folds of her silver wrap around her shoulders, shook Ellis' hand from her arm.

"Doreen—let me take you home."

"Go on home yourself—if you're so keen about it. Go to hell, for all I care!" And as she linked her arm in that of the bewildered Mr. Lustig, she flung back over her shoulder: "I'm goin' out with my fiancé. You better join yours. She's waiting for you."

And that was where Lorenzo found him when, a few minutes later, he knocked at Mr. Cabot's suite to tender his apologies for the regrettable episode. As he entered he heard the unmistakable stir of femininity disappearing into the adjoining room.

"Don't mention it," said Ellis magnanimously, having had time to cool down and feel a bit shamefaced over the whole episode. "I'm just as sorry as you are. I know it won't happen again."

"No," said Lorenzo—and not a muscle of his face moved—"it will not happen again."

"Well, then, we won't say any more about it. By the way, what started it all?"

"The young lady—Miss Lind—wanted to follow you. I thought you might not care to have a scene."

Ellis blushed. Then, tossing the whole affair off as one man of the world to another: "By George, that would have been darn embarrassing. You see, the other young lady is my—she and I—we're going to be married," he admitted, as the door of the adjoining room opened cautiously.

"It's all right, Beth; come in. It's only Lorenzo—the headwaiter downstairs. We had a little spill and he came up to straighten it out. Beth, I want you to meet the greatest headwaiter in the world."

The young lady had opened her mouth to say something. But a certain quality of immobility about the man's face stopped her. She bowed formally.

"How do you do," she said tentatively.

AS far as Ellis was concerned, the episode was over. "Well, thanks, old man, for helping me out. Hope you didn't get in any trouble on my account."

"No, Mr. Cabot; no trouble—"

"Well, if you do, let me know and I'll see what I can do." And his hand went into his pocket.

Lorenzo stood rooted to the ground, and if there is such a thing as a stopping of the human heart for a space of time, his stopped while the young man's hand hesitated in his pocket, uncertain of the procedure. Should you tip a man in a case like this—and, if so, how much?

With a flash of that illuminating vision which is the unique gift of women, Beth stepped in front of Ellis and, as if it were the most usual thing in the world, took the gardenia from her shoulder and slipped it into the lapel of the headwaiter.

"I don't know what you did for Ellis," she said, "but I'm sure it was something—very sweet. And we both thank you."

It was one minute before twelve, and in the dining-room the festivities were well under way. Albert was handling the noisy throng with the easy assurance of authority. Lola, the pert cigarette girl, was smiling up at him in the confidential way she had always reserved for Lorenzo. From the doorway Lorenzo's eyes, traveling over the room, came to rest upon the famous mural, *Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!*

The lights went out for a full minute while horns were blown and the noise in the dining-room became deafening. When the lights went on again, Lorenzo was gone.

He drove home through the milling crowds. Sitting far back in his car, he slipped his hands into his pockets and closed his eyes. He felt chilly and a little tired.

Something caused him to open them again, and he drew from inside his coat a crushed gardenia. He looked at it and smiled.

"My son," he said, "is marrying a lady."

THE END

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The High Rigger

Fighting It Out with a Man-Killing Tree

An Article by
WALLACE SMITH

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THE killer had struck back. The falling limb had fouled his rope and snapped it.

IT wasn't a very tall tree, as trees grow in these Oregon forests. It lifted its crest scarcely more than 200 feet above the jungle where the timber crew was working.

It was not its height that caused the toiling loggers to send their glances up through the eternal twilight of the deep woods. Nor was it merely the fact that thirty feet from the top a man clung at a dizzy angle to its shaggy side and attacked it with saw and ax.

This tree was a killer. Already it had flung one man, screaming, to death. It was waiting to murder another.

The loggers knew this. These men who make war on the big trees become mackinawed mystics. They believe trees possess personalities, with emotions and intelligence.

Since this crew had come in from the Lewis and Clark trail, the tree had been suspect. Three days before, the first high rigger had climbed it.

A high rigger—also called a timber tapper and a high climber—climbs with the aid of a steel-cored rope, looped and lashed to a wide leather belt. His duty is to lop off the knotty limbs and decapitate the tree—cut off its tip. The shaft that remains, strengthened by cables, is used as a stationary spar to drag other timber into camp.

The high rigger's job is the most hazardous of all the risky tasks in the woods. He cannot get insurance at any price.

Despite the forebodings of the crew, the first high rigger climbed the sinister, suspected tree, his saw and his ax dangling from his belt by long cords. He reached the first great limb, about 150 feet from the ground. He dug his spurs into the tree and hitched his climbing rope with a cat's-paw turn at the wide belt. Then he hauled up his ax and went to work, swinging at the great arm of the tree that had halted his climb.

From below, the timber crew saw the big limb start to waver. Then, in a swift, momentous arc, it dropped.

"There he goes!"

"I knew it!"

"That damn tree!"

There had come a scream that ripped the religious hush of the forest. A crackling—and a thud. Then another thud. The first man had been killed, hurled from the heights by the arm he had severed.

It had been obvious enough. The killer had struck back. But there was room for discussion. It was argued that the high rigger had thrown his climbing rope *under* the branch instead of above it. (There are different schools in high rigging, with varying technique.) And the falling limb had fouled his rope and snapped it.

"Get Lew Armsby," said the boss of the camp. "We need that tree for our high lead. We need it bad and we need it pronto!"

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Like New!

even after dozens of washings

SHEER, delicately colored, with a soft, silken sheen—*new* stockings. Oh! to keep them *new* until they wear out!

With Lux you avoid the *two unseen enemies* of silks—rubbing with cake soap and the injurious alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are flakes or chips or cakes. Enemies that quickly rob your stockings of their original silkiness, their delicate coloring!

ALWAYS wash silk stockings in rich, bubbling Lux suds. With tissue-thin, transparent Lux diamonds there is no ruinous rubbing—no harmful alkali. Lux leaves stockings silky and soft—it fairly gives them *new life!*

Use Lux for your silk dresses and underwear, too—your sweaters and other woolens. Sold only in the familiar Lux packages *for your protection.* Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux

[THE HIGH RIGGER
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

Now, Lew Armsby is a prince among the knightly adventurers of the timber tops. Lew is long and lean. In his face is the look of a sculptured Indian—high cheek bones, strong nose, and keen, dark eyes.

The high rigger literally spurns the earth and the toil of the earth. As long as he can climb he refuses all other work. And you never hear of a high rigger who quit, unbroken.

"There's nothing much a high rigger wants around a lumber camp that he can't have—and welcome," is a saying in the North Woods. He is humored like a gladiator being trained for the violence of the arena. He may be as fussy about his breakfast as a condemned man—and the camp cook will smile!

Among such spirits Lew Armsby is known for his fearlessness, his strength, and his gallantry. He works best when Mrs. Armsby, dressed as if for an afternoon reception, watches from below.

ARMSBY came striding down the trail in response to the need of the boss. By his side walked Mrs. Armsby, with some difficulty, because of her high heels. After him came Sancho, his armor bearer, carrying a bucksaw, the climbing spurs, and the steel-cored rope. Lew, himself, carried the fabled Armsby ax. He can throw it as neatly as a knife fighter flings his blade.

The boss talked. Lew listened silently, while his dark eyes measured the killer—for all the world like a confident prize fighter, from his corner, sizing up the other fellow. At last Lew made a motion to Sancho, who came forward with the knightly spurs. Through the brush went a quick whisper. Lew Armsby was going to top the killer!

Sancho worried around his master, fixing the buckles on his spurs, looking to the play of the cat's-paw in the rope, tying special knots in the ax and saw cords. Mrs. Armsby looked on. Lew's lips moved. He was telling her where to stand—a spot where she might watch him and still be safe from dropping limbs.

He strode to the tree. Sancho walked around it with the free end of the climbing rope. This Lew ran through a metal ring on his belt. He was lashed to the killer. It was the ultimate challenge.

Lew took a big chew of snuff and climbed three, four, five quick steps upward; then paused and flung the embracing circle of his rope. It caught above. Three or four jumping steps up, again the fling of rope, and more steps. Five times in the climb he stopped and shortened the loop, his life hanging in that cat's-paw knot. He did something else, too.

"Lew's seein' how rotten that tree is," they whispered in the brush. "He knows it's a killer."

"Shut up!" yelled the boss. "Are yez men or are yez mice?"

Mrs. Armsby, teetering on her high heels, which sank in the wet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Toughens the skin made tender by shaving..quickly heals the

UNSEEN NICKS

Have you ever wondered why your skin smarts after shaving, even when it has seemed perfectly smooth and when you've used the sharpest possible razor?

After every shave your skin has many tiny nicks—unseen, but not unfelt.

A dash of Pinaud's Lilac will heal them almost instantly. Used daily, it gradually toughens the skin without making it coarse. You'll like its cool, refreshing odor!

Get it at any drug or department store—*today*. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

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In Zero Cold or Tropic Heat—

it's Dependable!

Bowes Seal-Fast repairs punctures and blow-outs permanently! In one minute, without heat, cement, gasoline, or special tools. Never slips, leaks or creeps. It's the one and ONLY patented, self-vulcanizing rubber repair. Sold on a money-back guarantee wherever tires are used. Small Size 50c (good for 25 punctures), others $1, $1.50 and $4.50. At your dealer's, or postpaid.

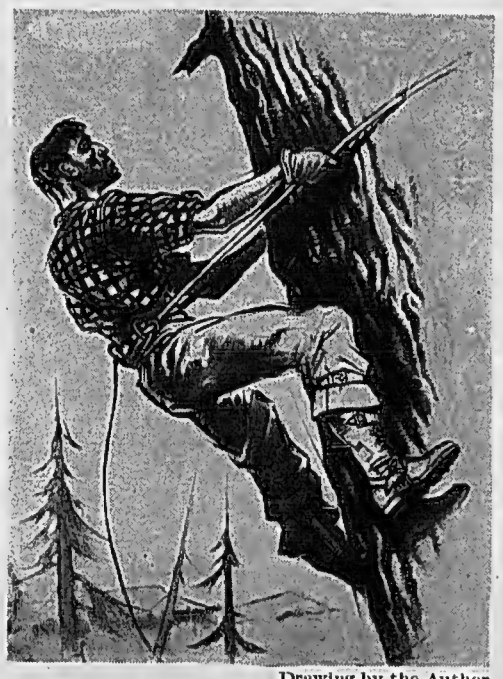
"Sold the World Over"

BOWES SEAL-FAST CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

ground, kept her eyes on Lew. She may have been pale. It was hard to tell under the gala rouge. Her marcel was a mechanical perfection. Lew had reached the scar of the limb that had killed the first high rigger. Another limb was just beyond it. Lew threw his rope *above* that limb and hitched it fast to his belt again. He looked down at her and waved his hand. Mrs. Armsby smiled—a smile that was as formal as the manner of her precise marcelling.

Then Lew really went to work. For six hours he labored—a tiny David, silhouetted against the sky; a tiny, persistent David, hacking away at a shaggy Goliath—an indifferent Goliath who had killed one man; who knew how to wait.



Drawing by the Author

Lew had reached the scar of the limb that had killed the first high rigger.

Limbs fell swiftly under Lew's ax. Limbs as big as whole trees in other lands. They seemed to cry out as they were cut from the trunk. There was a breathless drop and a thud that was brutal, almost nauseating, when they struck.

Six hours of this, with Mrs. Armsby's head turned upward. It wouldn't do to have Lew stop to wave and her not see him. Then the tree was ready for the major task—the topping.

Even the boss was looking upward then.

LEW had loosed his saw and sent it flying down into the brush. He widened the climbing loop. He made a jump outward from the tree. He dropped twenty feet before the loop caught. He shook it loose again, dropped, shook it loose, dropped——

The high rigger was calling it a day. Proud of his strength, after the heroic, cramping labor, he was descending in joyful, sickening bounds that carried him around and around the trunk like a particularly busy woodpecker.

Mrs. Armsby met him at the foot of the tree. He wiped a stain of snuff from his under lip, and kissed her. The boss came up with hopeful questions.

"Takin' a little rest, Lew? Before you top 'er?"

"I'm quittin'," said Lew, extending his leg for Sancho to remove the spurs. "That tree's rotten. She'll buckle and break when she's topped. The man who tops that tree is a dead man."

The whisper of that, too, went through the brush. Through all the North Woods as well. The talk was back in the settlement before Lew and Mrs. Armsby and Sancho came out of the forest. In far-off logging camps men spoke of the "murdering tree," and waited for the sequel as they wait for the awesome crash of a giant timber falling.

There was a sequel, of course. The boss despaired. It would be a brave high rigger who'd top that tree after what Lew Armsby had said; or one as desperate as the boss himself. The third high rigger came, alone, down the trail. His wife was back in another settlement, with the two children. A high rigger gets from eight to ten dollars a day—while he's working.

"Either she'll buckle or she won't," commented the third high rigger. "Let me have a man, will you, to tend my ground riggin'?"

HE took a heartening chew of snuff, and climbed. Thirty feet from the top he went to work. When a tree is "topped," the severed top, as it drops, bends the tree far over. The tree, as it is released from the tons of weight, springs back in a mad oscillation. At least, it does if it is a live, healthy tree. And the high rigger, with his rope sling properly *under* the felling cut, clings to the swaying trunk, looking like nothing so much as one of those monkey-on-a-stick toys—a very small monkey on a very large stick.

The third high rigger chopped in the "under cut" in the direction the top was to fall. From the other side he sawed and hacked. Two hours of this. The top began to lean—slowly—slowly——

The whole tree bent like a stubborn bow.

A deafening detonation — the crescendo of tortured sound that comes with a falling tree. It was a sound that those unfamiliar with cannon liken to artillery fire.

The maimed killer had buckled. The rotten trunk had snapped fifty feet under the high rigger. It plunged, with him clinging, to the earth.

His body, somehow, fell clear of the trunk. They were glad of that, the hard-boiled mystics of the woods, as they ran to where the body was.

Two men killed to conquer one worthless tree! A tough price. Well, tougher prices have been paid, are being paid, every other day or so in the woods of the Northwest.

Lew Armsby dropped by our cabin a couple of days ago. Mrs. Armsby was with him. She had a new marcel. Sancho, carrying the spurs, walked in worthy imitation of his master's stride. Lew was bound over St. Helen's way to top a 260-footer—a real giant.

THE END

The skill of famous Swiss experts first perfected these rare blends

So wonderfully blended by the Swiss years ago

that even now they're made in the same way

IN a little Alpine village Daniel Peter first invented milk chocolate fifty years ago. So perfect was his formula—that today Peter's milk chocolate—made exactly as Peter himself made it—is the delight of millions all over the world.

Of the many varieties of cocoa beans the six choicest go into Peter's. Blended by Swiss methods they impart their wonderful chocolate flavor to Peter's, the favorite milk chocolate of those who like the full strength chocolate taste.

Another great Swiss Blend—
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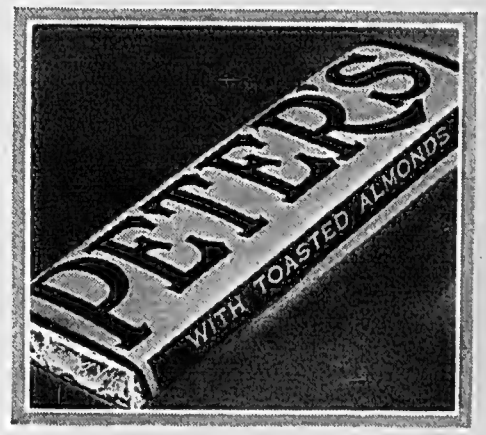
Then thousands of people asked for a second blend—creamy and mellow in flavor—so these same chocolate experts developed Nestlé's—richest in cream of all milk chocolate.

Nestlé's, too, is made from an old Swiss formula and blended by a secret process. Only the purest milk with all its cream is used in Nestlé's. That is why Nestlé's has won popularity all over the country as the creamiest of all milk chocolates.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars, plain or almond—or in the convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N. Y.



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PETER'S *is the richest in chocolate of all milk chocolates. Irresistibly delicious in flavor, it is the choice of thousands who love full-chocolate taste*

Richest in Cream

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PRUNES, stewed and served for breakfast, are a daily dish for millions of busy, healthy Americans! Perhaps you have this habit in your family; perhaps not.

Whether you ate prunes this morning or not, consider these scientific facts. They are important to all who feed families.

Energy and health for your family

Nature stored carbohydrates—rich, generous energy—in California Prunes. Pound for pound, here is a *fruit* that yields more energy than most of the foods that appear on your table!

California Prunes mean health. They belong in the well-balanced meal. Their tonic minerals check the acidity of meats and cereals. They contain health-giving vitamins. Doctors recommend them as a superior natural fruit laxative.

Delicious in many dishes

California Prunes deserve a regular place on your menus. Serve them at the daily breakfast table—of course. Experiment with them in all your cooking. They add a welcome touch of the unusual to every kind of dish—salads, desserts, pies, sandwiches, breads. Buy them and cook them three pounds at a time. Store them in glass jars—an emergency supply—ready for instant use!

And here—to delight your family—is a new recipe for California Prunes. It was prepared by one of the country's most famous cooks.

Prunes Victory

Wash a pound of medium-sized prunes. Place in casserole or earthen jar, cover with a quart of water and add a small piece of stick cinnamon, one cupful sugar and a clove. Place in the oven and simmer at very low temperature. Add half a teaspoonful vanilla. Cool, chill, strain and use the liquid for breakfast. Serve the prunes with cream for luncheon.

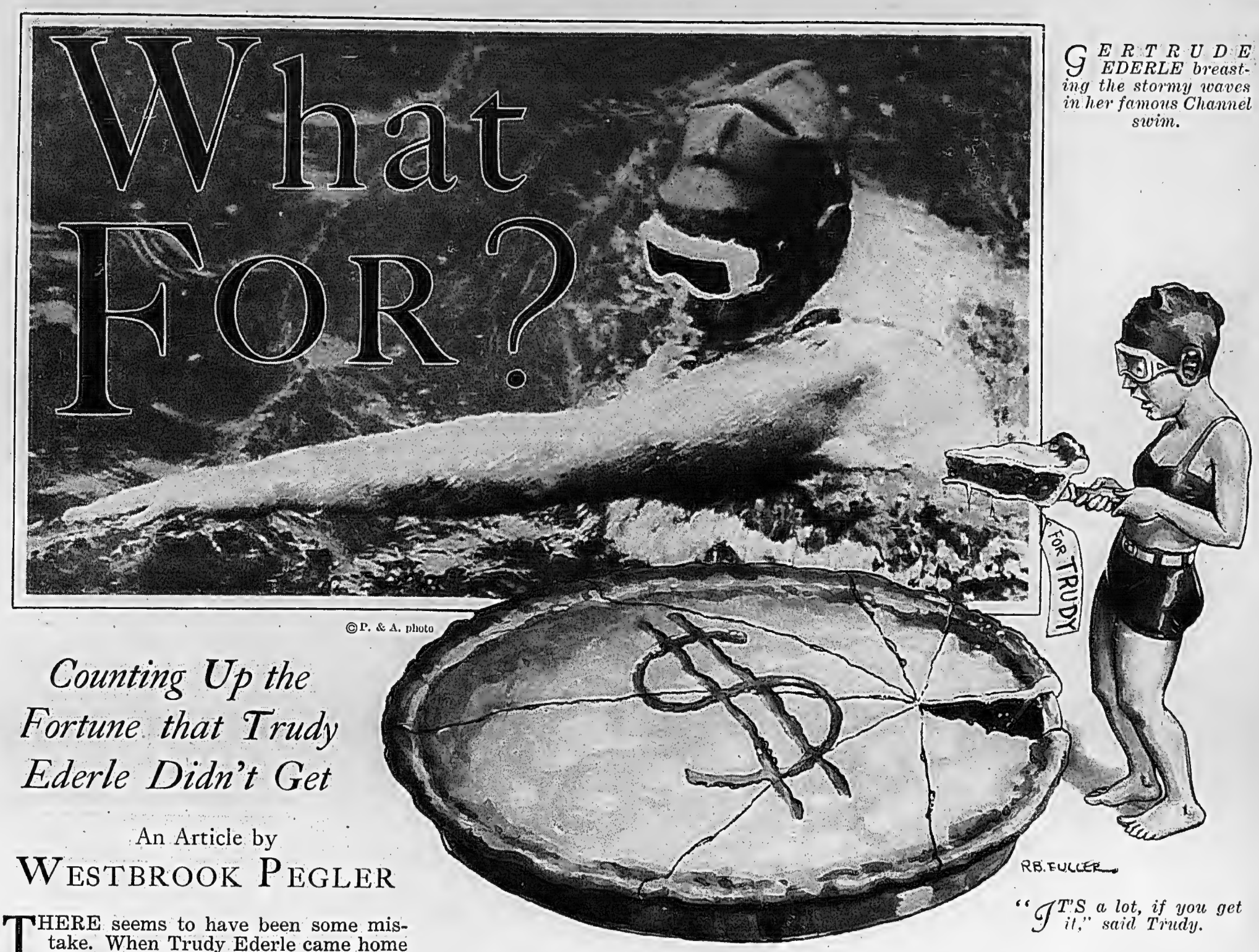
Every California Prune reaches you tender, plump and full-flavored. All its richness and sweetness brought out by sunny California days. Selected. Graded as to size. Packed scientifically and shipped at once to your dealer. Every pound, the same delicious quality.

The judges are at work, selecting the prize-winning letters about prunes in the $10,000 contest. The prizes will be announced soon. Watch for them in magazines and newspapers.

CALIFORNIA PRUNES

OF COURSE YOU SERVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST

Soak prunes for a few hours in cold water. Then let them simmer gently until tender and full-flavored. . . . Never boil.



©P. & A. photo

GERTRUDE EDERLE breasting the stormy waves in her famous Channel swim.

"IT'S a lot, if you get it," said Trudy.

Counting Up the Fortune that Trudy Ederle Didn't Get

An Article by

WESTBROOK PEGLER

THERE seems to have been some mistake. When Trudy Ederle came home from France that day last August, to ride up Broadway through a public hullabaloo that left the gutters ankle-deep in ticker tape and kindred festive debris, there was talk of a career that would make her rich by Christmas.

But, as I say, there seems to have been some mistake; because when I saw Trudy the other day, pretty weary from trouping across the country and back in a fish-bowl vaudeville act, she was wondering how that fortune had got away from her. She was being paid $6,000 a week for her act on the stage, and she had been out nine weeks. But she said she didn't know just how to answer the amiable people who still greeted her along her way as America's own Trudy and asked her how it felt to be rich, because all is not gold that glitters, nor velvet either.

"But," I said, "six thousand a week is not bad."

"It's a lot, if you get it," said Trudy in that bawling voice of hers, she being somewhat deaf from the hammering of the water against her eardrums, "but I don't get it."

"Who does, then?"

"Well," she said, "William Morris, the agent for my act, takes ten per cent."

"That's only six hundred dollars," I remarked brightly.

"Then there's a thousand a week for Dudley Field Malone, my lawyer—"

"What for?"

"He put up twenty-five hundred dollars to help pay my expenses when I went to France, and he acted as my lawyer and legal guardian."

"That's one thousand six hundred dollars," I said. "What else?"

"Then, there's another thousand a week for my father."

Trudy's father is wealthy. He owns a block of buildings on Amsterdam Avenue, New York—or so he told me—and a thriving frankfurter factory, besides which he won a lot of money betting on Trudy against the Channel.

I mentioned this. Trudy was a little apologetic about Pop's insistence on a one-sixth share of her earnings, so I didn't crowd her.

We had marked off $2,600 of the $6,000 thus far.

"Then," she went on, "I have to pay one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week for a press agent. I don't know why I need a press agent, because everybody knows who I am, and if there has to be a press agent, I should think the theaters would pay him, because it's up to them to get the business into the house. And if there has to be a press agent and I have to pay him, I don't see why I have to pay him one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, because it seems like an easy job to me. But they tell me I have to carry this man, so that's another hundred and seventy-five a week."

The $6,000 had now dwindled to $3,225.

"I've got to carry a manager, too," said Trudy. "He gets two hundred dollars a week."

"But," I interrupted, "I thought William Morris was managing you. What service do you pay him six hundred dollars a week for?"

"You see," Trudy admitted, with a baffled gesture of her pudgy hands, "I don't know much about this theatrical business; but, the way I understand it, Mr. Morris gets ten per cent for getting me the bookings. This manager arranges about shipping the baggage and paying the hotel bills and buying the railroad tickets, and during the act he makes a little speech on the stage telling the people what's going on."

The $6,000 a week was now $3,025.

"What else?"

"Helen Wainwright and Aileen Riggin do a couple of dives in the tank to keep the people interested while I'm changing my clothes, and they get two hundred and fifty dollars each."

"Isn't that pretty good pay for divers in vaudeville?"

"I know of some who get only fifty or a hundred a week, but Helen and Aileen are former amateur champions."

"Does the girl who swam the English Channel in a gale need ex-champion divers to bolster up her act?"

"I didn't get up the act," Trudy said. "I guess I could get divers for less. But I'm not the manager, although it's my act and I pay off. The stage hand who sets up the tank gets one hundred dollars a week, too; but he earns his money."

There was $2,425 left of that magnificent $6,000 a week now.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cash Registers in store of Howson-Corser Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

ADVANTAGES NO MERCHANT SHOULD OVERLOOK

PEOPLE fought the telephone, they scoffed at the first automobiles, and whooped with derision at the suggestion of heavier-than-air flying machines. But now that these inventions are established in our daily life, we are ready enough to believe when we hear of new inventions that greatly improve them.

It is natural that a newcomer in the field should build better than those who went before; he is spurred on by competition, and he is able to profit by the mistakes and shortcomings of others. The Remington Arms Company would never have gone into the cash register business unless they could make better registers.

Merchants were quick to understand this. In their eagerness for new methods that would help them make more money they turned to Remington Cash Registers. They found really modern machines with improvements that they had always wanted, but never could get before. They found registers with new and exclusive features that enable them to handle store transactions with greater ease, speed, and accuracy, and which give them greater control over their business.

Remingtons are made in many styles to suit many kinds of stores; but on every Remington there are valuable improvements that are found on no other machine.

Ask for a demonstration and learn how a modern Remington Cash Register will increase your profits. Sales and Service Offices are in all the principal cities of the United States and in Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver, Canada.

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Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, New York
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery

Remington
Cash Registers
REMINGTON UMC

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[WHAT FOR?
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

"How much are you getting, yourself?" I asked her.

"Sometimes I think I cannot be making anything. I have to pay all the railroad fares, and we have seven people, because I carry my sister, Helen, along for company. And there are a lot of extras for stuff to use on the stage, and baggage charges for shipping the trunks and the tank, and bills for water to fill the tank. And out in California I was invited to a luncheon given by some newspaper men, and when we were leaving I got a voucher for sixty dollars. Then I discovered that I gave the luncheon!"

I RECALLED the anguish of Charlie Pyle, the promoter of Red Grange and Suzanne Lenglen, one day last fall as he totaled up Trudy's potential earning capacity on the back of a laundry list, and deplored the fact that she had not come under his management.

Pyle's grief was picturesque as he contemplated the amateurish handling of Trudy Ederle while the weeks slipped away and the public enthusiasm cooled.

"I would have snatched that kid home the minute she came out of the water on Kingsdown Beach, without even waiting to send her back to France for her clothes," said Pyle. "And when she landed in New York I would have rushed her straight uptown to the Yankee Stadium. I would have had a big glass tank on the infield, and I would have had fifty thousand people there at from three to five dollars a head.

"I would have sold testimonials to chocolate companies and bathing-suit and bouillon companies. I would have turned out a Trudy Ederle doll and a Trudy Ederle powder puff and a lipstick and brassiere and a step-in and a bathing-shoe, and I would have taken her over the jumps on one-night hops to the Coast, where I would have had a job in the movies waiting for her.

"That girl and I could have made five hundred thousand dollars. But I never would have let her old man take her to Germany to show her off to his old pals in the roadside *gasthäuse* for two weeks."

That part of it can't be remedied. Trudy did delay her start for home two weeks to visit her grandmother in Germany, and she did turn down a great deal of trade in Europe.

For instance, there was an offer of $3,000 for three days in Berlin. A London concern wanted to give her $500 for speaking a few words on the radio. A London theater asked her to name her own price for an appearance there. And Carl Laemmle, the American moving-picture producer, who chanced to be in Carlsbad at the time, sent his secretary over to interview Trudy in Stuttgart, with the idea of engaging her for a movie.

Trudy could have had this money, but she turned it all down because Mr. Malone, back in New York, had suddenly become very much alive and had cautioned her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Page Mr. Peanut

Whenever you're hungry, call for Planters Salted Peanuts. You'll find them everywhere. Big, crisp peanuts, well roasted, properly salted. Irresistible. 5c in glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. "The Nickel Lunch."

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U. S. A. and Canada

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SALTED PEANUTS

Get Hair Like Mine

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Why envy me my luxuriant hair? It is a simple result of easy cultivation. I learned the secrets from the greatest hair experts in France.

I simply cultivate my scalp, keep it clean, fertilize and stimulate it, just as you would do with a flower garden.

The method I use was supplied me by French experts. I know it to be the best. It is highly concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. It takes but a minute a day.

As a result, I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. My hair is more luxuriant, at my grand old age, than it was when I was young.

I cannot conceive of a man or woman who will not employ my Hair Youth when they know it. It means no dandruff, no falling hair, no gray hair. It means all the luxuriance a healthy scalp can give hair.

All toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's Hair Youth. It is applied with an eye-dropper, and the dropper comes with each bottle. I urge you to see what it does. If you would rather try it before buying, send the coupon. That will bring you a sample, also an eye-dropper. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

For Trial Bottle A68-L

of Hair Youth mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10 cents for mailing expenses.

Name.....

Address.....

P. & A. photo

Pop Ederle, Trudy's father.

[Cont'd from Page 58]

to do no business until she saw him.

The change in Mr. Malone after Trudy swam the Channel was remarkable to see. Weeks before she went into the water there had been a worrisome row on the beach there at Cape Gris-Nez, where Trudy was training, because old Bill Burgess, her trainer, had jumped his contract. Then, if ever, Trudy had need of Mr. Malone's legal services. The hotel at Cape Gris - Nez was a wretched place. The food was dreary, there was no bath, and the nearest barber was 300 francs away as the taxicab plies.

Trudy sent word of her distress to Mr. Malone, who was then in Paris; but Mr. Malone did not go to Gris-Nez, and the party on the beach, unversed in the laws of France, bought Burgess back with a bonus of 20,000 francs, and covered him with a homespun contract drawn up by hand, so to speak.

THE American Bar Association really ought to have the original of that contract as a museum piece for its archives. But, though it was crude — like George Washington's bric-a-brac teeth, now to be seen among the knickknacks on the parlor whatnot in Mount Vernon, Virginia—the contract did the work. Burgess never got away again.

Up to this time I was what you might have called a member of the party without portfolio, as I had gone along to Europe with the expedition and up to Cape Gris-Nez. I didn't stay for the swim. But I hurled a few random *whereases* and *aforesaids* into that legal plum pudding that we got up for old Bill Burgess, and I know how badly Trudy needed some help from Mr. Malone about then.

I understood that Mr. Malone had put up $2,500 toward Trudy's expenses, but she never mentioned the fact that he had been granted one-sixth of her gross receipts. And as for Pop Ederle, the big-hearted, bluff daddy of the kid who was going to swim the Channel, there was never any idea that he was going to take a sixth for himself.

Pop gave off the idea that he was a sportsman in this thing, and he let it be understood that he had put up $2,500 to match Malone's contribution.

I learned recently that Pop's contribution consisted of $1,500 of his own money and $1,000 that Trudy had earned and saved—which means, of course, that she is now paying him a royalty for putting up her own money.

In my experience among prize fighters and professional athletes in other lines, Trudy is the first one who ever paid her backers or managers a percentage of the gross receipts. Others invariably deduct the expenses before declaring dividends; and, of course, in Trudy's case, she would do much better if she were paying Mr. Malone and Pop each one-sixth of the net. Their shares would be about $660 a week at that rate, and they would have borne a share of the cost of the swimming tank.

P. & A. photo

Trudy (center) and her troupe at the Sesquicentennial; Helen Wainwright (left) and Aileen Riggin.

I don't know what these loose-leaf glass bathtubs sell for as a rule, but Trudy paid $6,000 for hers, and she was told that this was a bargain. It seems that people were always willing to let Trudy have things cheap, like that, because they can't help liking her. That $6,000 came out of her net earnings.

In order to be sure of doing no injustice to Mr. Malone or Pop, I called on Mr. Malone and checked up.

Trudy's gross earnings to date had amounted to $64,000. This included an advance of $5,000 from the New York *Daily News*, which came in as a third backer of the swim, and a further $2,500 from the *News* as a reward for her success.

The original $5,000 from the *News* was intended as expense money, but now it develops that the entire $7,500 was lumped in Trudy's account as earnings, subject to the usual deductions.

P. & A. photo

Dudley Field Malone, Trudy's lawyer.

The gross account is composed of $54,000 for nine weeks in vaudeville, including one week at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial; $7,500 from the New York *Daily News*, $1,000 from a manufacturer of bathing-suits, and $1,500 for an appearance in Tacoma in an otherwise idle week.

Now you begin to subtract. You deduct one-sixth for Mr. Malone, and one-sixth for big-hearted, sporting Pop Ederle, who backed Trudy partially with her own money — or $21,332. Then you deduct $6,000 for the tank, and $8,775 as wages to the other members of the act, and $5,400 as a commission to Mr. Morris.

I HAVE no details as to the traveling expenses of the troupe or other deductions from Trudy's $6,000 a week; but, inasmuch as the party crossed the country twice, I believe an average of $300 a week would not be unduly pessimistic. That would be another item of $2,700.

So the deductions amount to $44,207, and the remainder is Trudy Ederle's great fortune of $19,793. These figures are not exact; but the proportions are right, because Mr. Malone told me Trudy's own share of the money to date was about $20,000.

He said his share up to this time had been about $8,800; but this figure does not tally with the account of Trudy's gross earnings.

But there the girl was. She did the greatest athletic feat ever performed by a woman when she plugged on through the storm long after her own trainer and her father, with tears in his eyes, begged her to quit. Mrs. Mille Corson, or Gade, as you prefer, who swam from France to England a few days after Trudy returned home, had a smooth day, and yet her time was far behind Trudy's.

There is a question as to whether Vierkötter, the German, ever swam the Channel at all; but if he did he used duck-foot gloves.

As for Michel, the Frenchman, who bobbed up on the English

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

POOR LITTLE GIRL!

How COULD *she ever play?*

Starched and ironed from top to toe and always admonished, "Now *do* be careful!" But a good fairy by the name of Fashion came to the Little Girl's rescue. She decreed that all little girls must wear *comfortable* clothes if they want to belong to the realm of Good Dress.

So skirts are shorter, sleeves are looser, ease is placed where tightness used to be. Shoes too have responded to this edict regarding the younger mode. Good-looking Educators have generous room for five *straight* toes.

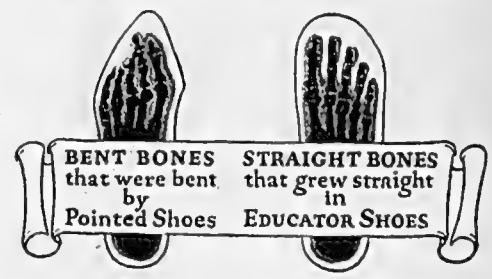
Shaped correctly to the bare foot, Educators let bones and muscles develop as Nature planned. They don't distort and crowd the feet, strain the body and lay the foundation for delicate health in the future.

Hard streets, long tramps, a score of activities of the modern girl, call for cushiony, full-toed Educators. And because she wants fashion with comfort, these shoes are graceful, flattering.

Put your children into smart, easy Educators now. They will thank you all their lives. Genuine Educators bear the Educator stamp. If your dealer does not carry them, order direct from Rice & Hutchins.

Address: 12 High St., Boston, U. S. A.

Send for free booklet, "Inside Comfort, Outside Style."



Made for every member of the family.

The NEW EDUCATOR SHOE®

Girl's "Paula" EDUCATOR Pump in Abbo Patent, Parchment Calf and Patent Leather.

Also Many Other Styles of Girls' Shoes.

[WHAT FOR? Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

coast one morning after Vierkötter's swim, announcing that he had just swum the Channel in a little more than eleven hours, there is no question at all. Michel just didn't do it, because he can't swim that fast or that far.

I have an idea that Trudy was "managed" out of a great opportunity. When she came home from France there were great possibilities in her for promotion; but her numerous family rallied around the kid and fought off friend and foe alike. They had money hysteria. They thought someone ought to pay Trudy $1,000 a whiff for breathing the air.

I don't know just where the errors in management occurred,

P. & A. photo

Trudy's welcome home

but here you have the result. She swam the Channel on August 6, and on January 16 of the following year she had had just nine weeks' work in vaudeville. She is a pretty girl, but she has had no work in the movies; and the return from the so-called by-products that Red Grange, Babe Ruth, and so many others turned to a pleasant profit has amounted to just $1,000 from the bathing-suit concern.

MR. MALONE gave several weeks of his time, which certainly is worth money, and he advanced $2,500 without knowing whether he would ever get back the money, so I suppose he is entitled to a profit. The question in his case, then, is one of proportion.

His contract expires in May, although he says he could have taken the same share of her earnings for three years instead of for only one year.

I don't quite understand Pop Ederle's idea. He was wealthy and the father of the greatest girl athlete in the world. He had a pleasant summer among the Pilsner, the Würzburger, and the schnapps. He won enough money to repay all his expenditures and leave a profit, and also Trudy's achievement was a great advertisement for his frankfurter studio.

So the thought of big-hearted Pop taking one-sixth of his kid's gross earnings, reduced as they are to a meager fraction of her expectations, brings back the cry that Trudy bawled through the wind and spray, that afternoon when old Bill Burgess and Pop were yelling for her to quit:

"What for?"

THE END

A Music Professor and the Harmonica

"Inspiring people to play a musical instrument means laying the foundation for much happiness and contentment" says Peter W. Dykema, Professor of Music Education at Columbia University. "No instrument is better adapted to universal use than the Harmonica. May the time soon come when *everyone* will feel it is an important part of his equipment."

This learned professor, who has taught thousands of students the way to happiness through music, knows that the Harmonica is one instrument which *anyone* may easily learn to play. And millions of people the world over know that to play the Hohner Harmonica is a source of happiness and satisfaction.

Get a Hohner Harmonica *today* and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies write: M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.

HOHNER Harmonicas

This Amazing New 2-Way

Glare-Shield

Banishes Fear of Night Driving

Imagine a dark night . . . a narrow road . . . a dreadful, blinding glare . . . a deafening crash . . . one of your loved ones pinned beneath a mass of tangled wreckage—and a Lee-See Glare Shield would have prevented it!

Don't Pay This Fearful Penalty

Right now—before it is too late—install a Lee-See Glare Shield on your car. Approach the most brilliant lights without fear. Be safe. This amazing invention will protect you—show you every inch of clear space ahead—make night driving a *pleasure* instead of a nightmare. Send for illustrated description and generous trial offer.

AGENTS—Sell Life Protection

Help to reduce the staggering total of 21,000 automobile deaths last year, most of them caused by blinding headlights . . . and earn big money quick! Motorists everywhere realize the need of this protection. Newspapers every day carry accounts of horrible accidents. That's why the Lee-See Glare Shield sells on sight at its astonishingly low price—and puts amazing profits in your pocket! The busy season is now starting. Over 20,000,000 cars will be on the highways this Spring. Prospects on every corner. Unique 30-second demonstration does the trick. Mail the coupon for full details of our no-risk trial offer and unusual money-making sales plan. Full or part time. No obligation. Just mail the coupon—*today!*

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Yes, send me full details of your no-risk trial offer and money-making plan for salesmen, with special discount prices. This does not obligate me.
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And By Day—A Rear View Mirror!

When not in use as a Glare Shield this amazing device becomes a highly efficient rear-view mirror. Absolutely unique. Special secret process baffles imitation and gives two necessities for the price of one.

$25 A Day Easy

Rhanney sold $140.40 *in one day*—Darnell, working evenings only, showed $226.20 profit in a month—$82 the first week for Geo. Smith. That's how fast this 30-second seller makes money for you. Get started and go after some of these records yourself at once. We'll tell how they did it and how you can do the same.

***Accept* This Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH**

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! For a sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

This new business is shipped to you under a novel co-operative plan. There are no "strings" or "red tape." We supply you with the complete equipment, advertising, etc., to make and sell a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. It costs less to make, yet sells four times as fast. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make up to $250 your very first week!

$3,000 in 3 Months

"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!"
Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be yours again. Just fill in and mail the coupon at once.

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Dept. D-60, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Food Display Mach. Corp.
Dept. D-60, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send me the facts about your co-operative plan and how I can start my own business at once.
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City..... State.....

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

There have been so many repetitions of questions that we have decided to devise them ourselves.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make:

1—Has the belief that unmarried women may propose in Leap Year any basis in fact?

2—Where do the "high seas" begin?

3—What is the only State in the Union that does not observe Labor Day as a legal holiday?

4—What gem of great value is rarely found in a flawless state?

5—In how many World's Series has Babe Ruth played?

6—What Jew became Prime Minister of England?

7—What is the range of salaries for governors of States?

8—What are the two countries in the Western Hemisphere that do not border on the sea?

9—At what altitude do the highest clouds float?

10—What prominent Confederate General was killed by his own men?

11—Who was the only member of a Presidential Cabinet ever impeached?

12—What living violinist won sensational success in a public concert when he was only six years old?

13—Who are the only Japanese admitted to the United States under the present immigration laws?

14—What American naval commander became a rear admiral in the Russian service?

15—What living English poet was once a bartender in a New York City saloon?

16—What was the "Wicked Bible"?

17—What is meerschaum and where is it obtained?

18—What is the deadliest poison in common use?

19—Who has been woman tennis champion of the United States oftener than any other?

20—How can an enlisted man in the United States Army secure his discharge before the end of his enlistment period?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are the answers to last week's questions submitted by readers of LIBERTY:

1—What is the dried meat of the coconut?—*F. Neumer, New York City.*
A.—Copra.

2—When was the Era of Good Feeling?—*E. J. Westgate, Norton, Mass.*
A.—Monroe's Administrations, 1817 to 1825.

3—Where are the three Federal prisons located?—*Dick Connelly, Newark, Ohio.*
A.—Leavenworth, Kan.; Atlanta, Ga.; McNeil Island, Wash.

4—Who first produced artificial sleep by ether?—*Jeanette A. Johnson, Dayton, Ohio.*
A.—Dr. William T. G. Morton, at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, in 1846.

5—What tribe of Indians in recent times declined American citizenship and refused to live on a government reservation?—*Cecile Ladue, Okeechobee, Fla.*
A.—The Seminoles of Florida.

6—What is the distance from the pitcher's box to the home base on a regulation baseball field?—*P. A. Hays, Chambersburg, Pa.*
A.—Sixty feet six inches.

7—Which of the Southern States was the first to secede from the Union?—*Bernard Picard, Birmingham, Ala.*
A.—South Carolina.

8—What prize fighter invented boxing gloves?—*Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.*
A.—Jack Broughton.

9—What American division during the recent World War was the first to set foot upon German soil? When and where?—*M. W. Hildebrand, Battle Creek, Mich.*
A.—The 32d Division; in Alsace, in May, 1918.

10—Who was the author of "To err is human, to forgive divine"?—*M. D. Ritson, Elizabeth, N. J.*
A.—Alexander Pope, in the Essay on Criticism.

11—What President killed a man in a duel?—*Mrs. R. B. Crose, Giltner, Neb.*
A.—Andrew Jackson.

12—Under what department does the Coast Guard operate?—*J. R. Jackson, Key West, Fla.*
A.—Navy Department during war, and Treasury Department in peace.

13—Who was the first man to sail around the Cape of Good Hope?—*Robert George, Anderson, Ind.*
A.—Vasco da Gama.

14—Who wrote The Star-Spangled Banner?—*Mrs. G. MacClure, Long Beach, Calif.*
A.—Francis Scott Key.

15—Which country in South America has a constitution similar to that of the United States?—*J. G. Freitas, Troy, N. Y.*
A.—The United States of Brazil.

16—To what race do the Hawaiians belong?—*Vera Morel, New Orleans, La.*
A.—The Polynesian.

17—Who were the Rough Riders and what memorable feat did they accomplish?—*Wenona Payne, East St. Louis, Ill.*
A.—The First Regiment of United States Volunteer Cavalary, organized for the Spanish-American War by General Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt. They made themselves immortal by their charge up San Juan Hill.

18—Which is the only State in the United States to elect its Governor for three years?—*Tallant Tubbs, San Francisco, Calif.*
A.—New Jersey.

19—Who was the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Panama Canal?—*Arthur Simmons, Albany, N. Y.*
A.—Colonel George Washington Goethals.

20—In what poem is found the quotation: "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley"?—*Ethel E. Prince, Baltimore, Md.*
A.—To a Field Mouse, by Robert Burns.

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C. E. COMER, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

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Think. $9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.
Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $150 a week and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you. My complete line of suits ranging from $9.95 to $18.50 gives you a suit for every pocketbook and every need. Just mail this coupon for details.

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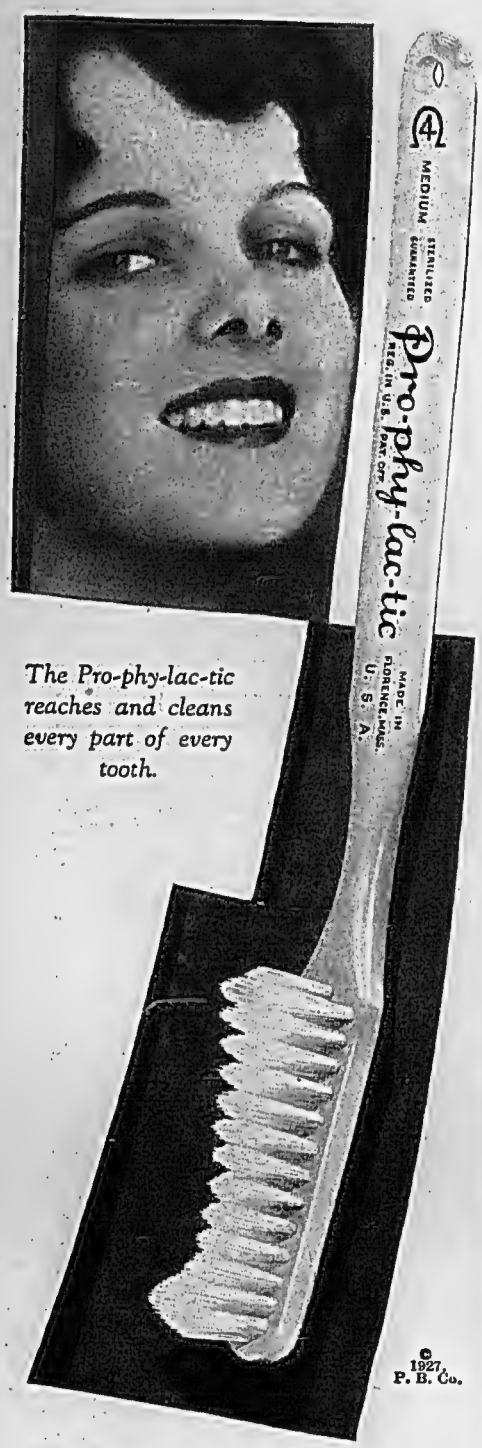

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No tooth too remote

for this curved brush to reach

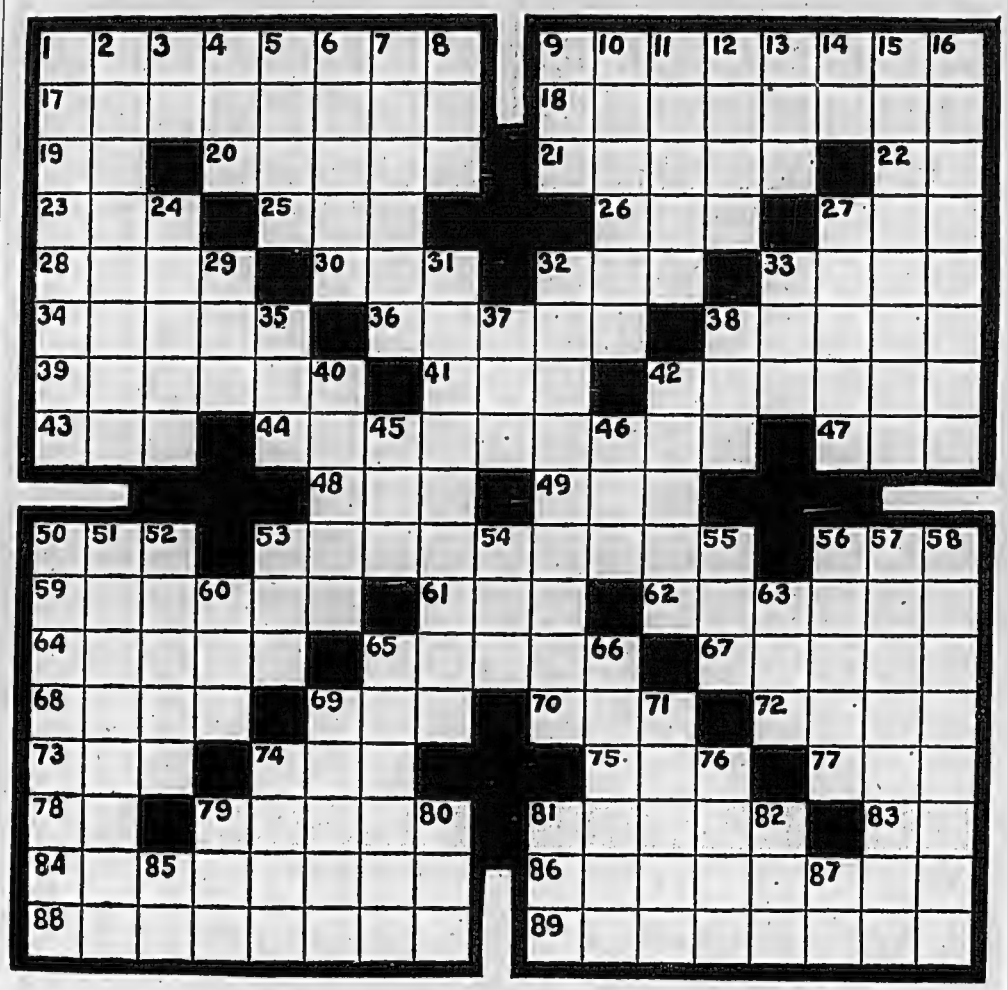
ARE *all* your teeth easy to reach and clean? See how easy it is with this tooth brush. Note the curved bristle surface of the Pro-phy-lac-tic. See how it contacts with every tooth. When this curve was designed, *every single* tooth was considered.

See the big end tuft. This enables you to get 'way in the back of your mouth and scrub those hard-to-get-at molars. And in helping you to do all this the curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic plays a big part. It conforms to the formation of the jaw and makes the brush comfortable to use.

Sold by dealers all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

THE weekly prize of $25 awarded for the best original cross-word puzzle continues to find a home in various parts of the country. Many a deserving puzzle-maker misses the prize by a narrow margin. It may be that the puzzle contains Roman numerals. That at once dismisses it, as Roman numerals are not legitimate words. Or perhaps abbreviations and initials are used that are not sanctioned by any dictionary. Do not spoil a good puzzle by such trifling errors as those mentioned. The editor will be glad to answer any question regarding puzzles, if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is inclosed. Send puzzles and questions to Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 31

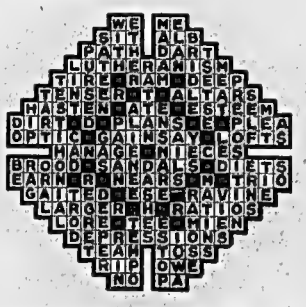
By STELLA M. DOUCETT, Malden, Massachusetts

HORIZONTAL

1 Coarsest; rudest
9 Institution for medical treatment
17 To repudiate
18 A deerlike animal
19 Like
20 An embankment to prevent inundation
21 To rotate rapidly
22 A bone
23 Obscure
25 A unit of weight
26 An insect
27 Equine quadruped
28 Employs
30 Assent
32 To weary
33 Speechless
34 A large size of paper
36 Exhaust
38 Worshiper of false gods
39 Sounded in short, rapid blasts
41 One hundred thousand rupees
42 To appoint as an agent
43 A bird of prey
44 The horse-radish
47 A color
48 Corrode
49 A breed of dog
50 A staff
53 Athletic
56 Feminine proper name
59 Eluded
61 The nave of a wheel
62 Tabulated statements
64 Supported bar for shifting weight
65 South African antelope
67 Benefits
68 Ireland
69 A fish
70 Purpose in view
72 A molding
73 To perform
74 Soda
75 Procure
77 To mistake
78 Thus
79 A month
81 The eyelashes
83 Near
84 To cause to lose flesh
86 To precede in time
88 Insane
89 Inferred and reached conclusions

VERTICAL

1 To change gradually
2 Device providing resistance for electric current
3 Over and in contact with
4 A note of the diatonic scale
5 Fat
6 An emissary
7 Parts of a play
8 A mound
9 Headwear
10 Forward
11 Strong, offensive smell
12 Saucy
13 Diseased
14 Toward
15 Traitorous
16 Diminished
24 A fruit
27 To foretell
29 Perched
31 Daubed
32 Unable
33 Plan
35 Billow
37 Fruiting spike of grain
38 Herb of the bean family
40 Anticipate with foreboding
42 Numerical symbol
45 Humanity in general
46 To reduce in price
50 Discharged
51 To surmount, as a difficulty
52 Hoisting device on a vessel
53 For each
54 To repent
55 Housing on a locomotive
56 Funeral oration
57 To esteem as sacred
58 Declared positively
60 Lair
63 To hoot at
65 Mannerly
66 A motor
69 A measure of weight
71 Letter of the Greek alphabet
74 Whirl
76 Bonds
79 A playing card
80 Guided
81 A conveyance
82 Bustle
85 Exist
87 One



Answer to Puzzle No. 30

Insure your personal effects

IT would cost so much to replace them—and costs so little to protect yourself against the expense of replacement if they are stolen, or destroyed while in the hands of transportation companies, in hotels, clubs and all public places, or anywhere outside your home.

Ask any North America Agent to explain how Tourist Baggage Insurance protects you against the loss of personal effects. Or send the attached coupon for complete information.

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where it is instantly smothered in the weighted base. No fumes—no muss—no trace.

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Insist on securing the genuine NO-ODOR with its many superior features. If you cannot conveniently get it at the store, tear out this ad and mail with your name and address.

A NO-ODOR will go to you at once C. O. D., only $9.00, shipping charges paid. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Specify color.

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WATERBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

Our Fightin'est Fighter

The Story of ANDREW JACKSON—

Barroom Scrapper
Duelist
Romantic Lover
Conquering General
Spoilsman
President

Old Hickory.

Peggy O'Neill, Andrew Jackson's protegée, from a painting by Thomas Sully.

A later picture of Peggy O'Neill, as Mrs. Eaton.

The beautiful Peggy during the ladies' war in Washington.

Martin Van Buren, one of the bachelors Jackson induced to call on Peggy.

By
CLIFFORD RAYMOND

PERSONAL combats of singular ferocity had marked the life of Andrew Jackson as he swept along the path that led to the White House. His duel with Dickinson and his free-for-all fight with the Bentons were made fresh in the public mind when he became President. In the White House Old Hickory continued his wars. The most picturesque of these was fought not on the field of Mars, but in the court of Venus. It was a ladies' war, with the veteran standing almost alone in defense of Peggy O'Neill, against a social cabal in Washington society.

PART THREE

PEG O'NEILL was the daughter of a Washington tavern-keeper. Washington had been designed as a city of grand prospects by Major L'Enfant, the French engineer, who, under President Washington's eye, planned on the site a capital for a great nation. It was, in its planning, a great dream, but in its early days, a muddy town. Congressmen boarded around, lived two in a room, and sloughed about in the slush and discomforts of a frontier.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is National Baseball Week

PLAY BALL!

"Ole sol" starts poking his way back north, the buds begin to swell and the little birdies start to chirp that summer is not far behind. But it's all a fadeout compared to the sweet music of the umpire's "Play ball."

The big push starts. The greatest of all sports is under way for another year and every real American boy and man has one more reason for living.

Look for this cut-out in the window of your Sporting Goods Dealer. It means he has Hornsby gloves in stock and will gladly show them to you.

APRIL 4th to 11th is the official National Baseball Week and is the logical time to replace old equipment with new. Slip your hand into the World's Championship baseball glove designed by Rogers Hornsby himself and built by Wilson.

It's the same glove that the "Great Rajah" used during the entire series when he copped the pennant. Confidence?—man alive, it will just make you exude confidence and it would take a pretty hot baby to get by you when you're equipped with a Wilson Hornsby.

It's ready broke, made of specially oil treated horsehide of finest quality throughout. Diverted seams prevent ripping and give long wear. It also has hand tailored asbestos padding and a special Hornsby Tunnel Loop Thumb Web.

These are just a few of the features that will wed you to it "from now on."

Ask your dealer to show you both the regular four finger and three finger models and let one of them step up your game for the coming season. Each $9

The Hornsby Junior for boys an exact duplicate of the big league model in every respect—sells at $5

THE FINEST GLOVE IN BASEBALL

Rogers Hornsby FIELDERS' GLOVE

Three Finger Type

It's a Wilson

Manufactured by

Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

When Senator Eaton and his wife entered, there was such a turning up of the Creeks, British, and Seminoles to

[OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER Continued from Page Sixty-three]

William O'Neill's tavern was a favorite. It was Jackson's home in Washington in his days before the Presidency. Mrs. O'Neill was a fine sort. Mrs. Jackson, when she lived in Washington in 1825, knew and liked her.

Senator John H. Eaton of Tennessee lived with the O'Neills. Peg O'Neill had charm. She helped her father and mother in the tavern, and was the early nineteenth-century equivalent of the blonde at the cigar counter or the snappy brunette in the cashier's cage.

Peg had to meet gentlemen who preferred blondes and gentlemen who did not get sore eyes looking at brunettes. She had to have the line of early nineteenth-century comebacks to witty and important or sappy and urgent men of affairs, or of no affairs, who came in out of the mud to sit in Mr. O'Neill's common rooms, or to take their meals and have their lodging there.

Peg was a great favorite. We see her with sparkling eyes, her elbows bare, selecting a wine for a Senator or bringing some corn liquor. Maybe she didn't, but the indictment was that she was "tavern-raised." She tosses the ball back as she gets it.

There is a plump elbow under a gentleman's chin when he seeks lips. Laughter, roguery, witticism, comebacks, a frown, a smile, and drinks for the gentlemen—and may they behave as such. That is the way in which Peg, about to make a President, comes out of the past.

JACKSON was by experience sensitive to the honor of and respect for womanhood. He seems to have been of natural sexual reticence. He was in this respect austere, reverential, and formal. Rachel had been his idol. She was dead. He was lonesome. He and Rachel never smoked pipes together in the White House. He was there, but she was buried.

He must have abhorred insinuations against the chastity of women. He believed in that chastity. He was a backwoodsman. On the frontier, man and wife stood shoulder to shoulder at a loophole. The wife loaded one rifle as the husband shot the other. When they had acres, crops, competence, peace, and growing children, they could sit at the fireplace, smoke

of noses as reduced the conqueror raging inconsequence.

their long pipes, and look at each other in terms of accomplishment —a rare state, or even ecstasy, of mind for human beings to achieve.

It was in this fashion—in bereavement—that Andrew Jackson came to the social problem that vivacious Peg O'Neill ultimately brought to him.

Peg married a navy man—Timberlake, a purser. He finally was sent on Mediterranean duty with his squadron, and there in melancholy he killed himself. There was plenty of gossip back in Washington to relate that he had been brought to this by his wife's misconduct.

Major Eaton had been a Senator for eleven years. He had lived with the O'Neills. When Jackson, as President, was choosing a Cabinet, he wanted one of his Tennessee friends and partisans in it with him. After some indecision as to whom this should be, the choice was Senator Eaton, who was made Secretary of War.

Eaton's name had been associated with that of Peg O'Neill Timberlake in Washington gossip. There were ladies who said that the purser on his Mediterranean station had taken his own life because of Peg and Senator Eaton.

Eaton liked Peg enough to want to marry her, but before he did so he laid the whole matter before his political chief, before the inauguration. Jackson said yes. "If there is gossip this will settle it."

JACKSON was wrong again. Senator Eaton married Peg; but when he and his wife entered the Cabinet, there was such a turning up of noses as reduced the conqueror of Creeks, British, and Seminoles to raging inconsequence.

Jackson, when in Washington with Mrs. Jackson, had attended the Presbyterian church. His pastor, the Rev. J. N. Campbell, learned that Major Eaton, who had married Peg O'Neill Timberlake, was to enter President Jackson's Cabinet, and he was scandalized.

In Jackson's first Cabinet, Ingham, Treasury Department; Branch, Navy, and Berrien, Attorney-General, all were Calhoun men. The Calhoun forces also wanted the War Department, into which Jackson put his own man, Eaton.

The scandalized Mr. Campbell did not care to approach Jackson directly in the matter of Eaton and his wife, who had been married in January, 1829, a few weeks before Jackson came to Washington to make ready for his inauguration. He interested the Rev. E. S. Ely of Philadelphia, who had known Jackson for years and who was then in Washington.

ELY did not get to see Jackson, but, returning to Philadelphia, he wrote the President-elect a letter in which he said that Mrs. Eaton had been notoriously dissolute from girlhood; that her children were Eaton's children and not Timberlake's; that no lady in Washington would receive her; and that it was well known she and Eaton had traveled around together.

"For your own sake," Mr. Ely wrote, "for your dead wife's sake, for the sake of your administration, for the credit of the government and the country, you should not countenance such a woman."

Jackson did not believe these charges. He wrote letters protesting against the un-Christianity of the slander. He demanded evidence and offered rebuttal. He investigated records, had correspondence with both Ely and Campbell, had them in conference with himself and his Cabinet advisers. He grew sharp, short-tempered, and testy, and finally angry, without breaking down the ministers' convictions, although he was sure he had broken down their evidence.

Ely had said that a New York tavern register showed that Peg and the Major had registered as Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. Jackson said Mr. Timberlake was with them, and that if the registration was as alleged, it merely indicated that the tavern-keeper had missed a guess when he wrote down the names.

As the case gained celebrity, Timberlake's shipmates signed a statement that the purser always had been affectionate in his references to his wife and children, and that he had cut his throat in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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After golf, tennis or other sports...

... rub in Absorbine, Jr.,

it relieves stiffness, lameness, soreness

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Absorbine, Jr. scatters congestion. Over night — like magic — the aches and soreness disappear. Muscles are kept flexible—ready for another vigorous day.

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Read Timely Suggestions, packed with each bottle
At all druggists', $1.25 or postpaid

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Sample bottle sent on request

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

[OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER]
[Continued from Page Sixty-five]

depression following a shore-leave drunk.

Jackson's spirit was up, his chivalry engaged, and it was a fight of near and tender memories. He had been through it for Rachel.

"Female virtue," the sententious, otherwise hard-boiled sentimentalist wrote in one letter, "is like a tender and delicate flower: let but the breath of suspicion rest upon it, and it withers and perhaps perishes forever."

Jackson thought he had won. He had not begun the fight. The ministers withdrew. The ladies of Washington came up into the trenches. All this popped out on Jackson before his inauguration, and it was still going strong near the end of his first term. For a while, in the first few weeks, it drove other things out of his head, such as establishing Mr. Martin Van Buren's Tammany theory that government jobs go to the victor by right, and his own theory that Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank were enemies of democracy. He went into the ladies' war.

IT was a losing fight, but the old warrior was a golden knight in it. He was so much Galahad and so much charity. The slug-filled and recently bereaved Old Hickory stood up for a woman against all the offended womanhood of official Washington. The women of his Cabinet family would have nothing to do with Mrs. Peg O'Neill Timberlake Eaton, wife of the Secretary of War.

Jackson had no chance. The ladies would not admit Mrs. Eaton to their circle, and there was nothing their husbands could do about it, if they had wanted to.

Mrs. John C. Calhoun, wife of the Vice-President, would not receive Mrs. Eaton or visit her; nor would Mrs. Berrien, Mrs. Branch, or Mrs. Ingham.

Jackson's niece, Mrs. Donelson, was mistress of the White House. She would receive Mrs. Eaton, but would not call on her. Jackson told her if that was the way it stood with her she'd better go back to Tennessee. She did. Her husband was Jackson's private secretary. He also went back to Tennessee. Six months later this breach was bridged and Major and Mrs. Donelson returned.

Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of State, was a bachelor, that socially immune animal of whom nothing is expected except good manners—a happy insolvent in morals and economics.

Mr. Van Buren could call on Mrs. Eaton in this war of frigid faces, and he did. He had his hat brushed. He put on his gloves. He went to his carriage and his carriage stopped the way at Mrs. Eaton's door.

If there had been a Mrs. Martin Van Buren he would have joined Calhoun, Branch, Berrien, Ingham, and Donelson in the domestic bombproof. Gay Mr. Martin Van Buren was on his way to the Presidency when his soft hand touched Mrs. Eaton's knocker.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Brighten
dull, heavy Eyes *safely!*

Without the aid of belladonna or other harmful drugs, *Murine* imparts new lustre to the dullest eyes. Use this soothing, refreshing lotion every evening to rid your eyes of irritating particles and prevent a bloodshot condition.

Murine is quickly and easily applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. No unsanitary, inconvenient eye cup is needed. Millions now use this long-trusted lotion to keep eyes clear and bright.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free — Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

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Face Powder
Used by stage stars
By Edna Wallace Hopper

I know you believe that I employ the best powders men have made. I searched the world to get them. I used to pay $5. per box, as did many of my friends. We on the stage and in movies never care how much we pay for supreme effects.

But I can now supply those identical powders at very modest prices. At 50c and $1. per box. Just because I order in enormous lots. And I have placed them on all toilet counters as Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders.

There is only one quality, but it comes in two types. One is called my Youth Cream Powder—a heavy powder which clings and stays. I use that always. But many prefer a light and fluffy powder without the cold cream base. So I supply both types.

Both of these types come in four shades—white, flesh, brunette and peach.

Let me send you samples. Learn what exquisite powders are now made for those who demand the best. A test will be a revelation. My latest Beauty Book will come with the samples. Clip the coupon. Do it now.

Sample Free 38-L

Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive. Chicago. I want to try
☐ Youth Cream Powder ☐ Face Powder
White—Flesh—Brunette—Peach
.....
.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

There were other bachelors in Washington who knew that the favor of the stark old widower, the greatest power in the country, could be had by a hand that reached for the knocker on Mrs. Eaton's door.

Two of the bachelors were Mr. Vaughan, the British minister, and Baron Krudener, the Russian minister. They had every reason to win friends in the Cabinet and in the White House by friendliness to the lady the Secretary of War had married, the lady to whom the Secretary of State bowed in spite of a social taboo, and the lady the President of the United States was defending as if she were his own daughter.

Mrs. Eaton had a hard time. The President was granite. The ladies were adamant. Neither force would give in. But the ladies, glacial toward Peg, could shift with a rapidity of offensive tactics that utterly bewildered the military tactician who was in the White House.

The bachelor Van Buren, aided by his British and Russian friends, could give balls and star Peg in them. But cotillions dissolved when Mrs. Eaton took her place in them. Ladies went home when they found their plates were at Mrs. Eaton's table.

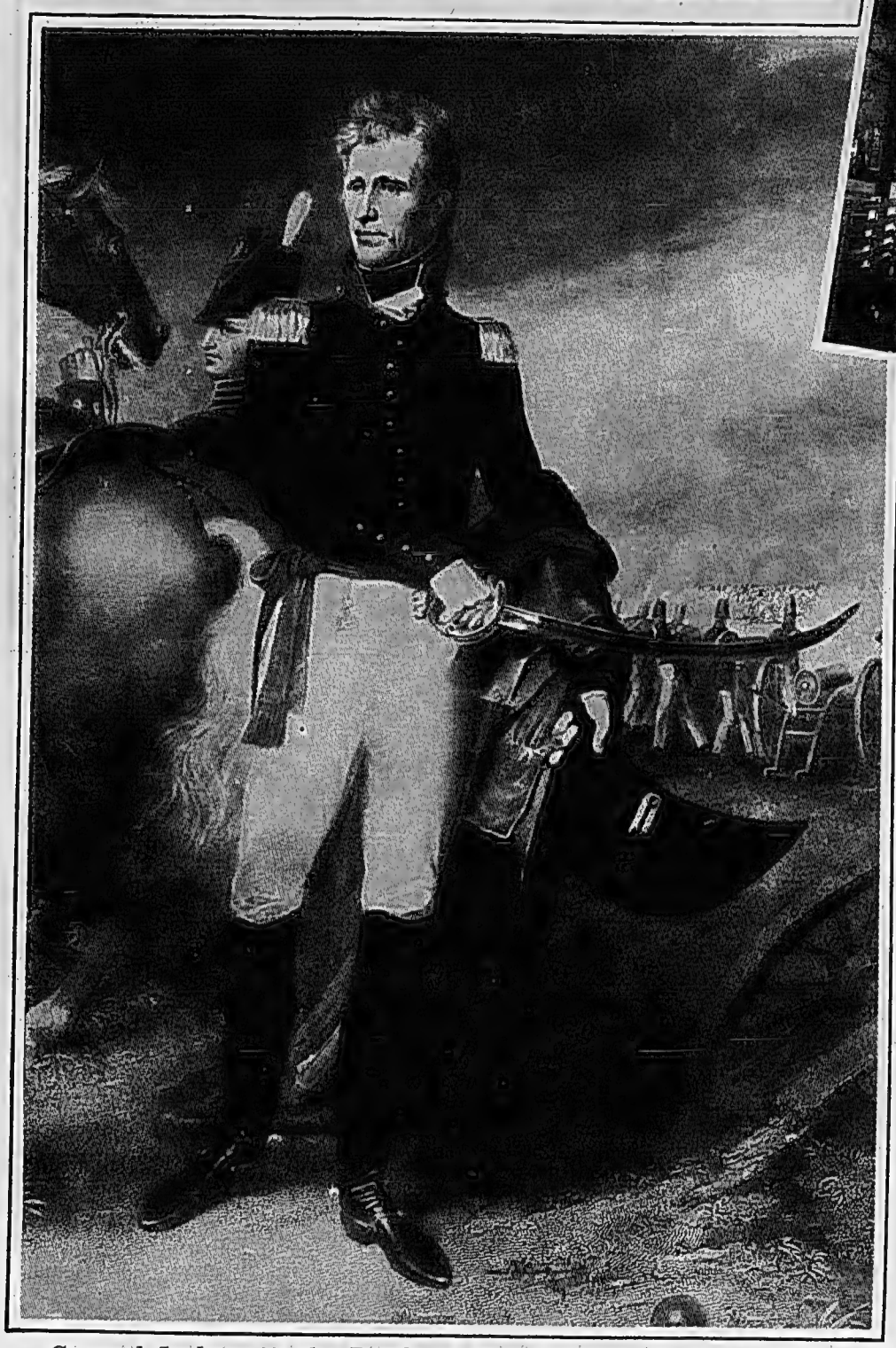
Baron Krudener, at a ball, inveigled Mrs. Huygens, the wife of the Netherlands minister, into taking Mr. Eaton's arm for supper. The European spectators at this social and stark conflict between the lank Tennesseean President and the ladies of his government must have had hilarious sport. When Mrs. Huygens found that by taking Mr. Eaton's arm she was led to Mrs. Eaton's table, she turned so pale and faint that she had to decline supper, withdraw from the room, and be taken home.

President Jackson, seeing this most successful affront given Mrs. Eaton, was so infuriated that for a time he insisted on sending the Holland minister home.

If either Keane or Packingham, as they commanded the British army along the river south of New Orleans, had had, in the fifteen days of that battle, the tactical genius of Jackson's Cabinet ladies sixteen years later in attacking the wife of the Secretary of War, Jackson must have been driven through New Orleans and at least as far north as Natchez before the word of the Christmas Eve peace at Ghent came across the Atlantic.

The bachelors—the American Van Buren, the British Vaughan, and the Russian Krudener—did not give up with the defeat administered by Mrs. Huygens. Jackson gave a state dinner. Mr. Vaughan's arm was offered Mrs. Eaton. She was conducted to the head of the table and placed at the side of the President, whose attentions then further indicated that she was the guest of honor.

The bachelors and the widowers could do nothing with the ladies. They stiffened at the dinner table and froze in the coffee-room later.



General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans, from a painting by John Vanderlyn.

P. & A. photo

The beautiful drive up to the Hermitage, Jackson's home near Nashville, Tennessee.

EATON was having a miserable time, hurt to the quick, compelled to march up in full uniform into the fire of these deadly feminine batteries, and never able to remove his wounded. It was still a day of scurrilous anonymous assault by post. Eaton had a taste of that. It came to a point where he spoke to Branch, Ingham, and Berrien only in Cabinet meetings.

The men of the Cabinet had tried to keep themselves out of the ladies' war and could not. There was a pro-Eaton party and an anti-Eaton party. Ingham, Branch, Berrien, and Vice-President Calhoun were definitely anti-Peg.

Eaton and Branch had a quarrel. They were reconciled. Branch said he could not control his family. Eaton said he would not ask him to try to do so. Jackson said there was a damnable conspiracy in the parlors of Washington to keep Mrs. Eaton from being invited to parties. He was asked if he would storm the ladies in their parlors.

Jackson's answer was to clap Mrs. Eaton's bonnet on his head as a helmet, and, with her glove in it as a guerdon of victory, to dash away into a continuation of a war in which he did not have

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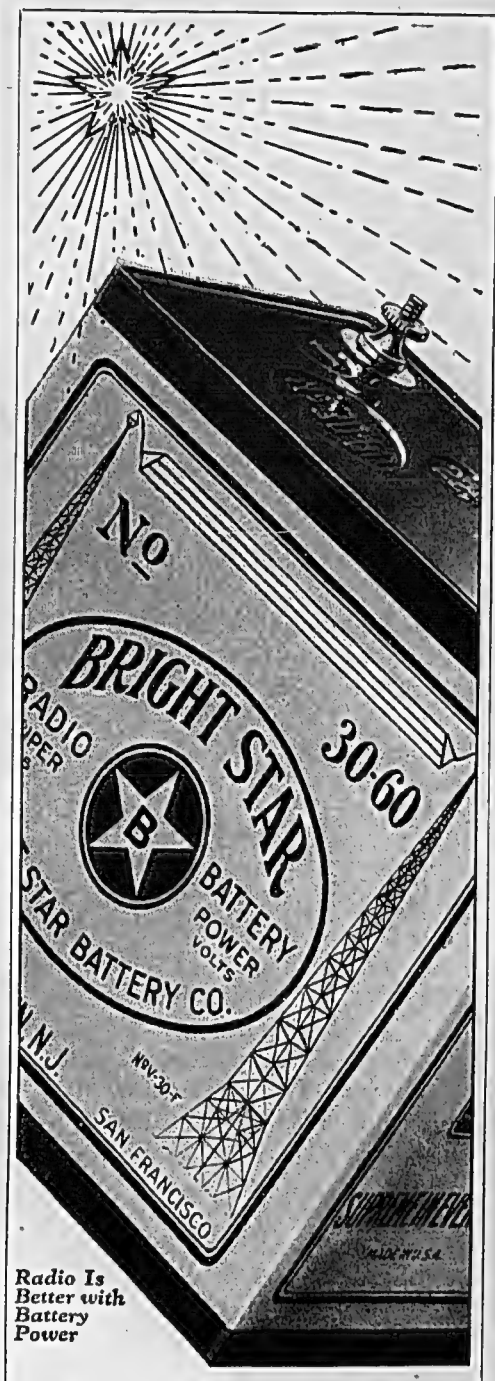

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The Vital Part Of Your Radio Is The Battery

It is impossible to obtain the full measure of enjoyment from your radio set with batteries built under *ordinary methods.*
The brilliant performance, the unvarying dependability, the enduring life and *supremacy in every test* of Bright Star A, B and C batteries strongly emphasizes the superiority of the *Bag Type construction* of these batteries.
The life-giving elements are moulded to a precision—not carelessly tamped into a paper separator—and are securely wrapped in cloth. This extra care in building Bright Star batteries costs us more but not the user. It prevents destructive corrosion—disintegration and loss of power now common to other radio batteries.
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The prices of these *super power* batteries are no higher than other makes. At all Radio Dealers.

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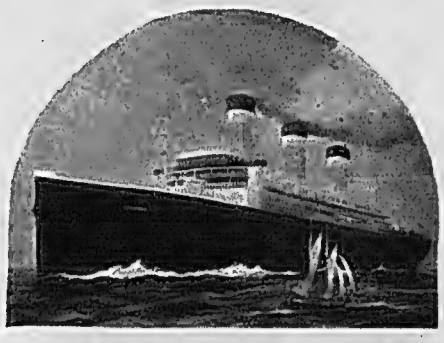
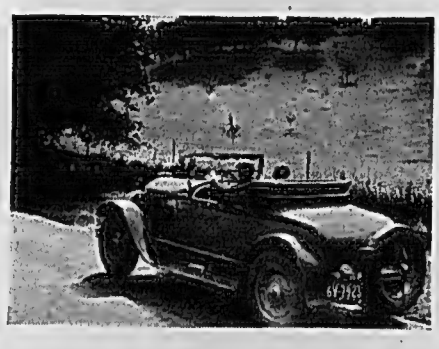


Is worry robbing *you* of the good things of life?



EVERYONE is entitled to fun in life. Everyone is entitled to the things that make the world worth living in.

And yet thousands of people with perfectly normal incomes think of the good things as luxuries they can't afford. Travel, a real home, an automobile, a country club—they put them all aside. Why? Because they are afraid of the future. "If I should have to quit work," they say. "If mother should be taken sick . . . if Sonny is to go to college . . ."

Is uncertainty about the future keeping *you* from having the things you want?

Of course, if you knew how long you were going to live, and what the obligations of the future would be, it would be easy to put away just the right amount.

That's where the Phoenix Mutual Counselor comes in. You tell him how much your family ought to have and how much you want to have when you are 65, and he says to you, "Your monthly deposit will be so much."

And there you have exactly the right amount scientifically and accurately determined for you—the fixed sum you *must* lay aside every month if you want comfort for yourself in later years and independence for your family.

But here's the important thing. The rest of your income is yours to do with *as you choose*, without fear of regrets! Buy that automobile with it. Take that vacation. And you can enjoy doing these things, for your mind will be at ease. The future is taken care of. Not only have you earned the right but you *have found the way* to get more fun out of life. You can *do the things you want to do.*

Naturally you would like to know more about it. The interesting booklet tells. It is called "How to Get the Things You Want"; some of the subjects it covers are listed below. Take the first step in making *your* life worry-proof. Send for it *now.*

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. . . First Policy Issued 1851

TO GET THESE . . . MAIL THIS

HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

NAME.....
BUSINESS ADDRESS.....
HOME ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
DATE OF BIRTH.....

[OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

a chance. The pleasant bachelor Mr. Van Buren was by now "Van" or "Matty" to the President.

Mr. Van Buren, whose hand had reached for Mrs. Eaton's knocker, was Andrew Jackson's man, and Jackson, with his power over the new democracy which had upset the aristocrats—the men of early strawberries and the first run of shad, the men of the banks and great real-estate holdings, and the creditors of the national life—could pick his successor after his second term. Gratitude later picked Mr. Martin Van Buren, who, as a bachelor, had aided him in his conflict with the inflexible ladies.

Not the only reason, of course, but a reason so valid, it may be believed, that if there had been a Mrs. Van Buren and if Mr. Van

The old soldier in "civvies"—President Jackson as Washington saw him strolling on its streets.

Buren had been lined up with Ingham, Branch, Berrien, and Calhoun, any force Jackson could have used to keep him out of the Presidency would have been used.

Jackson was suffering from a sense of unbearable futility. He was unaccustomed to defeat and here he could not win. The ladies in the dissolving cotillions and in the fainting spells at tables at which Eaton had a plate had him beating the air with clipped eagle wings in vain.

By January, 1830, Jackson had resolved to have his Cabinet ladies receive Mrs. Eaton at least ceremoniously and without offense, or to have a new Cabinet with ladies who would. At the President's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEATING Vapors deposit soot, dust and other impurities on the Wall Paper that are injurious to health.

ABSORENE—the disinfectant Wall Paper Cleaner—removes them with surprising results, purifies the atmosphere and brings in the sunshine and health of outdoors.

At Paint, Hardware, Wall Paper, Drug, Grocery and Dept. Stores

MAIL OFFER—If not easily obtained you may send One Dollar (includes postage and packing) for 5 cans, sufficient for 4 to 5 rooms, or for both **ABSORENE** and **HRH** Paint Cleaner, assorted. A sample package of either will be mailed for 10 cents in coin or stamps.

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Sample—...Absorene...HRH—10c each
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HRH The Master Cleaner for Woodwork

Ask Them

How They Reduced

How do you suppose the countless people you meet have come to normal weight: Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. It is recognized as unnecessary. Some employed abnormal exercise or diet, but the results were hard and not enduring.

Others used Marmola Prescription Tablets. That is the scientific method, based on modern research. It has been used for 19 years. So many have used it and told the results to others, that people now are using a very large amount.

The user of Marmola simply takes four tablets daily. She watches the results. New vitality comes with reduction. She ceases Marmola when she reaches the desired weight.

You should learn the results, as millions already know them. They are rarely too rapid, and *they mean that the cause is corrected.*

We urge you to try this modern, scientific method, then tell the results to others. That is how so many have been relieved of excess fat. Go now and learn what this right method means.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

request, Colonel R. M. Johnson of Kentucky called on Mr. Ingham.

Colonel Johnson conveyed to Mr. Ingham his regret that Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch, and Mrs. Berrien did not visit Mrs. Eaton, and said that the President was in a state of great excitement. He thought that when the ladies of the Cabinet gave their larger parties Mrs. Eaton could and should be included. The ladies had not returned Mrs. Eaton's call. The President thought they must leave their first cards with her. With a purely formal exchange of civilities Jackson would be satisfied.

If the ladies would not make this concession the President would be compelled to remove Mr. Ingham, Mr. Branch, and Mr. Berrien, and find gentlemen whose wives could avoid torturing an innocent woman and her husband, with the attendant possibility of a national scandal.

"I replied to Colonel Johnson," Mr. Ingham wrote in his record of the conversation, "that in all matters of official business or having connection therewith, I considered myself bound to maintain an open, frank, and harmonious intercourse with the gentlemen I was associated with. That the President had a right to the exertion of my best faculties, and the employment of my time, in the public service.

"AS to the family of Mr. Eaton, I felt an obligation on me not to say anything to aggravate the difficulties which he labored under, but to observe a total silence and neutrality in relation to the reports about his wife, and to inculcate the same course as to my family, and if any other representations have been made to the President they were false.

"Having prescribed to myself this rule and always acted upon it, I had done all that the President had a right to expect. That the society of Washington was liberally organized; there was but one circle, into which every person of respectable character, disposed to be social, was readily admitted, without reference to the circumstance of birth, fortune, or station which operated in many other places. That we had no right to exert official power to regulate its social intercourse.

"That Mrs. Eaton had never been received by the society here, and it did not become us to force her upon it; that my family had, therefore, not associated with her and had done so with my approbation; and that the President ought not, for the sake of his own character, to interfere in such matters.

"But if he chose to exert his power to force my family to visit anybody they did not choose to visit, he was interfering with what belonged to me, and no human power should regulate the social intercourse of my family by means of official or any power which I could resist.

"If I could submit to such control, I should be unworthy of my station and would despise myself. That it was eminently due to the President to have it known that he did not interfere in such matters; and that the course we had pursued was preservative of his honor and political standing. I had taken my ground on mature reflection as to what was due my family, my friends, and the administration without any prejudice to Major Eaton or his wife, and had fully determined not to change it, whatever might be the consequences."

Mr. Ingham need not have said any more, and he could not very well have said any less; but it did not much forward the mission of Colonel Johnson, who said he had been asked by the President to call on Mr. Branch and Mr. Berrien as well as on Mr. Ingham, and who now perceived from Mr. Ingham's rejoinder how useless it would be to go further with his chore.

Johnson repeated that the President was a raging lion, was about to send the Dutch minister home for his wife's behavior, and might do anything. Mr. Ingham expressed the hope that these international complications were impossible. Colonel Johnson said that in Jackson's state of mind nothing was impossible. Ingham was sorry but helpless. He would, however, and he did, go with Colonel Johnson to talk it over with Mr. Branch and Mr. Berrien.

The Colonel made it plain that if Jackson did not get the compromise he wanted he would incontinently fire the husbands of the ladies. Later the Colonel admitted he had taken a high tone outside his instructions.

The husbands stood pat on the social taboo of their ladies, but Jackson temporarily recovered from his high excitement. Johnson later reported him "calm and mild."

JOHNSON, confessing that he had taken a tone of his own, also contributed the idea that Jackson's concern was not social but political, the President conceiving that the ladies were being used in a conspiracy to discredit his administration. That is possible, even probable; but the duel with Dickinson over Rachel is in the background for anyone who tends toward this realistic interpretation of Jackson's battles for Peg and against the respectable ladies. The signposts of his temperament and experience point away from it.

While the President had become "calm and mild" with regard to the ladies' war for the time being, he was being irritated in other directions. The Senate was rejecting his most cherished appointments. But the knockout for him was to learn that John C. Calhoun, then the Vice-President, had not been his loyal friend in Monroe's Cabinet as Secretary of State when Jackson, in and after the Florida campaign of the Seminole War, had believed that Calhoun was the only friend he had.

Andrew Jackson's break with John C. Calhoun and its far-reaching consequences to the cause of the Union, as well as the threatened war with France, will be recounted in the last article of this series. It will appear in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

She Poised a Dunce Cap on Her Husband's Head

Their friends hailed the marriage of David Stark and Mildred Powers as the perfect match. She was brilliant, marked for success; he was a blond giant, slower, steady, a dreamer. Read the drama of their lives. It is a heart-searching story of love and misunderstanding. It's called—

SLOW TORTURE

By Rita Weiman

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Sister Susie and the Steno' Job

She finished High School — *with honors!* Then business college gave her a "training" in six months and she started out to *beat typewriters* for a living.

Fine! But Susie was temperamental. Grinding drudgery might do for the type of girl whose ONLY aim is an early marriage. Alas! *Susie found it killing.* So Susie "took up the Saxophone."

Now Susie was just *an average girl.* You could never call her gifted or talented. But *within a week* she was playing tunes and in six months she could handle her Saxophone *like a veteran.*

Then things happened. First, a little club orchestra. Next, a local sextette Then, some "home town" entertainment —a sharp eyed scout for a well-known booking office —*a contract*— and little Miss Susie hit the "big time" vaudeville, drawing down as much cash weekly as *the salaries of half a dozen stenographers.*

Get Into the Spotlight

Any girl who can hum a tune *can learn to play* a Buescher. And once you've mastered this most beautiful of all instruments *the stage door is open to you.* Good pay; on a year round vacation of travel. That's the life.

True Tone Assures Success

But *only with a Buescher* is rapid progress assured. Buescher patented features make blowing and fingering easy. True Tone means *every tone perfect.*

Send for your favorite instrument on 6 days' trial. See *what you can do.* Three lessons given on request with each new instrument. Easy terms of payment. Play while you pay. Mail coupon *today* for beautiful literature. *Get started now.*

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Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Name instrument interested in.
Age?.....Name instrument.....
Name.....
Address.....

VOX POP

More About the Fallen Sisterhood

AKRON, O.—Just read a fool letter in your Vox Pop, signed by "A Woman." In it she reiterates that overworked old statement, viz.: "For every woman who lives that life there is a man, or men, urging her on."

Honestly, I get sore every time I hear that thing. The deuce of it is, a lot of fool women actually believe it, just as they believe that all they have to do to get a lot of money is to go wrong, and find a man "just around the corner," waiting to shower luxuries upon them.

I've been a traveling man for the last twenty years, living in hotels. For gawd sake, women, leave us alone! We know who does the pursuing, and we wish to gosh that the so-called "unhappy sisterhood" wouldn't do so much of it.—*A Man.*

Another Shot at "A Woman"

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The letter by "A Woman," calumniating Dr. Wilson, though he ably explained men's objecting to women smoking on the ground of prostitutes smoking, gave me a confounded pain. This poor, misguided, emotional creature would be amazed if she knew the percentage of men who are just as continent as women.

Even supposing some degenerate men *were* "urging them on," and all that bunk, which I don't believe, that does not prove that moral husbands and fathers have no right to wish their loved ones not to emulate lewd women, by smoking. I'm not afraid to write *my* darn name, either, as "A Woman" seems to be.—*W. H. Williams.*

An Unnecessary Word

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—I cannot see the need of such expressions as "goddam" used by Elliott White Springs.—*Hugh Ryan.*

It's Catching

DALLAS, TEX.—You might think you have a magazine, but take it from me you're crazy.—*Herman.*

From Crime's Somber Shadow

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—I live under the shadow of the State Penitentiary wall. On the outside, thank heaven, but it makes me a somber thinker. However, after reading the latest installment of your serial, Love's Greatest Mistake, I was ready to shout, "Give me life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of *snappy-ness!*" Your magazine reads just like fizzy water tastes.—*J. S.*

$2 Worth of Time Lost

ST. LOUIS, MO.—In regard to Paul Kinkead's article, Two Dollars' Worth of Trouble, I think Mr. Kinkead got a bunch of telephone numbers jumbled up to represent government figures! And besides collecting a lot of useless information his article is nothing but a waste of LIBERTY'S paper and the readers' time. —*Melvin H. Klein.*

The War Vets Stamping-Ground

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Now that all the saloons have closed and we war vets have no place to meet and swap war stories, what are we going to do unless some red-blooded magazine like LIBERTY will print them? So give us more of them; and have Grover Cleveland Bergdoll of Philadelphia write a war story for the criticizers.—*Norman Jones.*

Who'll the Teacher Be?

ROSWELL, N. M.—It seems to me that you are advocating the doctrine of "might makes right" in your editorials. If we can restrict immigration, limit the holdings of foreigners, and keep our natural resources for ourselves, why have not the smaller and weaker countries the same rights?

We have just finished trying to teach Germany to leave her neighbors' affairs alone. Depend on it, someone will teach us the same lesson if we ever need it.—*H. R. Adams.*

Spilled Beans

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It was somewhat of a shock to read the article in a recent LIBERTY entitled Southward the Bird of Empire Wings His Way. When so many of our college professors and other official and semi-official personages are busily explaining that the United States has no imperialistic designs whatsoever, what compact factual fodder for non-believers this article provides!—*L. Graham.*

Making the Great Greater

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I read with deep interest the comparisons between Lincoln and Washington. My concern was that my ideals of one or both might be lowered, but now that the suspense is over I find that they are both far greater for what has been said of each. Clifford Raymond put over a knockout when he stated that if it had not been for Washington, Lincoln would have had no country to save.—*R. L. McVey.*

An Interpreter of Dreams

SAVANNAH, GA.—Men like Kummer have diseased minds. Because they think on the lines of animal passion and its gratification they imagine that everyone else does. He is away off in supposing that our young girls are dreaming eternally of passion.—*R. L. Gordon.*

Please, Can't We Have Both?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Please, for the "love of Mike," go back to the days when you stressed quality instead of quantity.—*Mike.*

Rough Words for Rough Riders

DES MOINES, IA.—Some of those rough-riding appleknockers that write to your magazine are loco.—*Everett Dennis.*

Boring

COLUMBUS, O.—Your Love o' Lil covers are becoming more and more of a bore to me.—*Ernest M. Wright.*

Boiling

SCRANTON, PA.—I believe some of the letters published under Vox Pop must worry me a great deal more than they do you. Every time I read some such rabid statement as "cut out that Love o' Lil stuff; it isn't interesting, it isn't funny," I fairly boil.—*N. S.*

Maybe It's Because She's a Blonde

CAMDEN, N. J.—I have just read, with considerable amusement and pity, Vincent J. Frank's disparaging remarks about Sandy and Lil in Vox Pop. For narrow-mindedness he just about wins the nickel-plated ear muffs.

He must be an old chromo who never had a girl, and so can't appreciate such things when he sees them.

I think it's a relief to have such things on the covers of magazines for a change instead of the usual girl's head that adorns most of them. Yours till Sandy has a beard.—*Russell K. Peacock.*

Too Many Fiddlers

BEACON, MICH.—The man who wrote the editorial entitled The Land of Make Believe certainly is "four square" in his views.

If Americans disregard public affairs for the petty scandals going on within their own country, America's position among the nations of the world will soon be that of Nero's Rome.—*Paul W. Rowe.*

Jeremiah—1927 Model

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Your magazine does *not* reflect the trend of the times. There is entirely too much pornographic propaganda on the news stands of this country now. Everywhere you turn, you are led to believe that jazz and jimjams are the sole objects of life. That's what's the matter with the younger generation. The movies, magazines such as yours, and our present-day music have all sold the world the idea of "do as you please."—*R. J. C.*

Look Out, Postmen!

EAST LIVERPOOL, O.—The person who says your magazine is rotten is so old-fashioned he'd shoot a mail man for a Confederate soldier.—*Donald L. Webber.*

Fighting for Liberty

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My small brother and sister look forward to reading the articles in LIBERTY concerning the Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg with great glee. You had better stop publishing them. Then perhaps I'll be able to read my LIBERTY in peace without having to buy two in order to do so. Now I'll confess that I like them myself. I'm just a big kid even if I do live in New York, and what's more I have no special desire to grow up.—*Valerie McKay.*

A Handclasp from the Farm

ROMULUS, MICH.—I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how well we farmers like LIBERTY. We work many hours a day and always

when Monday comes and daughter sends LIBERTY out to us, we are so glad! We read it every bit. Even the cross-word puzzle comes in for its share of our spare time.—*A. E. Doench.*

It Clicked

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Seldom have you put out anything that has so quite hit the mark as the What Are You Going to Do for a Living? article. I know an army of men who will back my statement. Can't you give us more articles along this line? —*John D. Lawson.*

Thirsts for More Springs

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The only complaint I can make about the stories by Captain Elliott White Springs is that they are too short and far between.—*W. Maxwell.*

All Right, We'll Do It

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Think Sutherland has been your most interesting writer and would like more of him.

Try and get Sid to go out to Hollywood and write "close-ups" of some of the movie queens.—*Mickey Finn.*

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets. Price $5.00.

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

Radio is better with *battery* power

RADIO receivers designed for quality reproductions operate best on well-made dry cell "B" batteries. What your ear tells you about the performance of battery-run sets is confirmed by laboratory tests that reveal that batteries alone provide steady, noiseless "B" current, taking nothing from and adding nothing to radio reception. Batteries, and batteries alone, provide pure DC (pure Direct Current). Only such current can give you the best results of which your set is capable.

Battery Power is dependable, convenient, and reliable, under your sole control, ever ready to serve you when you turn on your set. As your "B" batteries approach the end of their usefulness, a slight drop in volume warns you in ample time. You need never miss a single concert if your set is battery-equipped.

Not only in results, convenience and reliability are "B" batteries unequaled, but they are also unapproached in economy, provided, of course, the correct size batteries are used. That means the Heavy-Duty type for all receivers operating loud speakers, as most do nowadays. Smaller batteries are not as economical, though they give you the quality advantages of Battery Power.

For maximum economy, choose the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. In every test and trial this has proved conclusively to be the longest-lasting "B" battery ever built. Its unique, patented internal construction is responsible for its astonishingly long life. It is, we believe, the most economical, as well as the most satisfactory, convenient and reliable source of "B" current available. Just remember this: Radio is better with *Battery* Power, and the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 offers you that power most economically.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
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WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WTAG–*Worcester*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*
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To work and back for one cent per mile!

--and you enjoy the ride

HEALTHFUL spins in the bracing spring air! A new zest to the morning and evening rides downtown and back.

This new-type motorcycle carries you comfortably and enjoyably for one cent per mile. Less than car or bus fare! One of the most reliable means of power transportation ever developed. Harley-Davidsons are known the world over for dependability.

Easy to ride and control—*safe*. Parks in any 2x8 foot space—*convenient*. Travels 80 miles on a gallon—*economical*. Powerful Ricardo-head motor.

Easy to buy. Ask your Harley-Davidson dealer about his Pay-as-you-ride Plan. Price complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f. o. b. Milwaukee . . $235

Mail the coupon for literature.

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Big sales opportunities in open territories.

The HARLEY-DAVIDSON [New-Type Motorcycle] *Single*

Quick Delivery at Lowest Cost

Lowest cost fast delivery service obtainable. For drug delivery, collectors, inspectors, messengers, etc, Single covers more ground at a fraction the cost of car or truck.

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The Green-Eyed Monster of Jealousy

Breathing Out Envy, It Swoops Down upon Sandy

Another Adventure in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

SANDY was in gloomy spirits that evening. A few nights before he had seen Lil with her stepbrother, Walter, out at the theater. "He looks like a bum. No decent girl should be seen with him," Sandy decided. And he pulled his hat down over one eye and left his room.

He had an hour before him—just one hour—to think up a tactful argument. Lil said she was embarrassed about Walter—but she was seen often in public with him. He usually wore a blue shirt and no vest in the evening, and his confidential tone while talking in public was the original Loud Speaker.

Sandy stopped in at the Goldenrod Lunch Wagon, a delectable oasis in the vacant lot next to the movie palace. Climbing the three steps, he entered the hazy interior, resplendent with nickel domes and a white counter. He then elevated himself on a stool between a fat policeman and an old hack driver who wore a high silk hat.

"Beans, hash, or eggs any style?" Jerry, the clerk, yelled. Sandy looked glumly at the cop's plate: A ketchup-covered hill of beans! He looked at the hack-driver's plate: A mountain of hash, garnished with horseradish!

"Poached eggs," Sandy ordered; "an' make 'em runny."

"Adam an' Eve on a raft, an' wreck 'em!" the clerk sang out to somebody banging pans in a fenced-off corner.

Outside of the movies, Sandy knew no place quite like the Goldenrod. He ate there twice a week, the cheap food making him feel so prosperous and the fresco decorations appealing to his artistic eye. These depicted a group of Puritans and Indians bowling on a green. The design was repeated nine and one-half times around the walls, the odd half-picture slicing a lithe native American neatly in two.

Patronizing the slot machine by the door, Sandy departed calmly chewing a mint-and-licorice mixture of chewing-gum balls. His supper made him feel more kindly toward Lil. He felt in his pocket to see how rich he was: $12.08 cash, and a book of soda checks.

Lil's and his one terrible misunderstanding had aged Sandy. He knew he was foolish to be jealous of the Morse family's black sheep, but—"People'll start talking," he told himself as he stumped along the street. "They know she's engaged to me, and Walter looks like a rake—as if he ran a dive somewhere in China."

But diplomacy was Sandy's middle name now. He knew how to smooth Lil over when she got ruffled at some remark, and Pop himself had given him a few pointers on handling women. "Treat 'em like you were the office boy in the queen's palace," he had said. So Sandy hailed a taxi, and it wasn't ten minutes before Lil gave him one of her sweetest kisses.

"Why, what's the matter?" Lil asked, seeing Sandy's hurt-schoolboy expression. Then she added, "Dear."

He kept her in suspense for a while. "It's Walter!" he said finally. "You're goin' out with him so much. I saw The Roseland Revue last week—went by myself the last minute—and you were with *him!*"

"Now, Sandy—" Lil began in a quiet voice.

"I can get mad at men," Sandy said to himself, "but with Lil—well, that's different."

Nevertheless, the Green-eyed Monster of Jealousy was swooping up in back of him!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Only a Woman

Johnny, age six, had been going to school about two weeks. He brought his book home to study, and while busy reading gave vent to a deep sigh.

His mother asked him what was wrong.

"Oh, I got such hard lessons," he explained.

His mother asked him to let her see, and he replied:

"Oh, it's no use, mother, because I can hardly read it myself."—MRS. E. D., Tarpon Springs, Fla.

No Performing Baby

Dorothy, eight and a fraction years old, was wheeling her brother, who still figures his age in twelfths of a year, along the street, when she was stopped by one of the neighbors, who duly admired baby brother and then tried to inveigle him into that chief of baby games, "paddy-caking."

"Come, Bernard — paddy-cake," urged the neighbor.

Dorothy registered disgust, and then said:

"This baby is too young to do tricks."—A. R. Q., Rochester, N. Y.

The Radio Pied Piper

Picture by A. Z. Baker

How the Animals of Children's Fancy Are Brought to Life

As Told by

QUIN A. RYAN

WGN Announcer

ON the air I am the fat man of the comic strips, Uncle Walt, *and these are my playmates.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.
—From The Children's Hour, Longfellow.

WHAT would you give to be the confidant of an army of children? What would you give to receive several hundred juvenile letters daily telling you that nightly in thousands of homes your simple monkeyshines were holding the pop-eyed attention of an exacting audience between the ages of one and ten?

I have that privilege, and I wouldn't trade it for whatever you would give.

The accepted picture of the children's favorite is that of a bushy patriarch they can climb over like a haystack and a foxy grandpa full of fanciful yarns. As such, I am only an impostor in false whiskers—a mountebank in his twenties who is unmarried and has had no association with children except by radio.

Once upon a time only the post office of Santa Claus could own such a treasury of children's correspondence; but nowadays the radio stations rival that old gentleman's mail every week.

The evening comes and playtime ends. Porridge then, and sleeping sacks, and tired tots creeping like snails unwillingly to bed. We pied pipers of the radio leap from some alien occupation—such as broadcasting a football game—and fill the twilight with the life and works of *Alexander Alligator* and *Freddie Frog*. The radio has brought a new interval into the public's everyday—the period of the "bedtime story."

It is a time to conjure images—images to sweeten dreams. *Peter Pan* hops in at the window and *Tinker Bell* whisks through the room.

The magic quality of the radio enhances its imaginative appeal to the children. Turn a dial and music darts from the radio horn, and voices, and stories, and animals!

Inadvertently toying one evening with a kit of whistles and bells that a trap-drummer had left behind him in the radio studio, I named each of them for some animal or bird. My tiny audience believed me!

Out of my bewildered hat they had pulled a cuckoo bird, a wabbly calf, a mischievous Airedale, a lumbering baby elephant, a kindly lion, a frisky frog, and a garrulous duck who never goes without her galoshes.

ON the air I am the fat man of the comic strips, *Uncle Walt*, and these are my playmates. *Cuckoo* gets more mail than a Senator; *Jumbo*, the elephant, is showered with candy and cakes and jackets and toys; our noisy choo-choo train is swamped with requests for rides. The children hug to their breasts these phantom pets of the radio and toddle off to bed with them.

Perhaps we bedtime broadcasters are not edifying; I have never tried to be. Neither was *Tom*, the piper's son, nor the unconven-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The new Blue-jay costs no more, and may be had at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Callus Plasters.*

THE New Blue-jay

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

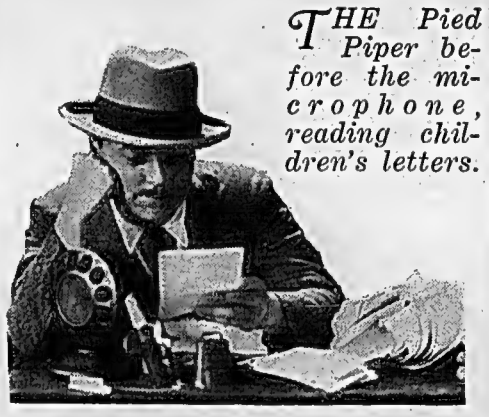
tional cow that jumped over the moon. I never preach, nor moralize, nor goo-goo, nor strive to ingratiate myself. Clowning is enough.

On Sunday morning I read them the colored comics, the "funnies" in the newspaper, after they have come home from Sunday school. For a full hour we lie together on the floor, they with their papers and I with mine, poring over the antics of the funny people, and many's the grateful letter I have received from parents for relieving them of that arduous Sabbath chore.

Sometimes I have the youngsters drawing pictures and sending them to me; sometimes writing verses, or their own versions of tales we have read together, or brand-new original stories woven out of five miscellaneous words. They accept my challenge and the mail bag is bulging with their grotesque scripts and sketches. Their stories are my greatest joy. Just read:

> Jumbo saw a little mouse and sed to him letts goe fishing all rite sed little mouse so they got soom stics and string set off soon thay came to a farm house and telaphoned to thare mothres that would be at home at five and the farmer gave them umberella becus it was going to rane uncle walt plees send anothre star up in the sky for me.

From Canada's icy mountains to Florida's coral strand they troop in; from wee ones in the



THE Pied Piper before the microphone, reading children's letters.

hills and afar on the plains. Here is a note before me as I write:

> DEAR UNCLE WALT: I am a little girl 9 years old. We live 300 miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. I live on the shores of a big lake. It is frozen over now. I have been up here 11 months and have not seen any white children so it gets lonesome sometimes. I listen to you every night and would like a train ride on your choo-choo. I have to wear snow shoes when I go out. I am sending you a story. Please tell Ducky-Lucky to say hello to me. Love to you and all the animals.

I never allow any children in the studio, because for them the show would be ruined by disillusionment and for me by self-consciousness. In their presence I am just a wooden Indian, but a hundred miles away from them—they almost engulf me with letters, their love, and their kisses, till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

THE END

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Pershing Passes in Review

By

LAURENCE STALLINGS
ex-Captain, Fifth Marines, *author of* WHAT PRICE GLORY *and* THE BIG PARADE.

Some intimate opinions of Black Jack by a general, an officer of Marines, a bartender-veteran, and a civilian.

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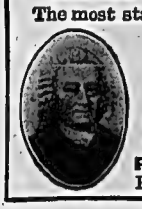

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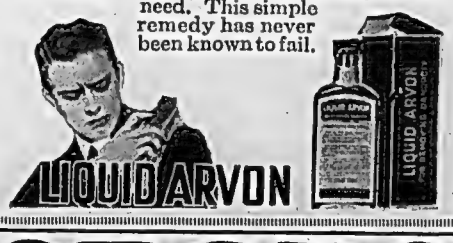
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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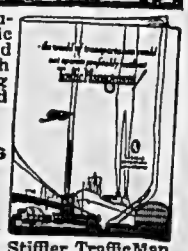

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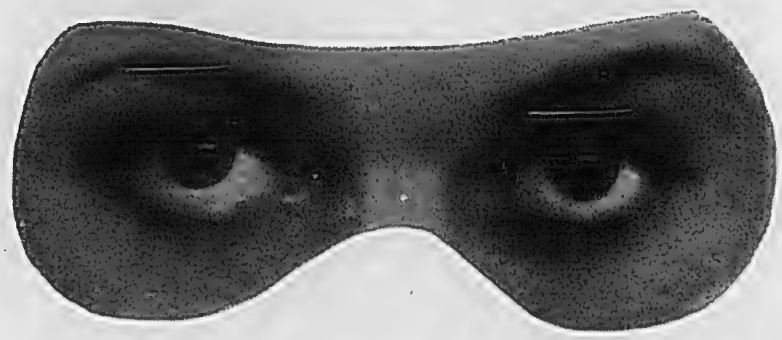
Making Up the Eyes



An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

IF a little shadow paste applied with consummate skill gives an added depth and allure to the eyes, who's to stay the hand that directs the provocative artifice? Not I—if the shadow paste *is* skillfully applied.

Eye make-up is in disfavor only when it bears the trade mark of the crude amateur, and regretfully it must be recorded that skill in intensifying the color of the eyes has not reached the perfection of rouge applications to cheek and lip.

Perhaps eye make-up is not practiced so generally; therefore the elementary phase is still with us. Or perhaps eye make-up is more difficult than other cosmetic practice. Crudely done, it has a more damaging effect on a pretty face than amateur craftsmanship with the rouge pot.

Though splotches of off-toned complexion tints may make a girl appear hard-boiled, she is never quite so sophisticated looking as she is with eyes unbecomingly blackened, eyelashes beaded, and with a hard line showing under the lower lashes. But eyes may be enlarged and beautified if certain details of clever eye make-up are carefully practiced.

The principal points to observe in trying to make interesting eyes more interesting, and lovely ones more seductive, are to use coloring to suit individual needs, to apply it lightly, and to see that the two eyes absolutely match in every detail. A heavier make-up on one eye than on the other has a distorting effect.

In determining the color of eye paste to be used, the color of hair and eyes should be considered. A medium blue is used when hair is brown, eyes blue, and skin fair. The Dresden-china, light-blue-eyed blonde with very fair skin should use light blue. If one has green eyes and blonde hair, a medium green paste is best. A blonde-haired girl with brown eyes should use a medium brown—not a reddish—paste.

There is a cerulean blue shade for the red-headed girl with blue eyes that is extremely flattering; but if the hair is red and the eyes green, green is more effective. Or a mixture of green and blue may be tried. With brown eyes and red hair, brown is best. Purple intensifies the deep velvety effect of large black eyes in a black-haired woman.

If one is of the Irish type, with dark blue eyes and black hair, medium blue is good. With dark-brown hair and dark-brown eyes, brown eye paste is best, and medium blue is recommended for black- or dark-brown-haired women with blue or gray eyes. Hazel-eyed women find green the most natural shade.

However, until one has earned a master's degree in making up the upper lid, she had better not touch up the under lid with a shadow line. It is too obvious and hardening when it isn't suggestive of sickness. Sufficient depth and intensity may be achieved by applying the coloring only over the eyes. If you insist, however, upon the under-eye shadow, let it be a faint line and, with absorbent cotton, remove any trace of penciling.

In applying the paint to the upper lid, the color shadow is left a trifle heavier on the extreme edge, fading away at the fold over the eyeball. Don't carry it up to the top of the lid. A little rouge beneath the eyebrow—an ever so light touch of red—is woven into the eyelid coloring at the eyeball fold or a little above it.

Always keep in mind that the purpose of shading the eye is to soften it. Unless you want an elongated or Oriental effect, don't draw long lines under the lower lid. A bit of the shadowing may be placed at the outer center point of the eyeball and shaded delicately a fraction of an inch beyond.

Women forced to wear eyeglasses which cause loss of brightness in the eyes find that eye make-up is distinctly advantageous in counteracting this drawback.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Three NAUGHTY Little Eggs

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children *by* ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

Feathers were everywhere.

AT 7 o'clock in the morning I heard them stirring in the nursery. I rubbed my eyes sleepily. Couldn't I have half an hour's more rest? I went to the nursery door to reason with them.

Emmy sat on the edge of her bed, with her rose-colored bath robe wrapped around her, swinging her bare legs. Her eyes were bright with eagerness to begin a new day. Her fingers were plucking at the tufted quilt. Emmy's fingers were always doing something they shouldn't. She couldn't help it. It was just her fingers themselves that did the mischief.

Nicky was sitting up in bed, round blue eyes in a round and innocent face. Nicky always looked surprised and innocent—and a little bit injured, no matter what he had been doing.

Greg was awake, too. His soft tan hair was as smooth and close as a cap. Even a night's sleep couldn't ruffle Greg's hair. He might—and often did—get dirty, but he never got rumpled-looking.

"Won't you please," I begged, "let me sleep a few minutes more? Just half an hour? Uncle Bunkle is coming today, and if you'll be perfectly quiet until eight, we'll all walk down to the beach together. And I'm so sleepy!"

Emmy rushed across the room and threw her arms around me.

"Oh, poor Mumsy, did we wake you up? We *will* be quiet!" she vowed.

Nicky and Greg promised solemnly that they, too, would be quiet.

"We'll play we are eggs," said Nicky.

To play you are an egg you have to fold yourself up as small and round as possible on something soft and easy—a bed or a big armchair. There you must stay as long as the game lasts. The only way to release yourself is to roll off and break.

Emmy joined them on the big bed, and when I went back to finish my sleep they were busily making themselves a nest of pillows.

I slept a little. But they were so quiet—so quiet! I kept listening for them to roll off and break, but they didn't. At half-past seven I got up. It really wouldn't be good for them to be eggs such a long time.

As I opened the nursery door a puff of snowy flakes blew into my face. Heavens! Feathers! I slipped inside and closed the door quickly. They had unfeathered a pillow! They sat on the bed in a row, happy as larks and perfectly quiet. Feathers were everywhere. You ate feathers! You breathed feathers! You could hardly see for feathers! Emmy's little picking fingers must have started this, but they were all in it now.

So I scolded them and dressed them, all choked with feathers as we were, and sent them outdoors right after breakfast. How should I get those feathers gathered together again? And Carlotta must not know!

The vacuum cleaner solved the problem. But it took a long time. Just as the cleaner was swallowing up the last bits of fluff, I heard the children clamoring at the front door.

Carlotta was busy in the laundry. I ran down to let them in. Oh, my goodness! What sights they were! Tar from head to feet!

"We found it in the road," Nicky said calmly, regarding his little black paws with a good deal of satisfaction. "You don't us'ally find so much."

I DUG Tony out of the armchair, where he was buried in a big book. Carlotta couldn't get mixed up with all this tar while she was doing the laundry! And I couldn't manage all three of them alone.

Together Tony and I led them gingerly through the house to the kitchen and placed them in a row on kitchen chairs.

Lard was the only thing I knew that would do any good. So, while they made disgusted sounds of protest, we smeared them well with lard.

"But *why*," I asked in despair, as I greased Emmy's face, "*why* did you need to get it all over your faces? And even in your hair? I'll have to cut out some of your best hair!"

"Well, you see," Emmy explained, pulling a small black handkerchief from the pocket of her smock, "Greg's nose was blowing, so, o' course, I had to lend him my hanky. An' then, well, you see—"

"Too bad," mused Tony, "that they didn't come in like this *before* you cleaned up. You could 'a' used the children to collect all those feathers."

Then Carlotta came in from hanging out the last of the wash.

"*Dio mio!*" cried poor Carlotta, at sight of her kitchen floor and the tarry clothes of the children. "Nothing'll take those spots off!"

She turned on me reproachfully:

"Every time I leave those children with you they get into mischief. Seems like I can't turn my back without somethin' happenin'. An' now I gotta get lunch, with this kitchen all tar an' lard!"

Tony and I slipped away, grinning sheepishly.

"Every time the children do anything," lamented Tony, "*we* get scolded for it. And Carlotta certainly can scold!"

She can indeed! I was very glad I had concealed the feathers from her. She might have sent me to bed for the rest of the day!

What sights they were! Tar from head to feet! While they made disgusted sounds, we smeared them well with lard.

How Tony plays the brave life guard will be told in next week's issue of LIBERTY. Be sure to watch for it.

Grape-Nuts Raisin Pie

¾ cup Grape-Nuts
¾ cup raisins seeded and chopped
1½ cups brown sugar
2¼ cups hot water
¼ cup cider vinegar
3 tablespoons butter

Mix in order given, and cook for ten minutes. Cool. Put into a paste-lined plate and cover with half-inch strips of paste placed half an inch apart to form a lattice top. Trim edges neatly, moisten and finish with a half-inch strip of paste around the edge. Bake about forty minutes. The oven should be hot (450°F.) for the first fifteen minutes, and then the heat should be reduced. (400°F.)

Grape-Nuts and Vegetable Casserole

1 cup Grape-Nuts
1 cup cooked green peas
1 cup cooked sweet corn
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 cup milk
2 strips breakfast bacon cut in two-inch lengths
A shake of cayenne pepper.

Mix vegetables and seasonings. Arrange in layers alternately with the Grape-Nuts in a buttered casserole. When dish is filled, pour in the milk. Arrange the pieces of bacon on top. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 40 minutes. Increase heat to crisp bacon and brown top. This recipe serves six persons.

"Oh, but you should try *this* one!"

Two cooking experts.... both talking at once... began to exchange Grape-Nuts recipes.

THEY were wonders, those women—artist-cooks! And they were presiding, with justifiable pride, over a small private demonstration of a certain food. Not Grape-Nuts—but somehow they began to talk about Grape-Nuts.

"Like it?" said one of them. "I adore it! I can't begin to tell you the number of different ways I use it. I'll let you have my recipes."

"I wonder if you know the recipes *I* have?" said the other, promptly. "Just yesterday I discovered a new way . . ."

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There is something about the nut-like taste of these golden kernels that makes them perfectly irresistible. Women discovered this, in the first place, when they ate Grape-Nuts simply as a breakfast food . . . so now they've gone on finding more and more uses for it . . . Do try the recipes on this page!

And remember that Grape-Nuts supplies important food elements—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

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G.—L.—4-9-27

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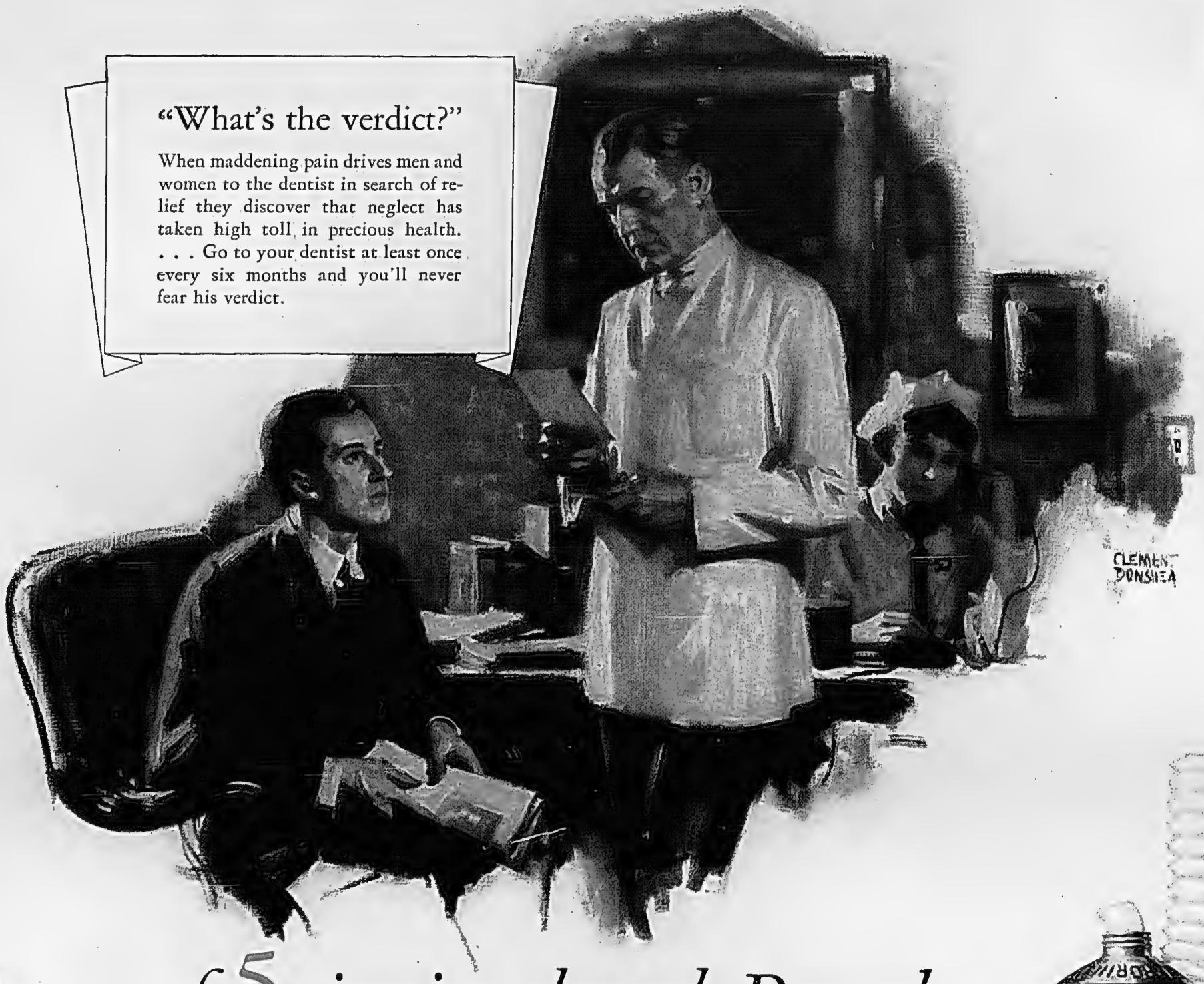

4 *out of* 5 *invite dread Pyorrhea*

If let alone, Pyorrhea, the grim foe of health and beauty, reaps a rich harvest. Its poison forming in pockets at the base of the teeth ravages the system, and often causes such serious ills as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, and a host of other diseases.

With neglect as its ally, Pyorrhea marks 4 persons out of 5 past forty, and thousands younger. But such uneven odds can be bettered, easily.

You can safeguard good health and keep your teeth and gums sound by practising these simple preventive measures. Have your dentist make a thorough examination of teeth and gums at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, forestalls Pyorrhea or checks its course, if used in time. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this disease.

Forhan's firms gum tissue. It keeps teeth white and protects them from acids which cause decay.

As a measure of safety, start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night. It helps to safeguard health and to protect you against Pyorrhea. Teach your children to use Forhan's for the Gums. They'll like its refreshing taste. It is health insurance for which they'll thank you in years to come.

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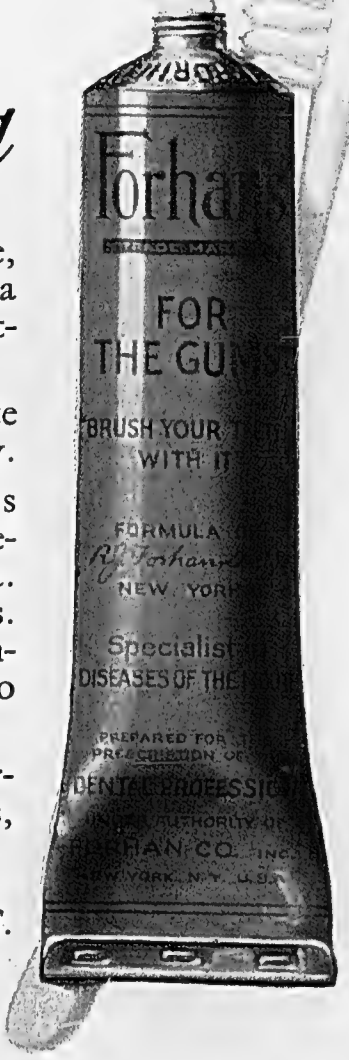

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SALADS—*Simple and Refreshing*

By ETHEL SOMERS

HAPPILY for us, crispy, freshly growing salad gardens are now producing an alluring influx of spring vegetables. Cress, carrots, cucumbers, chicory, chives, chervil, lettuce, mint, nasturtium leaves, parsley, peppers, peppergrass, radishes, romaine, scallions, sprouts, and sorrel are among the best of nature's spring tonics. Timely salads, by presenting us with these fresh, growing plants in their raw state, are unsurpassed as a spring diet.

Business men and women everywhere have found the salad luncheon both refreshing and satisfying. Accompanied by rolls and a hot beverage, salads provide a soothing and invigorating luncheon that leaves the brain unfettered for the afternoon's work. As an evening or afternoon party refreshment, salads are not only beneficial, but attractive.

Chilled salads provide the most æsthetic disposition to be made of left-over bits, wherein the eye does half the eating, and the salad may be a varied, daily surprise on your menus.

SALADS are the quickest, surest means of making the meal attractive.

GARNISHMENTS add attraction and variety. Tiny French cutters furnish an excellent means of decoration.

WIRE salad baskets provide an excellent washing and storage medium for salad greens.

Spring Salad

Lettuce
1 small bunch asparagus, cut in 3-inch pieces
12 slices cucumbers, halved
12 radish roses
6 green onions, sliced
6 rings green pepper
French dressing

COOK the asparagus in *very* little water, boil dry, and chill. Arrange in squares on lettuce bed. Place two radish roses on one side. Mix the onion, green pepper, and cucumber, and place the mixture in the center. Serve with spiced French dressing.

Harlequin Vegetable Salad

Lettuce
Whole raw tomato
Sliced carrot, cooked
Cauliflower flowerets, cooked

AFTER peeling the chilled tomato and removing the stem end and core, arrange a cooked floweret of cauliflower in the center, and decorate with fanciful shapes of cooked carrot arranged in design. Serve with French dressing or spiced dressing.

Peanut-Rice Salad

3 tablespoons rice
2 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup orange juice
Lettuce
½ cup chopped peanuts
1 package cream cheese, or old English cheese, or oranges
Fruity French dressing

ADD the washed rice to the fast boiling salted water. Boil seven minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain, blanch with hot water, and cook the rice in one cup of orange juice over water until tender. Cool, and add the chopped peanuts. Mold attractively and set on a bed of lettuce, garnishing with cheese balls or rings of sliced orange. Serve with fruity French dressing.

Spinach Salad

2 cups washed raw spinach, shredded
1 tablespoon green pepper, chopped, if desired
½ cup minced celery
1 teaspoon grated onion
2 hard-boiled eggs
French dressing
Lettuce

SHRED or chop the carefully washed spinach. Add the green pepper, if used, also the celery and onion. Cover with plain French dressing and place in the ice box to marinate for several hours. Drain and press into attractive molds. Chill and serve on lettuce beds, garnished with sliced egg.

Health Salad

(For Individual Service)

⅛ cup minced green pepper
¼ cup chopped or ground carrot
1 to 2 tablespoons chopped salted peanuts
⅓ cup chopped or ground cabbage
Mayonnaise to moisten
Lettuce
French dressing

MOISTEN the chopped pepper with enough mayonnaise or boiled dressing to bind it together, and press into a layer in a wet mold. Combine the peanuts and carrots, moistened with dressing, and form into a second layer, using pressure to mold the mixture. Moisten the chopped cabbage with dressing, adding a bit of sugar and onion juice, if desired (this depends upon the seasoning of the salad dressing used as the binder). Press the cabbage to form a third layer in the salad mold. Chill until ready to serve, and then unmold on to a bed of lettuce by dipping quickly in and out of hot water. If desired, garnish with cream cheese applied with a pastry bag. Pimento and parsley also make attractive decorations. Serve with French dressing.

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Cheese Salad

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup grated pineapple
1 cup boiling water
Canned peas
½ cup sugar
½ lemon—juice only
¾ cup American yellow cheese, grated
½ pint whipping cream
French dressing

HEAT the pineapple and water to boiling. Add the cold water to the gelatin, and, when soaked, gradually pour in the boiling pineapple-water mixture, stirring thoroughly. Add the sugar while hot and stir until entirely dissolved. When the mixture is cool, but before it stiffens, add the lemon juice and grated cheese. When this mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the whipped cream, and mold. A border of small individual molds is most attractive. Serve with fresh or canned pears, arranging these in the center of the border mold for a family service, or decorating the individual service with the cheese mold. Serve with pineapple French dressing.

Avocado Pear Salad

Lettuce
1 avocado pear
1 grapefruit
3 oranges or a dozen kumquats
2 lemons—juice only
⅓ cup sugar

WASH the pear in cold water. Dry, but do not peel. Chill. Just before serving (as the fruit discolors on standing) cut the pear into sections. Take out the large seed, and peel. Add the lobes of the peeled, skinned grapefruit and sliced oranges or sliced kumquats. Mix the lemon juice and sugar and lightly blend the whole. Serve immediately on chilled lettuce. The avocado pear being a very oily fruit, no French dressing is needed.

Frozen Fruit Salad

1 cup diced pineapple
¼ cup diced peaches
1 orange, diced
½ tablespoon sugar
½ cup cream, whipped stiff
2 tablespoons shredded almonds
½ teaspoon gelatin
½ teaspoon cold water
½ tablespoon lemon juice

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the cold water over hot water, remove from the fire, and add it to the whipped cream. Add the lemon juice and sugar. Mix the fruit in lightly. (Any desired fruit combination may be used, provided the mixture does not exceed two cups.) Pack in molds for freezing (washed baking-powder cans will do). Seal the top with waxed paper and a piece of muslin and cover. Pack the cans in an ice-and-salt mixture (6 to 1) for 2 or 3 hours to freeze. When frozen, dip the cans quickly in and out of hot water, slide the salad out, cut in slices, and serve with whipped cream. Almonds, pineapple, or strawberries may be used instead of the usual cherry.

Lettuce Salad, Club Style

18 circles toast, buttered (whole wheat)
1 head lettuce
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup Thousand Island dressing

SPREAD six slices of toast with mayonnaise. Arrange leaves of lettuce on same. Add slice of toast to make a second layer, using Thousand Island dressing thereon. Arrange lettuce and add third layer of toast.

Recipes for salad dressings will be given in a separate article. Many good recipes may be found in LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

LOVE'S Greatest

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

A Serial by

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

HONEY had lifted, from the hollow metal back of the mirror, the three letters Mr. Ogden had written her. He gave them a quick, satisfied glance.

HONEY McNEILL lay in a New York hospital, her body rigid with plaster casts. The newspapers had referred to her as the victim of a mysterious attack. To Honey there was little mystery in this assault.

It all dated back to the day, some months before, when, on the invitation of her married sister, Jane Sommers, she had been on her way to the city, job hunting. In the parlor car that was hurrying her toward Manhattan, she had sat opposite a distinguished New York banker, William Ogden. He had seemed interested—had asked her to look him up. Quite naturally she had mentioned this to Mona Terry, an old acquaintance, who promptly passed it on to her sleek young man, Ray Becker.

Instantly Becker's evil brain hatched a plan. The married millionaire must fall for beautiful Honey, whereupon Becker would stuff his own pockets—through blackmail.

Fate played into his hands. Honey, arrayed by Mona in appropriate clothes, applied for a job in Mr. Ogden's office—and got it. The banker was soon infatuated—even to the point of suggesting that Honey accept a large income—for dubious favors. On going abroad he wrote her ardent letters.

Two younger New Yorkers were in love with Honey, and if the fascinating Don Kendall had been more stable or the stable Herbert Gibbs had been more fascinating, Becker's plans might never have ripened. But, with Don, Honey had quarreled because he had made love to her sister, Jane. As for Herbert, she was considering his proposal when a masked man brutally attacked her in her sister's apartment.

As she lay in the hospital, the banker—just returned—hurried to her bedside.

PART EIGHT

WHEN Honey, lying on a cot in one of the public wards at Roosevelt Hospital, saw Mr. Ogden coming toward her, she almost forgot her pain. Here was one man, at least, who trusted her—believed in her. Loved her, too, as his letters had shown. She would have held out both her arms to him, had her bandages permitted. As it was, one lay extended, white and slim, toward him—and he did not notice it. He did not ask about her injuries; he did not stoop to kiss her.

"My letters!" he exclaimed. "Did they get them?"

Honey shivered as if a harsh wind had suddenly swept over her. Life was a cruel affair, but she was learning something.

"No," she answered wearily.

Mr. Ogden smiled for the first time since he had read the article in the newspaper.

"Where are they?" he asked.

Honey did not answer him at first. When she finally spoke, it was slowly, deliberately, her voice flat and colorless.

"I have them. Unfortunately, I told certain persons—friends, I thought—that you had written to me. They wanted me to join them in an attempt to get money from you—blackmail you. I should never have trusted them, in the first place. It was a mistake. When I found out what they were after, I hid the letters where no one would find them.

"The man who ransacked the apartment last night tried to make me tell him where they were. I refused. Then he hurt me. That's the whole story.

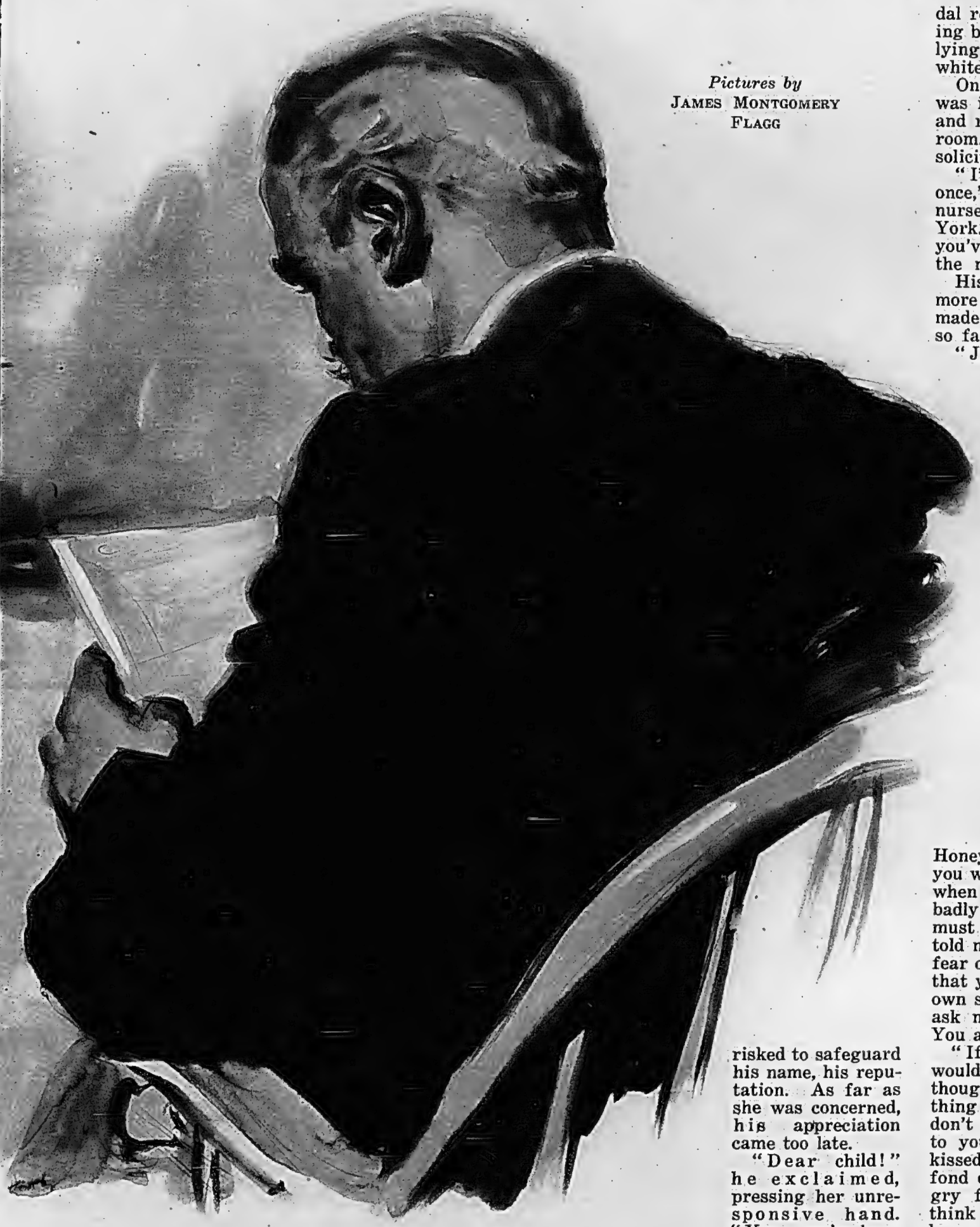
"Jane"—she turned to her sister—"this is Mr. Ogden. I believe you two have never met. Hand me my silver mirror, will you, dear?—the one I asked you to bring down this morning."

She turned again to Mr. Ogden.

"You see," she smiled, "I read a story, once, about a woman hiding valuable papers in the back of a picture frame, and so I thought a mirror would be as good a place—even better. Under the glass, Jane. First you have to take out the ring."

MISTAKE

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



When her sister had done as she directed, Honey lifted from the hollow metal back of the mirror the three letters Mr. Ogden had written her.

"Here," she said, and handed them to him.

He gave them a quick, satisfied glance, then thrust them into his pocket. Only then did he show any appreciation of what Honey had risked to safeguard his name, his reputation. As far as she was concerned, his appreciation came too late.

"Dear child!" he exclaimed, pressing her unresponsive hand. "You—you've been wonderful, to do what you have for me. Wonderful! Are you much hurt?"

"Two broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder, to start with," Jane said acidly. "The doctors haven't decided what else. They've taken X-ray pictures. We're waiting to hear."

Mr. Ogden's eyes, filled with contrition, sought Honey's. As his fear of public scandal receded, his desire for Honey came flooding back. How fragile, how lovely, she looked lying against the pillows! She was almost as white as they—except for her gay mop of hair.

Only now did he seem to realize that she was in a public ward—that there were rows and rows of other sufferers in the pain-laden room. He took up his hat, very eager, very solicitous.

"I'll see that you have a private room at once," he whispered. "And a night and a day nurse—the best medical attention in New York. It isn't much, I know, in return for all you've done; but it's the best I can offer at the moment. Later on—"

His eyes, meeting Honey's, spoke of other, more important things—of the proposal he had made to her on the eve of his sailing, to which, so far, she had given him no answer.

"Jane," Honey said, "would you mind leaving us for a moment? There is something I want to talk to Mr. Ogden about—privately."

"Of course." Jane hurried out.

When they were alone, Honey motioned Mr. Ogden to the side of her bed.

"When you went away," she whispered, her eyes very calm and grave, "you asked me to become your mistress."

IN spite of his quick gesture of protest, she went on:

"You did not call it that, but it meant the same thing. You offered me a lot of money—an income for life, I believe—if I would live with you. That is true, isn't it?"

"Why, yes—in a sense—if you choose to put it that way. I wanted you—still want you—as a man might want a wife—honestly, sincerely, because I love you. I'd have asked you to marry me if I were free. I think you know that."

"I don't know it, Mr. Ogden," Honey said quickly. "I don't believe it. When you went away I did—but not now. You knew when you came here that I had been hurt—badly enough hurt to be in a hospital. You must have guessed why—your first question told me that. Yet you were so frightened by fear of publicity—of what people might say—that you had only one thought in mind—your own safety. Mine came second. You did not ask me how I felt, how badly I was hurt. You asked about your letters.

"If you had loved me—really loved me—you would never have done that. You would have thought of me first—have forgotten everything in your anxiety over my condition. I don't know what answer I might have made to you if you had taken me in your arms, kissed me, the moment you got here. I've been fond of you—very fond. And I've been hungry for love, too—real love. Sometimes I think there isn't any such thing. I don't know. But I do know this—I haven't found it yet.

"No"—rather wearily she resisted his attempt to embrace, to kiss her—"it's no use—now. Let's be friends—if we can. We'll never be anything more."

Mr. Ogden made no effort to argue with her. In his heart he knew that she spoke the truth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

"And you?" he asked gravely. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Work, of course. But not for you. After what has happened, I couldn't. Since I came to New York I've dreamed of money, of luxury, of the easiest way. My sister, my so-called friends, everyone—even you, Mr. Ogden—have preached money to me: told me that, with my good looks, I could get anything I wanted.

"That isn't true. I want love, and you can't buy that. A fortune-teller once predicted that I was going to marry a millionaire, and I was fool enough to believe it. I've been a fool in lots of ways, I guess. But—I'm learning."

With a queer, wistful smile, she put out her hand.

"Good-by. You'd better go now. I'm tired."

When he had left her, she began to cry very softly, without knowing just why.

II

HAVING, on the impulse of the moment, given orders that Honey was to be moved to the finest private room in the hospital, with a day and a night nurse in attendance, and having further insisted that his own physician, one of the best in New York, should be consulted regarding her case, Mr. Ogden ate a hurried luncheon and went back to his office.

Here, over his engineering reports, his traction mergers, he became again the serious business man. His desire for Honey remained; but perhaps he recognized, in the rather bitter things she had said to him, a basis of truth.

Not even for Honey's white and gold and scarlet self would he be willing to have his letters to her made public. He knew how the world would laugh. And he was very fond of his wife. The thought of humiliating her in any way pained him. Then, too, the hot, reckless blood of youth was lacking—the divine folly that is the very essence of love.

Well, perhaps it was better, he reflected, to go on pleasantly, comfortably, making money, spending it, playing with his racing stable, his Japanese prints. Safe playthings, if not very exciting ones. That was what age meant—safety. Honey was right. He did not really love her—as youth desires to be loved.

But admitting the fact did not lessen Mr. Ogden's hurt. He had cared for Honey sincerely, deeply, and he had lost her. When his secretary came in with a card, he looked up, frowning.

The card was that of Mr. Ray Becker. It bore a penciled message explaining that Mr. Becker was the friend of Miss McNeill's whom Mr. Ogden had met at the Red Peacock. Following was the word "Important," heavily underlined. Mr. Ogden's frown deepened.

"I'll see him," he said, wondering what the man might want—afraid to send him away without finding out.

Mr. Becker strode into the private office, a cold smile along his thin, hard lips. He took the chair toward which Mr. Ogden nodded, and before speaking paused to light a cigarette. Mr. Ogden meanwhile studied him through narrowed eyes. "Dangerous," he thought, and waited.

"I came," Mr. Becker presently said, his voice very cool and level, "to ask your advice about a matter that concerns Miss McNeill."

"Well?" Mr. Ogden questioned, a bit impatiently.

"You know, of course, that she was attacked in her sister's apartment last night by a masked man whose purpose in going there was not clear. 'Shrouded in mystery,' I think one of the papers put it." He named a sensational sheet.

This time Mr. Ogden merely nodded grimly.

"The newspapers," Mr. Becker went on, "are naturally eager to learn the truth about the affair. They smell a big scandal—something not apparent on the surface. I think, from what I can gather, that Miss McNeill has been going about with you—"

Mr. Ogden's self-control broke. He brought his fist down violently upon the top of his desk.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" he exclaimed.

"I'm trying to tell you something, Mr. Ogden," Mr. Becker said coolly, "that I think you ought to know. I am a friend of Miss McNeill's, and I don't want to see her reputation injured.

"I can't help it if the city editor of one of New York's biggest dailies scents a scandal. I can't help it if he assigns to the case a reporter who has the reputation of never failing to dig up the truth. But it happens that this reporter is an acquaintance of mine. He came to me at once because he thought that, being a friend of Miss McNeill's, I might give him some information.

"He showed me the story he's going to turn in for the morning edition. It suggests that the masked man might have been in search of letters written to Miss McNeill by a well known New York financier, and that she risked her life to save his reputation.

"It also contains a statement that the financier in question, on learning of Miss McNeill's condition, at once hastened to the hospital to see her, as well as to make arrangements for a private room, nurses, the services of his own high-priced physician. The orders at the hospital were given openly enough. The gentleman in question made no attempt to conceal his identity.

"It is also a matter of common knowledge that Miss McNeill has for some time past been employed by that gentleman in his office. She has been seen with him in restaurants, night clubs, at the theater.

"My reporter friend thinks he has a very interesting story. He will state only facts, of course. But, while Miss McNeill has herself declined to make any explanation of the attack upon her, one of the nurses in the ward distinctly heard Miss McNeill's wealthy friend, when he called upon her this morning, ask if they had got his letters."

MR. OGDEN did not move, but there was rage in his eyes. Mr. Becker, seeing it, swung his right arm across his chest so that his fingers, beneath the lapel of his coat, touched the automatic pistol slung under his left arm. Mr. Ogden saw the movement and understood it.

"To me," Mr. Becker went on smoothly, "all this seems a great pity. I begged my friend not to turn in such a story. He laughed and said people might think, of course, that she and the financier in question had been—well—more than just—friends; but that his paper demanded the truth, and printed it—that if people did indiscreet things it wasn't his fault. His employers believed in publicity, no matter whom it hurt."

Mr. Ogden's face had grown a trifle pale, but his jaws were firmly set. It was not the first time he had faced a blackmailer.

"I suppose," he sneered, "that your newspaper friend—if indeed you have any such friend—would be willing to tear up the story for a consideration."

"I think he might," Mr. Becker assented, "although when I first mentioned it to him he became very angry. But I happen to know he has a wife and two children, to say nothing of a leaky heart, and that it has been the dream of his life to buy a place up the Sound somewhere and settle down to the life of a country gentleman. So when I spoke of a couple of hundred thousand dollars—"

Mr. Ogden rose in his chair, his shoulders as straight as they had been in France ten years before.

"Get out!" he said. "Publish what you damn please. If you libel me I'll sue."

Mr. Becker, who had also risen, made another attempt.

"It is possible that a hundred and fifty thousand," he said, "might appeal to him."

"Not a cent!"

"Very well. The story goes in. Your name as the author of the letters will be omitted, of course—to make the public eager for more details. I may be able to supply some myself, and so may Miss Terry, who read your letters. Even Miss McNeill may be induced to speak."

He took up his hat.

"If you want to see me tonight or tomorrow, my address and telephone number are on my card."

"Get out of my office!" Mr. Ogden thundered.

Thank God, this scoundrel had not succeeded

Mr. Ogden brought his fist down violently upon the top of his desk. "Are you trying to blackmail me?" he exclaimed.

WHEN Herbert had glanced through the article he sank back in his chair as if he had received a deathblow.

in getting hold of the letters themselves. Taking them from his pocket, Mr. Ogden tore them to shreds, then carefully burned the fragments in the open fireplace that decorated one end of his office.

Ray Becker's story of a friend on one of the newspapers was true enough up to the point that the friend was ready to "sell out" for money. That was pure fiction. Any money Mr. Becker hoped to extract from Mr. Ogden would be for his own personal benefit. But his friend did want news, and Mr. Becker hurried downtown to give it to him. Mr. Ogden, he decided, needed to be thoroughly scared.

III

HONEY had other visitors, that first day at the hospital, in addition to Mr. Ogden.

For one, there was Herbert Gibbs. He came in just after luncheon, and stood for a moment at Honey's bedside, gazing down at her drawn face.

"How are you feeling, dear?" he whispered, touching her hand softly.

"Lots of pain." She looked up with a wistful smile.

"I'd have come before if I had known. I only learned of your—trouble—when one of our men called my attention to the article in the newspaper."

He glanced around the private room to which Honey had been moved an hour before.

"They sent me to the public wards at first," said Honey. "This is better."

"Yes."

For a moment Honey almost hated him. Anyone would know she could not afford such accommodations. Why not tell him the truth? In her disillusionment with life, Honey longed more and more for frankness, for honesty.

"Mr. Ogden got the room for me," she said. "He's a very rich—a very generous—man. And, of course, I am one of his employees."

Herbert Gibbs' brows drew into a quick frown. He said nothing, but his eyes held many questions.

Should she go on? Honey asked herself. She wanted to, but somehow could not. She remembered that Herbert had once warned her against Mr. Ogden; against accepting his attentions. She remained silent.

"I've sent some flowers," he said presently.

"That was mighty sweet of you," Honey told him, rebellion in her heart.

What right had he to judge her, unheard? Then she realized that he had not judged her at all—that she, in fact, was judging him.

"Have they found out anything more about the man who—attacked you?" he was asking.

She shook her head without speaking.

"Oh, well"—he dismissed the matter with a gesture—"you shouldn't be bothered about such things now. Not about anything. But don't forget"—he pressed her hand with quick tenderness—"that I've asked you a question and am waiting for your answer to it."

Sudden tears sprang to Honey's eyes. So she had misjudged him, after all. For a moment her fingers clung to his.

"You gave me a week, remember," she said, smiling through her tears. "Before I *do* answer you, Herbert, there's something I must explain. I don't feel equal to it now."

She made up her mind, in that instant, to tell him everything that had occurred between Mr. Ogden and herself. After all, there was nothing so serious about it. Then, if he still wanted her—

"That's right," he laughed. "I *did* give you a week. My own suggestion, too. But you don't have to take it unless you want to."

Her beauty, as she lay there, had driven all doubts of her from his mind. She was so utterly lovely and adorable.

"Why not tell me tomorrow?" he whispered, again pressing her hand. "It will take only one word. If it's the right one, I'll be the happiest man this side of Paradise."

"Very well," Honey said slowly. "I'll tell you tomorrow. Everything." Herbert bent and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

When he had gone, Honey lay smiling against her pillows. The things that Mona Terry, that Ray Becker, that Mr. Ogden had done to her had hurt—bitterly. But Herbert trusted her, believed in her. She would tell him all, tomorrow. She wanted his respect, at least.

As for marrying him—she stared up at the ceiling, tracing interminably a tiny crack in the plaster. Why had Don Kendall not been to see her? She had expected him all day. Surely he had forgotten their little quarrel.

THEN, without warning, he came, shouldering his way impetuously past the nurses, the interne at the door—strode into the room, carrying a great bunch of roses in his hands.

"Hello, Hon!" he cried, giving the flowers to the nurse. "Guess you've been wondering why I didn't come around before. Don't worry. I telephoned—found out all about you; how you were getting along and everything. Dad had me on the carpet this morning. Said I was spending too much money and ought to go to work. Said I ought to get married, too. What do you think of that?"

He sat down at Honey's side, laughing so heartily that she could not help joining him, although in her heart she saw nothing ludicrous in the idea of his getting married.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Don," she said.

"Glad to see you, Honey darlin'. Don't you know I love you? Am crazy about you? Always have been. But, as I told dad, this marriage business isn't in my line. How do you feel, now that the sawbones have got through with you?"

"Like a—a mummy," Honey laughed. "All bound around with plaster and adhesive tape. I can scarcely breathe."

Don patted her small hand with his huge paw.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

40 Fathom FISH

Fresh from the Sea to You!

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If your dealer does not carry 40-Fathom Fish, mail the attached coupon

INQUIRIES INVITED FROM MEAT AND FISH DEALERS

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE Continued from Page Eighty-three]

"I never did have a chance to tell you, last night, how I happened in," he laughed. "I'd been up in Canada—fishing. Couldn't seem to concentrate on it, somehow, thinking about you. So I packed my kit and came back to town. Say, how long do you think you'll have to stay in this hospital, Honey child?"

"A month, maybe," Honey told him.

"No! You don't mean it. Well, in that case I might as well go back to camp—till you get well, you know. They tell me you're not in any danger. Or, instead of fishing, I might take a run down to Barbados. That's dad's big idea."

"Barbados? What for?" Honey's heart sank.

"Oh—something about his steamship lines. Agent down there has gone to the bad—whole office in a jam."

"Are you going?" Honey asked.

"Well—that's the question. What I wanted to do was play around New York for a while with you. That's out, now, for a month at least."

"I think you ought to go," Honey said.

"Why?"

"Because—because your father wants you to, I suppose. After all, he's your father."

Don looked at Honey with new interest.

"Say—do you know," he laughed, "there's something in that. Hanged if I don't do it, now that *you're* lost to me for a month. Only"—he laughed again—"I'll have to get up tomorrow morning about the time I usually go to bed. One of the old man's steamers, the Buenos Aires, sails early in the morning. He wants me to take her. I'm to let him know tonight.

"Look here, Honey: Promise me you won't forget all about me while I'm gone, and I'll do it. I'm sick of New York, anyway. What do you say?"

"I—I promise I won't forget you," Honey whispered, her voice trembling. "Oh, Don," she murmured to herself, "if only you would take me in your arms and—"

As though in answer to her wish, he bent down and gave her a long, soul-stirring kiss.

"You're such a darlin', Honey girl," he whispered, his lips against hers. "Such a perfect darlin'! God knows, I'm going to miss you. But when I come back"—he kissed her again—"we'll have some wonderful times together. Wonderful."

Then the nurse tapped on the door, and Don left, promising Honey he would write.

IV

WHEN Lovey Gibbs appeared at the table next morning, the rest of the family had very nearly finished their meal. Herbert, thinking of Honey, was planning to take an early train to the city. While waiting for her coffee to be brought in, Lovey began to glance through her favorite newspaper.

Suddenly a headline caught the girl's eye.

"Mystery in Attack on Girl Deepens," she read. "Compromising Letters from Millionaire Believed Cause of Outrage." Then followed the main body of the story. Lovey, who doted on sensation and mystery, proceeded to read the article aloud:

> The man who brutally attacked a young and beautiful stenographer in her Eighty-second Street apartment Wednesday night, and injured her so badly that she is now in Roosevelt Hospital, has not yet been located by the police; but certain very interesting facts have come to hand which may throw some light upon what is now an unsolved mystery.
>
> There is reason to believe that the masked man who first ransacked the apartment which Miss McNeill shared with her sister, and then subjected the former to a beating which resulted in the dislocation of her shoulder and the fracture of two ribs, was no ordinary sneak thief or burglar.
>
> On the contrary, it is thought by the police that the man visited the apartment in search of certain letters, said to have been written to Miss McNeill by a prominent and extremely wealthy New Yorker with whom she has been seen of late in some of the smart night clubs of the city.

"Well—what do you think of that?" Lovey exclaimed, grinning over the top of the newspaper.

A ghastly silence fell upon the breakfast table. Lovey had completely forgotten that Honey's last name was McNeill, and Herbert had not mentioned the girl's unfortunate experience because he feared his mother might not understand it.

Gazing across the table, Lovey saw her brother attempt to put down his coffee cup—heard it crash to the floor.

Mrs. Gibbs and Josephine were staring at him, wide-eyed.

"Why, you people—what on earth's the matter?" Lovey cried.

"I'm not surprised," Josephine said coldly. "A kept woman."

"It's a lie!"

Herbert reached across the table and tore the newspaper from his sister's grasp. But when he had glanced through the article he sank back in his chair as if he had received a deathblow.

"Herbert!" Lovey gasped, understanding at last. "I—I didn't know it was—Honey! Honest, I didn't! I'm so sorry!"

Herbert said nothing. His face had grown suddenly gray, old.

Herbert Gibbs is face to face with the bitterest task of his life: the weighing of his faith in the girl he loves against his lack of faith in human nature. Is this delicate balance to carry Honey up or down? You will learn when you read next week's installment.

Be YOURSELF and You'll Be in FASHION

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONCE again everything is different, although nothing is changed. The silhouette, while as slender as ever, is set with hidden areas of flat fullness in the form of plaits pressed almost inflexibly in place by the iron. It puffs with a bouffant line somewhere between bust and hip bone and appears sometimes in a blousing effect, sometimes in a bolero. The waistline is rising steadily. Belts are on everything, and are arranged just to catch the hip bone, wherever they are most comfortable. This blousing and belting of the middle section tends, as the French put it, "to make today's silhouette somewhat vague."

Do you remember a shade of make-up our flappers patronized a few seasons ago? Indienne brunette, some called this pale coffee shade with a flush of pale horizon sunset glowing through it. This is being pressed by Paris designers as the fashionable color for spring.

They are making the corsage and even at times the whole dress of lizard skin. It is as soft and as supple as silk, although perhaps not so practical for everyday use, and even a Frenchman remarks that he would prefer the caress of soft crepe de Chine and shiny satin against his neck to the feel of a reptile's skin. However, it is said to take on the shadings of milk and Alpine viper, of furtive lizard and tropical serpent. When arrayed in a creation assembled from this composition and coloring, the Frenchwoman is reported to look very smart on a drizzly Paris afternoon of spring.

As for the more practical aspects of the new fashions, blue in all of its shadings, from Nattier, powder, ciel, to dusky midnight, is the most fashionable of the colorings, and is used most frequently in at least two shades on the same dress. Gray presses it for popularity this spring.

An extremely chic thing to do is to study what is becoming and stick to it in color and line. This is in distinct contradiction to the most fundamental principle of the fashions of the past eight years. Ever since the war there has been a movement toward standardization, elimination of individuality, and making oneself over to appear as nearly as humanly possible like a model known and accepted the world over as the earthly ideal of how to look.

Now, however, one studies a silhouette (within given limits) that is suitable to one's figure and has every dress made on its lines, boat shape, the round, the square, and would doubtless stand for any other that might be introduced. It requires only that a woman shall adopt the one most becoming to her. Indeed, that word "becoming," while almost eliminated from one's everyday vocabulary for many seasons, will have a prominent place in it once again.

A young woman in Paris chose four dresses in kasha for the Riviera, and had them made on the same model, in colors called *la terre, le soleil, le mer,* and *le ciel;* or earth, sun, sea, and sky. They were all made alike—gently closing at the throat with a cord and a button, and with a high belt that crossed over huge side pockets.

The rage for travel has influenced styles in everything, from house furnishings to all kinds of clothes. Efforts thus far to kill the two-piece costume are unsuccessful, and this southern traveler had all of her evening dresses made on this line.

IF I were asked offhand to name one new feature of the spring fashions, I should say the short box jacket, and hope that I should not be asked to cite more. It is the sole item that is distinctly novel and has not been seen before for many a day. To be sure, we saw it coming while it was a long way off, and by midspring it will probably be upon us in the form of a square black jacket with a light-colored dress. It is not just the same thing as the little sleeveless gilet, which is also very fashionable and is taking all sorts of elaborate turns.

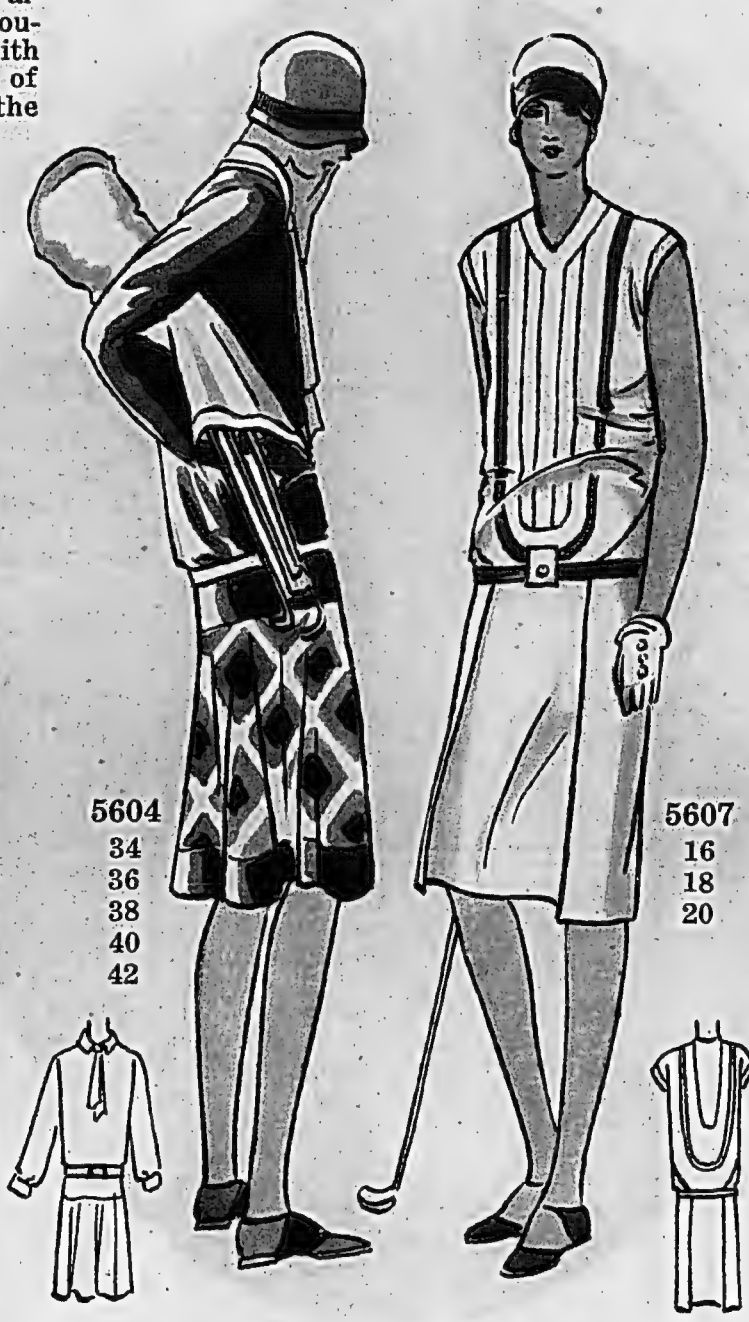
For evening, some dresses are in brocades sparkling with incrustations of sequins and brilliants. Indeed, the rage for jewels knows no limits. They are sewed right on the dresses, on some long-sleeved frocks bandaging the wrists in the form of glittering bracelets, and decorating the corsage in the form of brooches.

The one-piece dress in the illustration that looks as if it were in two pieces, worn by the girl carrying the golf sticks, is good. And I like especially the coat with the belt, indicating a waistline across the hips. Usually coats have the long, unbroken silhouette. This one is very new, with its bodice plastered over with triangles of the material. In the white jersey sleeveless dress, the yoke idea for the skirt, with plaits bursting out from under it, is very good.

A tight band across the hips is almost a necessary bit of construction for the present lines of the silhouette.

5606
16
18
20

A DRESS of white jersey, with beige pipings on armholes, belt, and front of bodice.



5604
34
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40
42

OF plain and plaid kasha in cream and brown, this one-piece dress has a circular skirt.

5607
16
18
20

SLEEVELESS sports dress made of red crepella with pipings and belt of red leather.

5605
16
18
20

THIS coat of pale blue kasha has a bloused back and a skirt that is circular in front.

at the same time getting the variety so necessary to present popularity by having the identical dress made in three or four different colors.

In necklines, fashion sanctions the V, the

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SPRING CLOTHES

Describe the Poetry of Motion

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, March 13.

THE most powerful word in styles today is "motion." You've got to keep moving, and so you must have clothes that facilitate circulation. Short skirts, short sleeves, and low necks are all the result of the accelerated motion in modern life, and are not a question of changing morals at all.

This spring, Paris is exerting to the utmost her creative talent to give us more movement within straight lines, achieving a new trend in styles.

The novel double wrap-around skirt that Drecoll is making is wonderfully adapted to any kind of stepping. It folds over, not only in the front, in the way you know so well, but in the back also, and is worn over fitted trousers. This skirt, with a semitransparent knitted sweater in three shaded bands of blue, makes one of the newest and most successful of Paris spring sports dresses.

The skirt is bright navy blue kasha, and the sweater begins at the hips in this tone, paling to a delicate turquoise at the top. The wide blue leather belt that fits the rather high waistline is one of the important factors of the new movement in fashions.

Parisian accessories are the low-heeled strap slippers of blue leather, the man-size printed georgette handkerchief, and the blue felt hat with its two different blue bands. It turns up —the brim—so you can see if the way's clear.

Cutting out the sleeves in sports clothes is another way in which Paris is liberating styles, after several years of the omnipresent long sleeves. This revival is going strong on the Continent, and all along the Riviera women are getting sleeves of sunburn on their arms to wear the sleeveless dress.

Lelong's idea of the sports frock *sans manche* is shown in our last model, also in navy and light blue, two colors that are first in Paris fashions. This dress combines dark blue mousslikasha, with light blue tuslikasha—the first a kasha with a chiffon finish, and the second a kasha with a tussah surface. The model is one-piece, with a very wide plaited skirt.

A CHIFFON-WEIGHT knitted sweater in three tones of blue, with a double wrap-around skirt.

ONE of the latest dance frocks is shown at the right. It is of black plaited chiffon with a design of sun-ray bands in pink chiffon.

Drecoll uses fringe a new way on this frock at the left. The shawl is appliquéd with velvet.

THIS sleeveless sports dress has a plaited skirt and a belt that emphasizes the waistline.

In the evening the concession to motion becomes governed by a poetic rhythm. One of the greatest little decorative devices that was ever invented to show rhythmic movement in clothes is fringe, and it is going to have a prominent place in spring fashions because of this.

Of course, Paris had to find new ways of using fringe so it wouldn't be stale, and our first photograph shows you how they arrange it this spring. This Drecoll evening ensemble is glorious, and it hasn't a bead on it.

Crepe satin, cut on a straight-line model, makes the dress, which is just a background for clever fringe arrangements. It is round-necked and sleeveless. There is a shirred lace hemline that is hidden underneath a six-inch-longer hem of fringe.

The rectangular shawl edged on three sides with fringe has a big black velvet flower appliquéd on the left side.

LELONG, who first worked out the idea of in-motion clothes, is responsible for our third model, which is one of his new kinoptic styles. This means keeping slender in motion, or at least keeping the illusion of slimness. If you stand still, wearing this frock, you are gowned in a plaited dress of black chiffon, with a round yoke and rays of pink and black chiffon. But if you move, even within the tiniest radius, the pink chiffon linings of each plait show in a sun-ray effect that is the prettiest thing imaginable. The plaits are stitched flat in a big diamond shape in front and back, and a draped girdle of black chiffon cuts this into triangles above and below.

The new movement in spring styles, then, is to keep silhouette lines very slender.

Abandoned BABIES

What Makes Mothers Cast Their Children Adrift, and Some Strange Stories of Foundlings

An Article by

MARY E. HAMILTON

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, New York City's first policewoman, has been a member of the force for ten years and was director of the Women's Department of the police system, in charge of more than 100 policewomen. She has gained wide fame for social-welfare work among women and children and has observed at first hand the conditions she describes in this article.]

IT is unbelievable but true that scarcely a day passes in the life of cities but some child is abandoned, sometimes dead, more often alive.

These abandoned babies are found in ash cans, dark hallways, and suitcases. They are left in telephone booths, subway stations, rest rooms, expensive hotel suites, bureau drawers in cheap rooming houses, and often in churches. One woman left her child in a cave in Central Park, New York City, to be devoured by rats. Others have chosen mosquito-infested swamps and similar isolated spots, where only by accident would a child be discovered before it perished of starvation and exposure.

Murder is revolting to the human mind, and draws a severe penalty, but abandonment, which always carries with it the possibility of death, is punishable, in most jurisdictions, only by imprisonment for a few years, or a nominal fine, or both. The penalty in New York State is seven years' imprisonment. And, what is worse—since child abandonment does not easily lend itself to detection—little effort is made to solve such cases.

When the picture of a wailing infant appears in the newspaper, it does not arouse much interest, for such an incident is a common occurrence.

Perhaps the fact that Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the bulrushes and reared him as a prince is one reason why some modern mothers desert their children. At least, one young woman admitted to me that she abandoned her infant son hoping some wealthy people would find and adopt him. But only in rare instances does romance surround abandonment.

MOST babies are abandoned because their presence would bring shame to the parents.

Generally the events leading up to this human tragedy are grim and sordid.

Foremost among the known causes is the sheer inability on the part of the mother to provide for her offspring. It is not easy for a woman with a baby in her arms to find work, and when she is cold and hungry and weak as the result of having given birth to a child, she is capable of desperate, crazy things.

But why doesn't the mother take the child to an institution? Well, she may not know how to take advantage of the state facilities for the care of children whose parents are not able to maintain them.

Only last year, in New York City, a destitute mother with a nursing infant spent the night in a patrol wagon going from one official place to another because her particular situation was not embraced in the admission routine of the various institutions to which she applied.

FOR every case in which the cause is economic, there are ninety-nine cases in which the baby is abandoned because its presence would bring shame to one or both of the parents.

Abandonment is particularly a city crime. In small communities, where everyone knows the business of everyone else, it would be almost impossible to get rid of an unwanted baby by abandoning it.

Here is the story of a remarkable case that came under my observation:

"My mother called me to her bedside and told me that she was not my own mother," wrote a girl from the Middle West to the Bureau of Missing Persons of the New York Police Department. The letter continued: "She said that when I was a tiny baby my mother placed me in a basket and left me on the steps of an institution in New York City. My foster mother passed out without telling me more.

"*Who am I and where is my mother?*

"I have a small letter and a mark tattooed on my right arm above my elbow. I am twenty years old."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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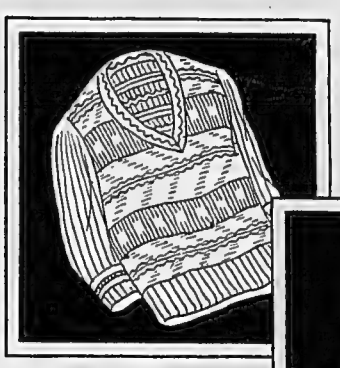

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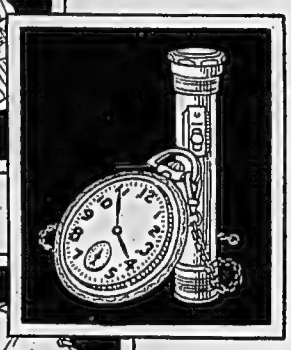

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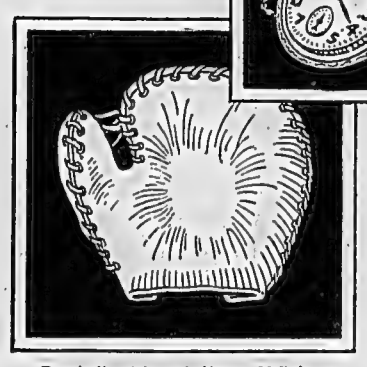

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[ABANDONED BABIES
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

She added her foster parents' full names and previous address. This was a problem.

Some years ago the good nuns of a famous foundling asylum placed a cradle outside of the institution so that a desperate mother could, unobserved, leave her baby there. An inquiry at this institution brought forth this advice:

"Write to the young woman and tell her it is better that she should not know who or where her mother is. If she insists, tell her to go to her clergyman and ask him to communicate with us. We must, you know, protect the people who adopt these waifs—and in justice to all it is sometimes not well that they know who their parents really are."

I WROTE to the young woman, saying that we had located the institution where she was left as an infant, but that it could not give the requested information.

The young woman then wrote to the Police Commissioner and the Mayor, and both letters were sent to my bureau, calling for a report.

In the letter to the Commissioner she said she had just inherited a fortune and would, if necessary, take the case to the Supreme Court to locate her mother.

A few days later a poorly dressed woman sat in my private office beside my desk. She said, "You were looking for me," and gave me a name and address. She was the mother of the girl.

"Oh, madam," she began, crying, "I have waited and prayed for twenty years to find my baby! And now that she is found—I cannot claim her, or tell her I am her mother."

I comforted her as best I could.

"I have worried the life out of those good nuns all these years, begging for this information, and now my daughter threatens them with the law. What shall I do? What shall I do?" she wailed. "I'd be ashamed to let you see where and how I live."

I argued that a thing like that could make no difference and suggested that she write to her daughter. Then I checked the suggestion. "No, this is wrong," I said to myself. "She wants to see her child, now grown to womanhood, but she does not want the girl to know she is her mother."

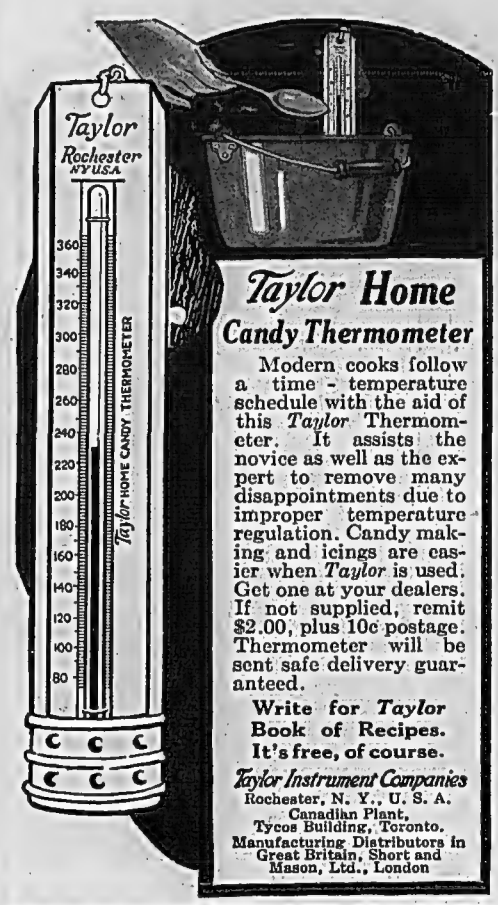
As we plotted and planned how best to solve this problem, I happened to ask, "Haven't you ever been married?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "but not to the girl's father."

She had a marriage certificate, and, on the pretext of seeing it, I was allowed to go to her home. It consisted of two rooms on the top floor of a back-yard tenement in the famous—or infamous—Hell's Kitchen. Indescribable dirt, dark, filthy halls, and darker, dirtier rooms.

The woman was a scrubwoman in a burlesque theater and dance hall. She washed dishes from midnight to 3 A. M. and then scrubbed floors until 6 P. M. Her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

dirty work clothes hung on a nail. Her scrub pail, brush, and rags stood beneath them.

She was ashamed of her home and of herself, and exclaimed: "How could I let my daughter see this?"

The marriage certificate bore her name and other data, but the date was burned off.

"Just made to order for us," I said. "If your daughter insists on seeing your marriage certificate after I write her, you can show her this."

The story of the girl's birth was the old, old one: her father the son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Westchester County, New York; her mother a maid in his home. She and the man were young. He was sent to Europe; she to a maternity hospital. For a time she received a small stipend from the betrayer's mother; but she was disowned and turned out by her own family. Later the death of the woman who assisted her financially cut off her only income. In desperation she put her baby in the cradle outside the orphan asylum.

I interested some friends who were ever ready to back me in my reclamation work. A new apartment was found for her in the lower part of Greenwich Village. She obtained pleasant work and her health and appearance were repaired. I corresponded with her daughter, telling her she soon would have word from her mother, and then induced the mother to write to her daughter.

It was a painful task. She told of the death of her husband and other child; of her sickness and the unconditional surrender of her beloved baby—the only way she could be assured that her daughter would be adopted by kind, wealthy parents.

The daughter took her mother back West to enjoy wealth, rest, and comfort.

TO say that abandonment is a city evil does not signify that only city parents abandon their babies—in cities there are more opportunities. Unless a thing is glaringly different the average city dweller pays little or no attention to it.

In New York City large waste containers are placed on street corners for the convenience of passers-by. These cans sometimes are used by individuals to dispose of rubbish that they do not want their neighbors to see.

While more often such refuse consists of empty liquor bottles, it is a fact that babies, both dead and alive, have been found in these cans when the refuse has been sorted. If the container comes from a district where the rubbish is taken directly to sea and dumped, the crime is never discovered.

While people living in cities do abandon their offspring, there are also many cases in which the abandoning parents have traveled from smaller communities to the larger centers of population to dispose of a child. Nor is this crime confined to poor people; often the abandoned baby is expensively dressed.

Probably the largest percentage of abandoned babies is found in churches, as though the wrongdoer would justify his act by choosing a good place in which to consummate it.

BABIES, dead and alive, have been found in public refuse cans on street corners.

The state, which supports abandoned children, will not tolerate a condition that makes it possible for a parent to shirk responsibility without first explaining the circumstances. Then, too, in fairness to the child, its identity must be established. The lack of knowledge concerning abandoned children gives the problem its most tragic aspect.

Who is this pitiful wailing baby? John Doe? Mary Roe?

Unless some clever detective finds the delinquent parent, this wee person is destined to go through life ignorant of the facts that would identify him.

Heirs to millions may be wearing the gingham garbs of a public institution, but it would be impossible for any of these foundlings ever to establish such legal rights. They are the unknown living.

MORE babies are abandoned today than ever before in the history of mankind. These crimes would be considerably decreased if some means were devised to make detection inevitable. That means exists in the system that would make compulsory the fingerprinting of all women when they give birth to a child, at the same time recording that fingerprint with the footprint of the baby.

Of course, there will be some children who will be born under circumstances in which the taking of the mother's fingerprint and the infant's footprint would be avoided, just as other requirements of the law are now dispensed with in order to avoid publicity, but the percentage of such cases is low compared with the thousands of births that are faithfully recorded.

If a mother—or father (for abandonment is not wholly a woman's crime)—knew that there was grave danger of their crime being discovered, that fear of punishment would deter them from taking this step.

The reasons that cause mothers to abandon their offspring is largely the crime of society.

The unmarried mother abandons her baby because she cannot face the scorn of family and friends; she cannot obtain work when she applies for it with a babe in arms. Even with money in her purse she sometimes is turned away from a respectable rooming-house.

For lack of proper care during her confinement, a woman sometimes becomes a physical wreck. In pain and terror, or ignorance, she tries to get rid of that which adds to her misery.

A starving mother leaves her baby on a doorstep of someone more fortunate than she. "Baby was privately baptized," she writes. "God help the poor."

A BABY wrapped only in a newspaper and thrown in the midst of a snow pile is often the work of a man—in many cases under the guise of placing it with someone for safe keeping.

Invariably, when the woman is the guilty one, mother instinct compels her to haunt the scene of her crime, and she often appeals to the police to return her baby to her.

The main hope of finding the person who abandons a child lies in the fact that, if it is the mother, she will return to try to see the child. In one case five years elapsed before a mother's longing to see her child caused her to confess its abandonment.

The abandoned babies, if alive, are sent to Bellevue Hospital, usually by the officer who finds them. He makes a report to the lieutenant on desk duty, who records the time, place, description, circumstances of finding, and the officer's name in the police blotter. A transcript of this record is sent to the hospital, where a long list of names, with numbers, is kept, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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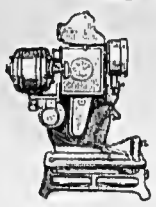

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Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal

Try our new Shaving Stick.

[ABANDONED BABIES Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

given in order to each waif, male and female.

Here they alternate the religion also, making one a Catholic and the next a Protestant, and if the child is Jewish it is sent to a Jewish institution.

As a rule, however, these babies seldom live. A nurse once explained to me, "They need a mother's love." A well known social worker also once remarked, "I'd rather see a baby in a poor home with a bad mother than in the best institution with no mother."

The tendency to deal lightly with persons guilty of abandoning a child has been demonstrated in many cases. If the parents are young and have abandoned a baby in desperation, the policy is to restore the child after properly adjusting social conditions. The crime is distinctly one that cannot be cured by punishment; it must be prevented.

Recently a mother in New York City sold her girl baby, less than a year old, for a few dollars. The purchaser was a questionable character and he was placed under observation. But he was not insane, and, according to the law of the State of New York, it is not a crime for a degenerate to buy a baby; it is merely a misdemeanor. It appears that the morals of a baby cannot become depraved.

Recently, in a Western city, three midwives were arrested, charged with selling babies abandoned by unmarried mothers. Prices ranged from $250 to $1,200.

The "baby merchants" stated that these babies were sold to women who wished to deceive their husbands into believing that the babies were their own.

Many men have been deceived, blackmailed, and forced into unpleasant marriage relations simply to insure the support of a woman and baby for the rest of their lives.

NOT so long ago the world was startled by a scandal in movieland. One of our best known stars, famous for his sheriff and cowboy stunts, had recently been married. One day at the studio he was approached by a strange young woman carrying a baby. She declared the baby to be his child, and demanded a large sum of money for its support. When the actor refused to comply with the girl's demands, the scandal broke, his wife left him, and friends and associates discredited him.

He stood firm in his denial, and it was revealed that she was an impostor. The woman confessed that she had hired the baby for the occasion and that she hoped to so frighten the actor that he would quietly submit to blackmail.

On several occasions we have been obliged to remove women with infants from subway stations, where they sat on cold steps, feigning to nurse babies who attracted sympathy and donations by their cries.

Once I found a woman more than fifty years of age at Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street, at the subway entrance, pretending to nurse a puny, sickly child nearly two years old. As the stream of passengers emerged, she pinched and shook the baby to make it cry.

I followed her to her home on the East Side and found that she had rented the baby from an unmarried woman who lived an immoral life, paying ten dollars a day. The old beggar received as much as twenty-five dollars a day, frequently more.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, New York City's first policewoman.

With the assistance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and a charitable organization, I learned that the mother had three children, and was about to be confined again.

This young woman had sold one of her children for fifty dollars and another for seventy-five dollars.

The purchasers were respectable people, however, and provided good homes for the children. Papers were prepared for their legal adoption.

ANOTHER novel case was that of a young woman who was discharged from the New York State Reformatory for Girls. She disappeared and her case was referred to me for investigation. One year later I received an anonymous letter stating that two young women in a respectable apartment house in the Bronx were using a child about two years old as a cloak for respectability to cover the fact that they were running a house of prostitution. Investigation revealed that one, the alleged mother of the baby, was the woman missing from the reformatory.

These women had advertised for a baby to board for company. An unmarried mother saw the advertisement, thought it a good place to hide her baby, and upon learning the nature of the business she decided to rent the baby, receiving five dollars a day.

Until the recent strict adoption laws were enacted, we found unscrupulous women adopting children from orphan asylums. One startling case was that of the adoption of a half-Chinese child by a white woman married to a Chinaman. They sold the child to a wealthy Chinaman in a distant city.

The abandoned baby is everybody's baby—and whether or not it will be possible for the particular mother who bore it to dump it in some public place is a matter for the social consciousness of us all to decide.

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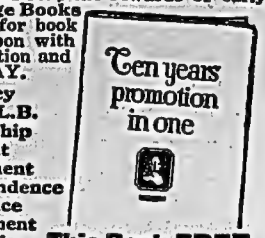

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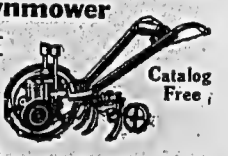

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Who Wouldn't Raise His Boy to BE THIS KIND of a SOLDIER?

The Story of Citizens' Military Training Camps

By HUGH FULLERTON

REVEILLE! Five-thirty in the morning of a clear, crisp day. The bugle's staccato notes ring through pine woods and over the ruffled waters of a beautiful inland sea. The sun, rising in a clear sky across the lake, turns the peaks of the Green Mountains to deep purple, edged with flame pink.

Seventeen hundred young Americans stir under four blankets each. Grim sergeants, abetted by snappy young corporals brave in their first stripes, leap into action.

"Snap into it, buddies! Crawl out of there!"

"Hully gee, it's cold!"

"Must be snow on the ground." And it is mid-August!

Heads emerge from tent flaps. Barked orders mix with laughs and shouts. Tent flaps and sides roll up. The second bugle call finds puttees wound, beds made, blankets folded, company streets policed and swept, and, in answer to the bugle, 1,700 men—who were boys two weeks before—march erect, feet pounding rhythmically, to the mess halls.

That is the beginning of each day of July and August in the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, where last summer I went to see just what the United States does to and with the 35,000 boys who each summer attend these training camps.

I wanted to find out how, in one month, the reserve and regular army officers can take a crowd of boys from farms, factories, shops, offices, schools, and even the streets, and send them home fitted to serve their country in peace and in war.

There have been so many contradictory reports about the Citizens' Military Training Camps, I wanted to find out for myself just what they are and what takes place. Therefore I visited Plattsburg, Fort Ethan Allen, and the artillery camp at Sandy Hook. But Plattsburg, which was the birthplace of the idea of training citizens to lead men and to serve if war again is thrust upon us, is the model of all the other camps in the country and the camp upon which the army, the pacifists, and the Red agitators all concentrate their heaviest efforts.

AS a boy I served in the Home Guards; later in the State militia. During the Spanish-American War I visited Camp Alger, the camps at Tampa, Fernandina, and Montauk Point, and saw boys die like flies because they were unprepared. Later I attended the Manassas maneuvers, which was America's first real effort toward military preparedness.

Before and during the World War, of course, I saw a lot of the hasty efforts to whip civilians into shape to perform their duties, and saw that 50 per cent of the boys called to arms were liabilities instead of assets.

I was entirely unprepared for the thorough, businesslike manner in which those in charge of the Citizens' Military Training Camps take raw boys and transform them into a fair semblance of a trained soldier.

The idea of these camps is not primarily to make soldiers, but to train citizens. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Student Reserves in the schools and colleges are preparing leaders and officers for our reserve army. The citizens' camps

P. & A. photo

The setting-up exercises that help develop the boys in training.

The type of youth turned out by the training camps.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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[WHO WOULDN'T RAISE HIS BOY TO BE THIS KIND OF A SOLDIER? Continued from Page Ninety-one]

are to prepare the boys who would be called in case of emergency and to supply the rudiments of military knowledge to men who could, in case of a sudden call, fill the ranks of officers and the noncommissioned class.

Fewer than 2 per cent of the 35,000 boys trained in these camps will enter military service—unless the nation suddenly should be plunged into war.

These citizens' camps minimize military training, maximize citizenship and physical fitness, and make good citizens rather than manufacture soldiers.

An astounding fact, apparent to anyone who talks with the boys in camp, is that, while the government soft-pedals on the military program and accentuates the citizenship and the physical training, the boys themselves kick hardest because they do not get more military training.

The system of training in these citizens' camps is the same in all, but perhaps it is most perfect at Plattsburg. The government announces that it will receive volunteers between certain ages, will pay transportation, furnish equipment, and house and feed a certain number in every camp for one month.

It offers far better food, more comforts, more sport and free entertainment than the average "swell" summer resort offers at extravagant prices. In return the young men volunteer to obey orders and to take a certain amount of military, physical, and sanitary training.

AN astonishing fact is that, increasingly, it has become more and more difficult to fill the camps. The artillery and cavalry camps, being comparatively small, fill their quotas easily; but the infantry and machine-gun camps are slow in getting men to volunteer.

When we were kids—a couple of generations ago—an opportunity such as is presented today would have drawn half the boys of the nation, and we would have fought for a chance to go. The reaction following the World War, and the active aggressive attacks of pacifists who imagine the way to avoid a punch on the jaw is not to learn to box, and of the Reds, Pinks, bolshevists, and plain anarchists, have made it increasingly difficult to fill the camp quotas.

Unless one visits one of these camps and mixes with the boys, it is hard to conceive the power of the enemies of the nation, or the desperation with which they resist every attempt to prepare citizens for possible warfare.

From the time the volunteers gather to start for the camps, groups led by the I. W. W., the bolshevists, and the Young Workers, almost all of them foreign born, keep busy.

The volunteers are approached personally, by letter, by pamphlets, in which the propagandists charge the government with trying to provoke war, with abusing and overworking the boys, with feeding them bad food filled with salt-

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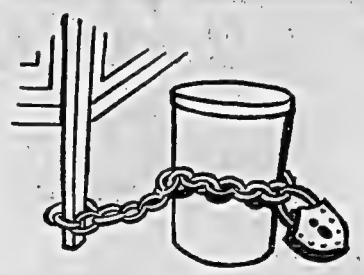

I'll keep it to myself!

Used to take my waste basket for granted. But one day someone "borrowed" it. Followed several days of confusion! Desk top littered. Work slowed up! Then I found it—and it was like finding a long-lost friend. So—I'm passing the word along. Every worker ought to have his own basket.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-TWO]

peter. They also claim that the boys are being used by capitalist tyrants to crush labor—all that sort of junk and bunk.

During my visit to Plattsburg five fellows in a car visited the camp while the rookies were on parade, claimed to be seeking friends, and distributed such pamphlets through the tents.

There is a hopeful slant to the situation. I was in a company street when those amateur soldiers came in, hot and dusty from the formal parade, and found the bulletins.

"Hey—which way did those birds go?"

"I'd like to catch one of those blokes that put this rot in my tent."

"Say, sarj, lend us a flivver and let us chase them, won't you?"

It is well the propagandists had fled southward to visit another camp.

That sort of thing, and the spread of misinformation regarding the camps and the training, have led to misunderstanding and kept thousands of boys from taking advantage of the opportunity.

I SPENT several days at Plattsburg, living in the camp, talking with and playing with the boys, getting their views and the views of the officers.

The first Plattsburg camp, in July each year, is composed of about 1,800 boys, mostly from the smaller towns and the country. The majority of the volunteers are high- and preparatory-school boys. The August camp is composed of boys from New York City, New Jersey, and Delaware, chiefly from large cities, the majority of them working boys. They average smaller than the July boys, have had less schooling, weigh less, have more hollow chests and rounded shoulders—yet they take the training more seriously and show greater and more rapid progress than the July boys do.

The first ten days in camp the recruits are handled by reserve officers. The theory is that, in case of a sudden attack from an enemy, the task of whipping a new army into shape will devolve upon the reserve officers. The early training benefits the officers as much as it does the men.

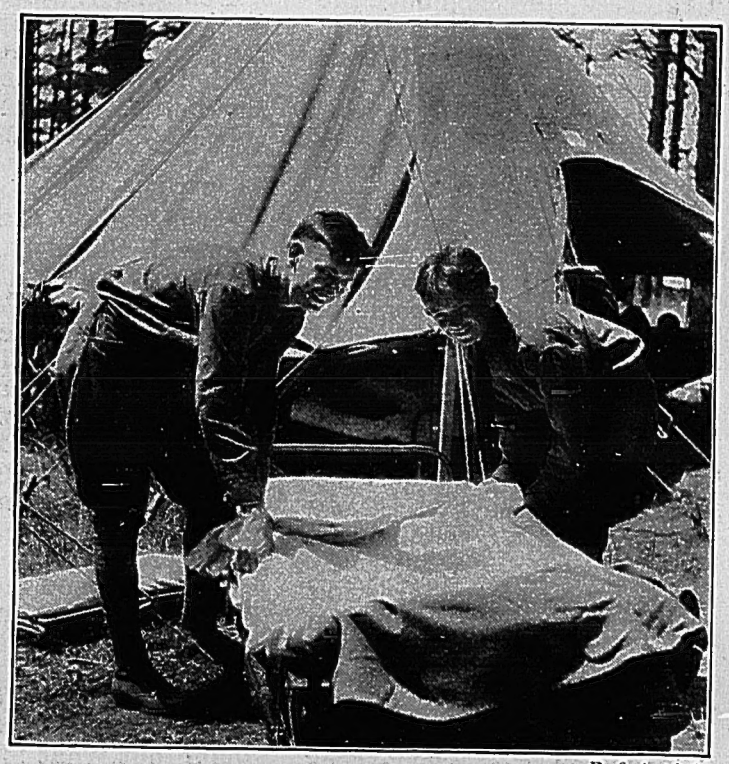
After those ten days of setting up, sanitation, and rudiments of military drill, the regular army officers unite with the reserve officers in the training. They are eager for the work because it gives them a chance to handle full companies.

At Plattsburg, as at practically every regular army post, the regiments are mere shells, down to a low ebb of recruiting, and the officers rejoice to have again the chance to handle a full complement of men, and men of intelligent type, so they may see the effect of their training quickly.

The development of the boys from that time to the finish is remarkable. By the time the regulars get them, they are well based in close-order marching and maneuvering, and in the handling of arms, and they are fretting for actual firing and real work on the ranges.

From the moment they commence firing at targets with rifles, machine guns, and one-pounders they change quickly. This is *real*.

They realize, perhaps for the first time, the grim, ugly business of war. It doesn't make them want to kill someone. Rather, it makes them serious as they visualize a hidden enemy against which they must learn to defend themselves and their country.



P. & A. photo

One of the tasks the boys learn to do cheerfully, that make mother happy

I talked to scores of the boys in the camps—and their reactions were about the same. They were not inspired to kill, nor were they filled with any lust of war. They simply realized more fully what it means when it comes, and that a trained soldier, even with the primary training they get in these camps, has twice the chance of living through a war than an untrained one has.

I promised to explain to parents—especially to mothers—just what the boys do in these camps; how they are treated and, as far as possible, how it affects them physically, mentally, and morally. The routine is the same, unless visits by prominent people change it on special days.

THEY sleep four to six in a tent, on cots provided with a mattress, pillow, sheets, and four blankets for each man.

They rise at 5:30, wash, shave, dress, police tents and streets in the beautiful pine forest on the shores of Lake Champlain, and go to mess at 7 o'clock. From 7:30 to 11 they work hard and steadily. There is an hour of strenuous setting up, under the most competent directors.

It looks hard, but every boy, before he is admitted, is given a thorough physical examination. The work also is graded to start easily and become harder as the condition of the men improves.

To see 1,600 boys, stripped to undershirt and trousers, in the crisp morning air, taking their daily thousand, makes one understand what the camps are accomplishing. After the exercises, there is instruction in the use of arms, in aiming and firing, in the parts of guns and the mechanics of warfare. Drill, maneuvers, and at 11 o'clock the review, with band playing, flags leading the full staff of officers in review formation—and a ribbon for the best company of that review to flaunt from its guidon.

As the days pass, the contest for those precious red, white, and blue ribbons spurs the companies and batteries, until even the gun mules seem to snap into step to help their outfits win.

The mess call at noon finds the boys a bit more than ready.

THE eats—perhaps the most important part of warfare—show the C. M. T. C. the best military unit in the world, counting on that basis alone. If the Germans won the Franco-Prussian War on the pea sausage, the C. M. T. C. could conquer the world on its menu. One of the big lines of attack on these citizens' camps by the Reds has been on the food, which is represented as inadequate and drugged with saltpeter.

The fact is, the food served is far better than that of the average American home, and the C. M. T. C. boys eat 55 per cent more than the regular army soldiers do. They eat, in clean, well ventilated buildings, food prepared by trained cooks in sanitary kitchens, and of best quality. The privates get exactly the same as is served at officers' mess—except that occasionally the officers pay for extras.

Here is a sample day's menu at Plattsburg: Breakfast: Orange, oatmeal, fresh milk (an individual pint bottle for every boy), boiled eggs, toast and butter, maple syrup, and coffee.

Dinner: Split-pea soup, roast pork, brown gravy, sage dressing. Baked sweet potatoes, boiled spinach, apple sauce, lettuce with dressing, mince pie, maple syrup, bread and butter, tea or coffee.

Supper: Cold cuts, potato salad, lettuce, maple syrup, ice cream, chocolate cake, fruit jelly, bread and butter, lemonade.

And eat! If the mothers who worry about the boys could know! Here are some of the items required for single meals:

14 sides of beef.
1,370 pounds of chicken.
1,000 pounds of pork loin.
1,200 pounds of fish.
860 pounds of frankfurters.
360 dozen eggs.
900 pounds of cabbage.
1,800 pints of milk.
350 pounds of bacon.
450 pounds of beans.
23 bunches of bananas.
12 cases of oranges.
82 gallons of ice cream.
1,500 pounds of potatoes (a day).
125 pounds of butter (a day).
1,000 pounds of bread (a day).

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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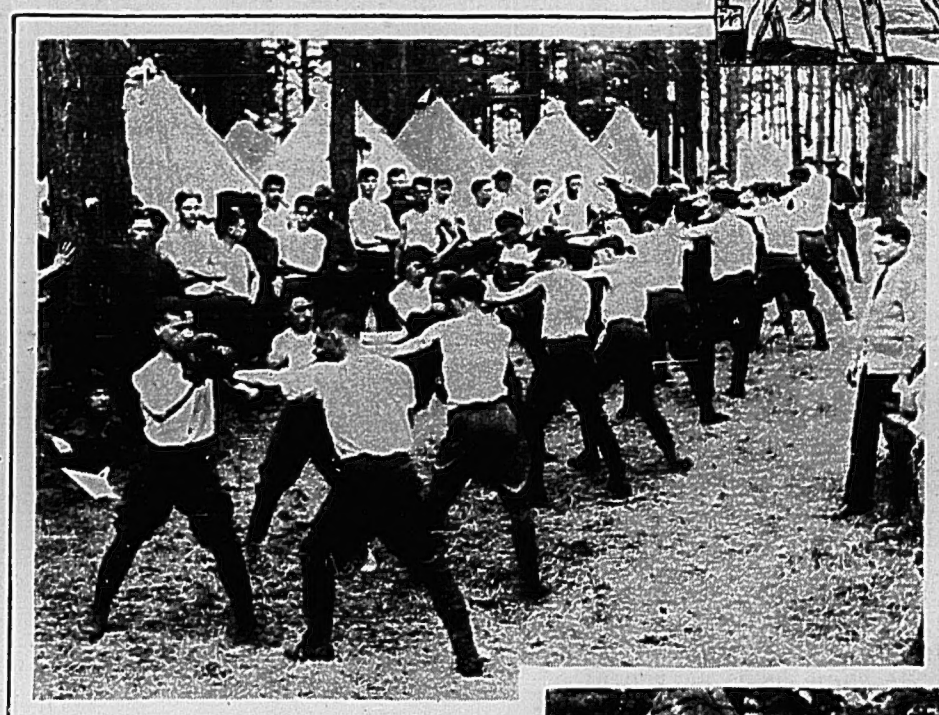
[WHO WOULDN'T RAISE HIS BOY TO BE THIS KIND OF A SOLDIER?
Continued from Page Ninety-three]

When parties are sent off on hikes, each man carries three sandwiches—ham, cheese, and jelly—a hard-boiled egg, an apple, and an orange. Even a hungry boy can get by on that, with a few bars of chocolate and maybe a visit to town to help out.

THE bakeshop, using army equipment, turns out 400 pies, 60 big cakes, 3,000 rolls, and 300 coffee cakes and Jennie Linds a day. It may interest the mothers to get the army recipe for making pies: Eight pounds of twice-sifted flour, 3½ pounds of lard, 2 ounces of salt, 1 can of evaporated milk added to 2 quarts of ice-cold water, mixed in a mechanical mixer, measured into batches big enough for one crust and rolled out by hand make 50 pies with crisp, flaky crust. In a week, berry, coconut, apple, pineapple, lemon meringue, and mince pies are served.

And seconds on everything!

Small wonder that these boys show an average gain of between five and a half and six pounds in a month's camp.



REAL sport! These Plattsburg boys find a healthy outlet for their energy under expert supervision.

After noon mess comes sport. The first-year men are free from all military work, while the higher grades have some study and special school instruction, articles on citizenship to write, some instruction in mathematics.

From 2 o'clock until 5:30 the drill grounds resemble the athletic field of a great university more than they do a military encampment. There are five baseball games going at once, basket ball, handball, tennis, volley ball, track and field sports, tugs of war, company combats of all kinds, and the varsity (or camp) teams training for intercamp games.

As the tournaments in each sport progress, the rivalry between the outfits increases and the final games for the championships are hard fought and arouse tremendous enthusiasm.

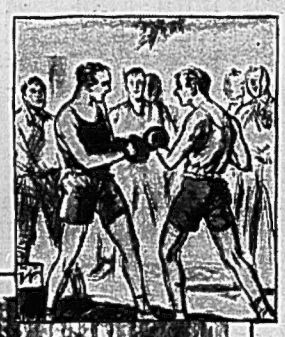
The swimming and the swimming races complete the afternoon. The men swim in the lake under trained instructors, and the Buddy System is used—the older and better swimmers are paired off with the new men to guard against any accident.

This Buddy System, by the way, is one of the best features of the camps.

The boys of previous camps pair off in everything with the new boys to help "wise them up." They really teach one another almost as much as the officers teach them.

The sports are engaged in by every man in camp. In the August Plattsburg camp there were 240 men in baseball, 60 in tennis, 290 in handball, 180 in basket ball, 144 in volley ball, 110 in the field events, 210 in track, 750 in swimming, and 88 entries in the boxing tournaments. These figures include only those who made regular company or camp teams. Every man in camp was in one or more teams.

The boxing matches stir up the greatest enthusiasm, and in one tournament thirty-two bouts were carded for one evening, arranged so that the trained referees stopped bouts the instant any boy seemed overmatched.



It is fine, man-developing play and they like it; but do you know what the boys kick about?

"Hey, why not more military? We can play at home."

There are movies, home-talent entertainments, hikes, moonlight excursions across the lake, truck excursions to Au Sable Chasm for off days and the evenings; but usually by the time the lights-out call sounds the boys are ready to crawl into bunks and sleep.

There are interesting groups in these camps. In one tent I found the honor man of his class in one university, a football star from another, the son of a doctor, a delivery-truck driver, a clerk from an East Side (New York) shop, and an office boy from Trenton, living as buddies. A living democracy if ever there was one. They were ready to battle the gang in the next tent if they essayed a blanket raid, ready to back the regiment against all comers, and to defend America against the world.

That is the sort of democratic citizenship one finds in the C. M. T. C. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can a boy ever get the opportunity to meet and see so many prominent persons, to come in contact with so many persons who have their real interests at heart, or to meet so many different kinds of fellows from whom they can learn something.

The President's son was a rookie in Plattsburg, and there was no difference between him and the others, except that he had to work harder to uphold "the old man's" reputation. General Pershing's son was in another camp.

Last summer Secretary of War Dwight Davis visited Plattsburg officially. After the formalities, salutes, review, and all were over, he remarked:

"I'd like to find my son. He's in camp."

"We have a dozen Davises—I didn't know one was your boy," said the Colonel.

Young Davis had been in the camp a fortnight and not even his tent mates knew he was the son of the Secretary of War. He wanted to make good on his own—and had.

Democracy, old-fashioned style, is what you find. At Plattsburg one morning the Protestant chaplain's car blew a tire. The Roman Catholic priest was helping him get the tire off the rim and the rabbi was fixing the inner tube.

AT Plattsburg, in ten days, the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, Admiral Plunkett, Generals Ely, Drum, and Summerall, President Green and the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, a French General, a Japanese statesman, and a dozen other notables visited the camp, mingled with the boys, and many of them delivered addresses to the boys.

"What are you fellows getting out of this?" I asked one evening of a group in a tent.

"Bully vacation and good eats," one said, grinning.

"More pep and ambish," said another.

"I've learned more in three weeks here than I did in three years at school," said the third thoughtfully.

"What did you learn in particular?"

"What a great country this is," he said. "I had listened to a lot of bunk, but now I've found out what it is."

"Well, maw won't know me," said another. "I've learned to be neat and to keep my clothes and bunk in order—and if any of you birds muss up my bunk I'll crawl you."

"Any kicks?" I asked.

"There ain't enough sex appeal around here," volunteered one.

"Oh, I don't know," retorted a third. "Me for town. I got leave. She's a peach, even if she won't stand for much petting."

As for results:

Physically the 35,000 young men in the camps average between five and six pounds gain in weight among those who are light, and a bigger loss among the fat boys who work to reduce. At Plattsburg, at the start of the third week of the August camp, the average gain was three and one-half pounds. Their shoulders are squarer, their walk springier. They know how to care for their bodies. The medical examination showed last summer less than one-half of 1 per cent of venereal infection against more than 10 per cent in the World War drafts.

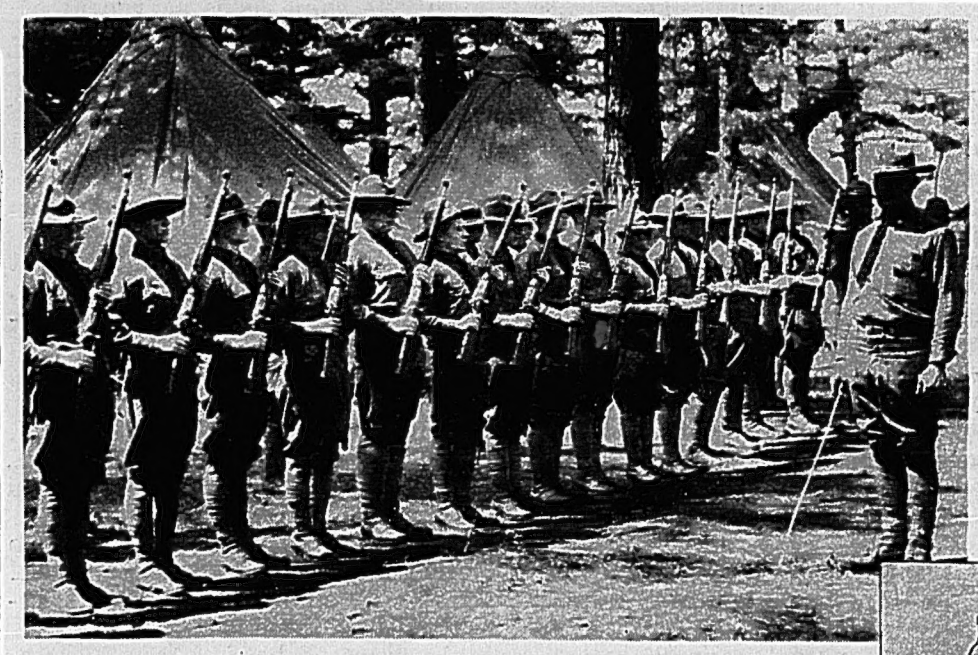
Mentally they are more alert, pay closer attention, and reveal improved co-ordination.

Morally I believe they improve. They certainly grow more serious with the responsibility and realization of the importance of discipline and co-operation. They attend religious services voluntarily more frequently than at home.

Not once during my visit at Plattsburg did I hear a vulgar or obscene oath.

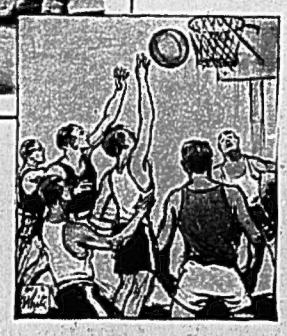
The camps are making citizens rather than soldiers—on the theory that a good citizen, physically fit, makes the best soldier when the country he loves is threatened.

THE END



P. & A. photos

Rifle drill develops discipline and co-ordination.



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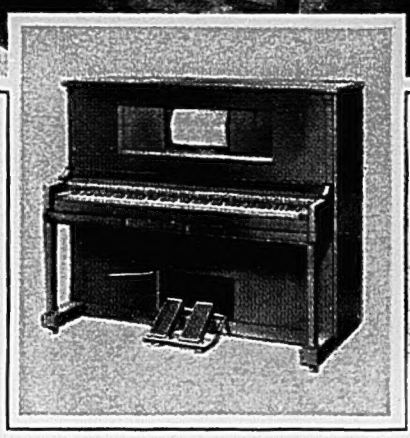

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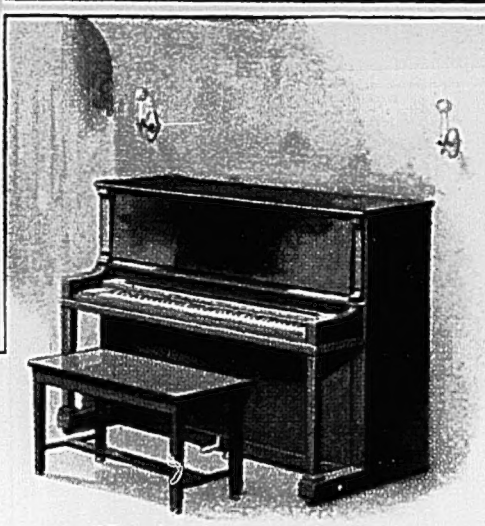

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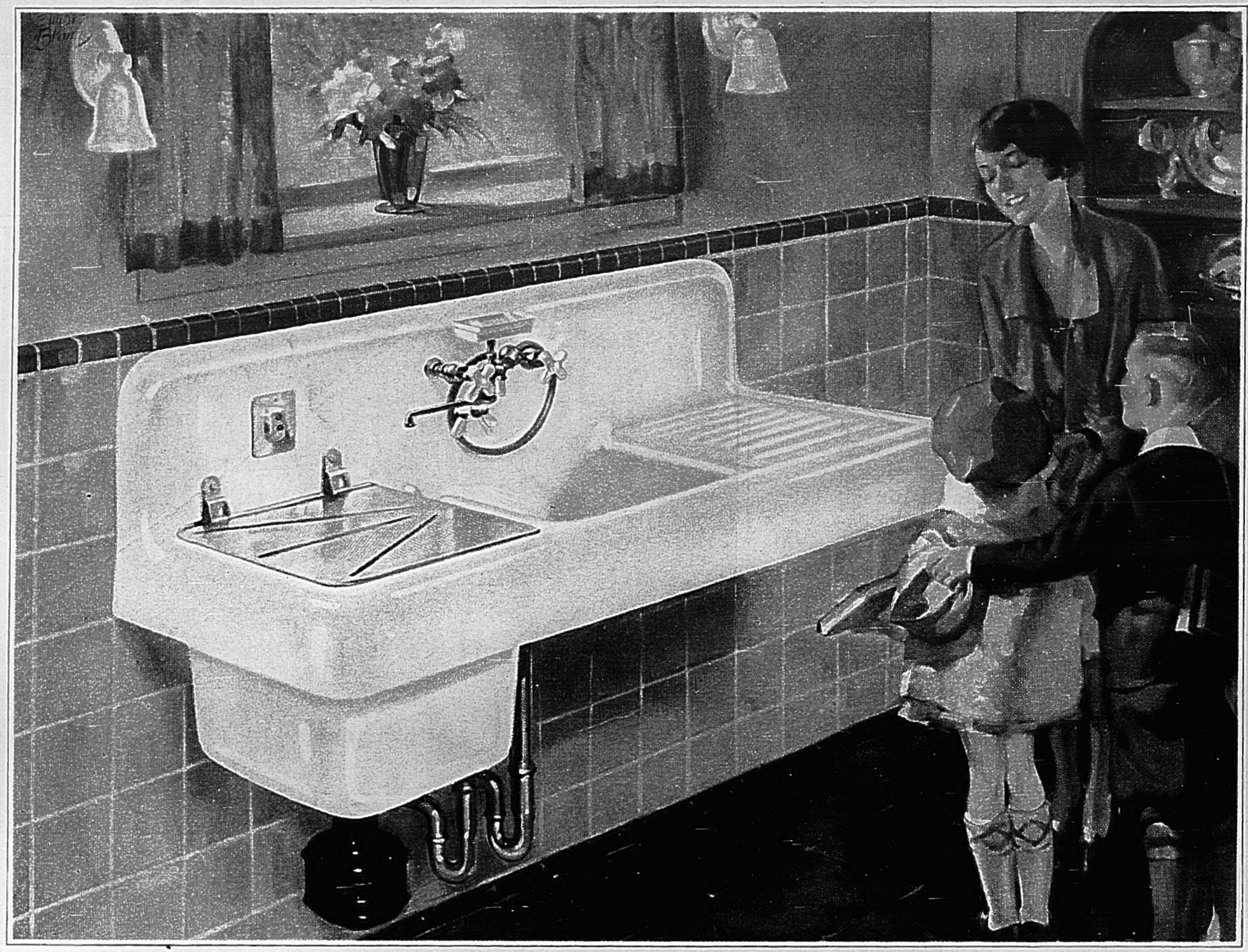

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